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Ernest Hamilton Sharp.

NON
CIRCULATING

UNIV. OF MICH.

The Fourth Vol. of
T. BROWNS Works.

THE

FOURTH *and* LAST VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Thomas Brown*,

SERIOUS and COMICAL

In PROSE and VERSE.

Adorn'd with Cuts.

LONDON:

Printed for SAM BRISCOE, at the *Bell-Savage* on *Ludgate Hill*. 1720.

THE

Fourth and Last VOLUME

OF THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. THO. BROWN.

CONTAINING,

His Laconics; or, Maxims of State and Converſation.

His Letters, Miſcellany Poems, Satyrs, Eſſays, Fables, *&c.*

His Tranſlation of the Odes of *Horace.*

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On Marriage, Love, and Cuckoldom, a Dialogue.

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The *Fourth Edition*, with the Addition of a Supplement in Proſe and Verſe, never before printed.

LONDON,
Printed for SAM. BRISCOE, 1719.

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To the Right Honourable

The Lord Vic. Castlemain.

My Lord,

THE *Success of the former Editi-tions of Mr.* BROWN'*s Works, give me the Assurance to lay this Fourth Volume at* Your *Lordship's Feet, and to beg* Your *Protection. The* Great *and the* Wife *have ever been the* Patrons *of the* Muses; *and the Fortune, Figure, and Qualifications of* Your *Lordship speak* You *the fittest for this Protection.*

I thought I cou'd not do the Memory *of my dead Friend more Justice, than in sheltering them where he himself wou'd have sought a* Patronage: *For, how cou'd he hope a better* Patron *than the* SON *of such a* FATHER, *whose* Wisdom *and* Capacity *oblig'd a* NATION, *and gave* Jewels *to a* CROWN: *Whose Judgment and Industry fix'd that valuable* Trade, *which all others had been either deterr'd from*

attempting, or attempted in vain; and ſo tended the Britannic Powers *as far as* Indies.

In Your *Lordſhip he wou'd have found* SON *worthy of himſelf*, Merits, *the juſt natural Off-ſpring of thoſe of Sir* JOSIA Merits *that render* You *dear to Men of* Prob *and* Senſe, *and fit* You *for the* Patronage *ſo valuable a* Poet *as Mr.* THO. BROW *whoſe pleaſant and agreeable* Works *have t long entertain'd the* Great *and the* Fair.

For, My Lord, as he cou'd not have deſir nobler Patron, *ſo, few* Authors *cou'd h offer'd a more delightful* Preſent, *full of pleaſing a* Variety, *that every Leaf, almoſt, ſides the Spritelineſs of its* Air, *and Poignancy its* Wit, *affords a New and Uncommon* Div ſion.

Theſe being the Motives, *and theſe* Qualities, *that induc'd me to make* Your *Lo ſhip this* Preſent, *I hope they will ſufficiently cuſe my ſubſcribing myſelf*,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's Moſt humble,

and moſt obedient Servant,

SAM. BRISCO

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Meaning the old Earl of Banbury,

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A broken Hosier, pillory'd in 1703 *for publishing a scurri-*

lous Pamphlet, call'd, The shortest Way with the Dissenters.

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Sir Francis Child, *the great Banker just within* Temple-bar, *deceas'd.*

Graduate in the noble Art of Manslaughter. Vol. 3. 21.

Sir Richard Blackmore, *a Physician, who writ a Satyr against Wit.*

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Alluding to the scurrilous nonsensical Papers, formerly printed in Grub-street.

House of a sweet smelling Savour. Vol. 3. 14.

The Perfumer's House at the Sign of the Civit-Cat, next to Sheer-lane *in* Fleet-street.

Harlot at St. *James's.* Vol. 3. 233.

Diana Temple, *the Daughter of Mrs.* Temple, *who kept a Coffee-house in* Salisbury-street *in the* Strand.

Let Father *Jordan* martial Heat inspire,
And Uncle *Taubman* fill thy Breast with Fire. V. 1. 138.

Two mean Poets, who writ as bad as Withers.

And fam'd *J. Dunton.* Vol. 1. 139.

Whose Breath's as strong as the *Kentish* Man's Back. V. 1. 217

William Joy *the Strong Man; yet* Jo Haines's *Breath was reckon'd stronger; for once saying Grace over a Loin of Veal, he gave it such a Hogo that there was no eating it.*

John Knox penn'd a Liturgy. Vol. 3. pag. *ult.*

A Scotch *Presbyterian Parson, who compil'd a Form of Prayer for his Country-men; but without any Supplication for a crown'd Head, or any other in Authority.*

L—— D—— known by his Ribbon. Vol. 3. Pag. 38.

The late ingenious Earl of Dorset.

Ludlow's in good Health. Vol. 4. 336.

A noted Republican in the Time of the Civil Wars.

Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*. Vol. 1. 65.

Queen Mary, *the Daughter to the Duke of* Modena, *and the Royal Consort of King* James *the Second.*

Melissa looks as demure as a Nun. Vol. 4. 125.

A certain Lady yet living in Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

Nendick's Tetrachymagogon. Vol. 4. 101.

A Quack in London, *who gave this stamp Name to a Water which he sold as an infallible Cure for all Venereal Maladies.*

Swears like *T. O.* Vol. 3. 100.

Dr. Titus Oats, *the Discoverer of the Popish-Plot, fin'd, whipt, and pillory'd for Perjury.*

Observator's Party. Vol. 3. 329.

Those who were of Jack Tutchin's *Republican Principles, suppos'd to be the Author of a scurrilous Pamphlet, call'd,* The Observator; *and for his Scurrility therein, was so decently threash'd by some honest Gentlemen one Night, that he dy'd within a Fortnight after.*

Jack Ogle, a very famous Person. Vol. 4. 120.

A shamming Lifeguard-man, whose Sister was a Mistress to K. James *the Second, when he was Duke of* York.

Pericranium. Vol. 3. 6.

The Skin that covers the Skull.

Pontgus. Vol. 4. 99.

A Quack in Baldwin's Gardens, *burnt in the Hand for marrying two Wives.*

Quaker's Ghost. Vol. 4. 249.

James Naylor, *whipt, and burnt thro' the Tongue for Blasphemy.*

Mr. *Rymer.* Vol. 4. 247.

A good Critick in Dramatick Poetry.

Seven Sleepers. Vol. 1. 82.

Seven Christians, *who flying from the Persecution of* Decius *the Emperor*, Anno 252, *went into a Cave, where falling asleep, they slept to the Time of* Theodosius *the Emperor, which was* 208 *Years; and dying soon after, he caus'd them to be bury'd in great State.*

In that dark *Shop* there. Vol. 3. 14.

Sir Francis Child's *Shop, which being moſt Part on one ſide of* Temple-Bar *Gate, is none of the lighteſt.*

Old *Saffold.* Vol. 4. 99.

A Quack formerly living at the Sign of Lilly's Head, *juſt within* Black-Fryars *Gate.*

Three Kings of *Colen.* Vol. 1. 82.

Said to be the Magi, *or three wiſe Men, who came out of the Eaſt to worſhip our Saviour; and whoſe Names are* Belthazar, Melchior, *and* Caſpar.

Count *T*———*d.* Vol. 2. 44.

Count Tallard, *a Mareſchal of* France, *taken Priſoner at the memorable Battel of* Hochſtet, *and ſent over to* England, *where he was kept under Confinement above ſeven Years in* Nottingham.

T—pion is but a meer Blackſmith. Vol. 2. 277.

Tompion *the famous Watchmaker at* Water-lane *End in* Fleet-ſtreet, *originally a Blackſmith.*

T——*D*—— an impertinent Poet. Vol. 3. 38.

Thomas Durfey, *a Poet of ſome Note for making Songs.*

Tilburgh drinking Bumpers of Poiſon. Vol. 4. 101.

Cornelius à Tilburgh, *a Mountebank, whoſe* Orvietan *would expel Poiſon; which he once drank before King* Charles II. *who gave him a Gold Medal; and afterwards he publickly drank a great Quantity of Poiſon on his Stages in* Lincolns-Inn-Fields *and* Covent-Garden.

Vociferous *Holder-forth.* Vol. 3. 74.

Daniel Burgeſs, *the Presbyterian Parſon, much noted for telling his merry Tales to his Congregation, when in the Pulpit, to which he was a great Scandal.*

Weſly ſubſiſt on mumping in Metre. Vol. 1. 233.

Chaplain to his preſent Grace the Duke of Buckingham, *who turn'd the new Teſtament into Verſe.*

W——*K*——— D. D. Vol. 3. 77.

Mr. White Kennet, *a Doctor in Divinity.*

THE

THE WORKS OF Mr. *Tho. Brown*, In PROSE and VERSE.

VOLUME IV.

The Odes *of* HORACE.

Part of the 2d Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Translated. Beginning at, *Dignum laude Virum.*

I.

From dark Oblivion, and the silent Grave,
Th' indulgent Muse does the brave Hero save;
'Tis she forbids his Name to die,
And brings it to the Stars, and sticks it in the Sky.

II.

Thus mighty *Hercules* did move
To the Eternal Palaces above:
Not all his twelve Exploits advanc'd him to the Sphere,
But 'twas the Poet's Pain and Labour brought him there.

III.

Thus the fam'd *Spartan* Twins did rise,
From Ornaments of Earth to gild the Skies:
Tho' Heav'n by Turns they do obtain,
Yet in immortal Verse the Brothers jointly reign.

IV.

And *Bacchus* too, for all his vain Pretence,
Borrow'd his Crown and Godhead hence:
He with his powerful Juice first taught the Muse to fly,
And she, in kind Requital, gave him Immortality.

A Translation of Ode iii. l. 1. in *Horace.*

Sic te Diva potens Cypri,
Sic Fratres Helenæ lucida Sydera, &c.

Address'd to his Honour'd Friend Mr. B—— going into *Turkey.*

I.

SO may the Beauteous Goddess of the Main
Appease the Horrors of the Deep,
And Neptune lock all his blust'ring Train,
But the propitious Western Gales, asleep.

II.

And thou, kind Vessel, which before this Day
So great a Charge cou'd'st never boast,
With Care my dearer better Part convey,
And lock him safely on the *Thracian* Coast.

III.

His fearleſs Heart immur'd with tripple Braſs,
The daring Mortal ſurely wore,
Who firſt the faithleſs Main durſt paſs,
And in a treach'rous Bark new Worlds explore.

IV.

What Scenes of Death cou'd ſhake his Soul,
That unconcern'd ſaw the wild Billows riſe,
And ſcaly Monſters on the Surface rowl,
And whizzing Meteors paint the gloomy Skies?

V.

In vain wiſe Heav'n indulgent Care
Lands from the ſpacious Ocean did divide,
If with expanded Sails bold Ships prepare
To plow the Deep, and brave the ſwelling Tide.

VI.

But Man, that buſy reaſoning Tool,
Cheap Happineſs diſdains to chooſe:
Sick of his Eaſe, the reſtleſs Fool,
At his own Coſt forbidden Paths purſues.

VII.

From the refulgent Orb of Day
A glitt'ring Spark the raſh *Promethens* ſtole,
And fondly ſtampt into a Soul,
T'inform his new-made Progeny of Clay.

VIII.

Strait to reward his Sacrilegious Theft,
Fevers and Ills, unknown before,

Their old infernal Manſions left,
And thro' the ſick'ning Air their baleful Poyſons bore.

IX.

Then Death, that lately travell'd ſlow,
Content with ſingle Victims, where he came,
Made Haſte, and eager of his Game,
Whole Nations lopp'd at one compendious Blow.

X.

To what fantaſtick Heights does Man aſpire;
Doom'd to dull Earth, the Sot wou'd clamber higher:
Heav'n he invades with impudent Pretence,
And makes *Jove* thunder in his own Defence.

An Imitation of the 6th Ode in *Horace*, l. 1. *Scriberis vario fortis, & hoſtium*.... In the Year 1685, after the Defeat of the Rebels in the *Weſt*.

I.

WALLER, in never-dying Verſe,
Your glorious Triumphs may rehearſe;
His lofty Muſe for Panegyric fam'd,
May ſing the Rebel-Herd your Valour tam'd,
And all the mighty Bleſſings ſhow,
Great *James*, and We, to your wiſe Conduct owe.

II.

My unambitious Lyre tunes all her Strings
To lower Numbers, lower Things;
And Gods, and God-like Heroes does refuſe
The Labour of a more exalted Muſe.
Had ſhe endeavour'd to relate
Great *Alexander*'s Deeds, or *Troy*'s unhappy Fate,

Or

Or all the Wonders that by *Drake* were done,
Who travell'd with the Stars, and journey'd with the Sun;
As long a Space had the vain Labour held,
As that fam'd Town the *Grecian* Force repell'd;
As long as she the tiresom Work renew'd,
As mighty *Drake* thro' unknown Seas his wondrous
[Course pursu'd.

III.

The humble Muse too well her Weakness knows,
Nor on her feeble self dares the high Task impose.
Tho' had not Heav'n the Power deny'd,
No other Theme had all her Thoughts employ'd.
'Tis hence she modestly declines to sing
Th' immortal Triumphs of our War-like King;
Lest her unequal slender Vein
Shou'd lessen the great Actions of his glorious Reign.

IV.

Who can with all his boasted Fancy raise
To its just Height Heroic *Arthur*'s Praise,
Or worthily recount the Trophies won
By our great *Edward*, and his greater Son?
But oh! what Muse, of all the Tribe below,
Can mighty *Mars* in equal Numbers show,
Horrid in Steel, and moving from afar,
With all the solemn Pageantry of War,
Tho' the rough God shou'd his own Bard inspire,
And join the Martial Heat to the Poetic Fire?

V.

Harmless Combats, harmless Wars,
Slender Scratches, petty Jars,
Which youthful Blood, and wanton Love,
Amongst our amorous Couples move,
Employ my Time, employ my Muse,
All other Subjects I refuse.

A Tranſlation of *Teucer Salamina Patremq;* *Cum fugeret*, &c. Hor. Ode vii. lib. 1.

I.

BRrave *Teucer*, (as the Poets tell us)
When from his native Clime he fled,
With Poplar Wreaths crown'd his triumphant Head,
And thus he cheer'd his drooping Fellows.

II.

Where e'er the Fates ſhall ſhew us Land,
(Remote and diſtant tho' it be)
We'll ſhape our Courſe at their Command,
And boldly fix as they decree.

III.

Let no wild Fears your Hopes betray,
Let not Deſpair your Courage pall,
When Heav'n ſo loudly does to Honour call,
And fearleſs *Teucer* leads the Way.

IV.

Phœbus foretold (and he of all the Pow'rs
Commands the myſtic Books of Fate)
That freſh Succeſs ſhou'd on our Actions wait,
And the new *Salamis* be ours.

V.

Then drink away this puling Sorrow,
Let Wine each daſtard Thought ſubdue,
Let Wine your fainting Hopes renew,
We'll leave the drowſy Land, and plough the Main (morrow.
Hor.

Hor. Ode 8. l. 1.

Per omnes
Te Deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando
Perdere? &c.

I.

TEll me, O *Lydia*, for by Heavens I swear,
You shan't deny so just a Prayer,
Tell me, why thus young *Damon* you destroy,
And nip the blooming Virtues of the lovely Boy.

II.

Why does he never throw the manly Bar;
And practise the first Feats of War;
Or, gaily shining in his Martial Pride,
With a strong artful Hand the foaming Courser guide.

III.

Why does he never grasp the pond'rous Shield,
And meet his Equals in the Field:
Or when the Streams swell with the flowing Tide,
With his soft pliant Arms the Silver *Thames* divide.

IV.

Why does he lurk, for I bewail his Doom,
Like an *Alsatian* Bully still at Home,
That fears to walk abroad all Day,
Lest eager hungry Cits shou'd hurry him away.

Ode ix. Lib. i. in *Horace* imitated.

Vides ut altâ ſtet nive candidum, &c.

Written in the Year, 1685.

To Sir *John Bowyer.*

I.

SInce the Hills all around us do Penance in Snow,
And Winter's cold Blaſts have benumm'd us below;
Since the Rivers, chain'd up, flow with the ſame Speed
As Priſoners advance towards the Pſalm they can't read,
Throw whole Oaks at a Time, nay, Groves, on the Fire,
They ſhall be our Sobriety's Funeral-Pyre.

II.

Never waſt the dull Time in impertinent Thinking,
But urge and purſue the great Buſineſs of Drinking;
Come pierce your old Hogſheads, ne'er ſtint us in Sherry,
This, this is the Seaſon to drink and be merry:
Then, reviv'd by our Liquor and Billets together,
We'll out-roar the loud Storms, and defy the cold Weather.

III.

Damn your *Gudbury*, *Partridge*, and *Salmon* together,
What a puling Diſcourſe have we here of the Weather?
Nay, no more of that Buſineſs, but, Friend, as you love us,
Leave it all to the Care of the good Folks above us.
Your Orchards and Groves will be ſhatter'd no more,
If, to huſh the rough Winds, they forbid them to roar.

IV.

Send a Bumper about, and ceaſe this Debate
Of the Tricks of the Court and Deſigns of the State.
Whether *Brandon*, or *Offly*, or *Booth* go to Pot,
Ne'er trouble your Brains; let 'em take their own Lot.

Thank

Thank the Gods, you can safely sit under your Vine,
And enjoy your old Friends, and drink off your own
[Wine.

V.

While your Appetite's strong, and good Humour remains,
And active fresh Blood does enliven your Veins,
Improve the fleet Minutes in Scenes of Delight,
Let your Friend have the Day, and your Mistress the
[Night:
In the Dark you may try whether *Phillis* is kind,
The Night for intrieguing was ever design'd.

VI.

Tho' she runs from your Arms, and retreats to the Shade,
Some friendly kind Sign will betray the coy Maid;
All trembling you'll find the modest poor Sinner,
'Tis a venial Trespass in a Beginner:
But remember this Counsel, when once you do meet her,
Get a Ring from the Nymph, or something that's better.

A Paraphrase on *Horace* of *Vides ut Alta.*

I.

THE Hills (you see) are cover'd o'er
With a grave Coat of rev'rend Snow,
And *Thames* that did so lately roar,
Fetter'd in Icy Chains, can hardly flow;
A sullen Frost the Ground o'er spreads,
The over-burthen'd Trees hang down their mournful Heads.

II.

Come then, oblige us with a Fire,
That may substantial Warmth inspire.

Tho' now no Drinking in the Plants goes round,
But dull Sobriety's in Nature found;
Think not this shall excuse your Beer,
With Men 'tis th' true drinking Season of the Year.

III.

For God's-Sake let the Pow'rs above
Their Business mind, and govern all below,
If they think fit these Tempests to remove,
No more shall rugged *Borea* blow,
No more the frozen Plants decay,
But smile as they enjoy'd a long continu'd *May*.

IV.

To learn your Lot and future State,
Ne'er pry into the Adamantine Books of Fate,
But gratefully those Pow'rs adore,
That added this kind Hour to the old Score;
And be content with what is given,
'Tis all the free and voluntary Gift of Heaven.

V.

Ne'er think in your declining Years,
To pay neglected Love's Arrears;
But while fresh Vigour does inflame,
Pursue, with Haste, the lovely Game,
Your Talent carefully improve.
Indulge the Day in Wine, and spend the Night in Love.

VI.

If crafty as the Nymph to Covert flies,
By a sly Laugh, or some betraying Noise,
She guides you where she panting lies;
Then all your Store of Rhetorick imploy,
The blushing Damsel to enjoy.
If she hold out, then steal at least a Kiss,
And take a Pawn for a substantial Bliss.

The

UNIV OF MICH.

Lycæ & the Gretian Spinstress.

Voll. IV. p. 11.

The tenth Ode in *Horace* l. 3. Paraphrased.

Extremum Tanaim si biberes, Lyce.

I.

THO' you, my *Lyce*, in some Northern Flood
Had chill'd the Current of your Blood;
Or lost your sweet engaging Charms
In some *Tartarian* Husband's icy Arms;
Were yet one Spark of Pity left behind,
To form the least Impression on your Mind,
Sure you must grieve, sure you must sigh,
Sure drop some Pity from your Eye,
To see your Lover prostrate on the Ground,
With gloomy Night, and black Despair encompass'd all around.

II.

Hark! how the threatning Tempests rise,
And with loud Clamours fill the Skies;
Hark! how the tott'ring Buildings shake,
Hark! how the Trees a doleful Consort make.
And see! oh see! how all below,
The Earth lies cover'd deep in Snow,
The *Romans* clad in white, did thus the *Fasces* woo;
And thus your freezing Candidate, my *Lyce*, sues for you.

III.

Come, lay these foolish Niceties aside;
And to soft Passion sacrifice your Pride:
Let not the precious Hours with fruitless Questions dye,
But let new Scenes of Pleasure crown them as they fly.
Slight not the Flames which your own Charms infuse,
And no kind friendly Minute lose,
While Youth and Beauty give you leave to chuse.
As Men by Acts of Charity below,
Or purchase the next World, or think they do:

So you in Youth a Lover shou'd engage,
To make a sure Retreat for your declining Age.

IV.

Let meaner Souls by Virtue be cajol'd,
As the good *Grecian* Spinstress was of old;
She, while her Sot his youthful Prime bestow'd
To fight a Cuckold's Wars abroad,
Held out a longer Siege, than *Troy*,
Against the warm Attacks of profer'd Joy,
And foolishly preserv'd a worthless Chastity,
At the Expence of ten Years Lyes and Perjury.
Like that old fashion'd Dame ne'er bilk your own Delight,
But what you've lost i'th' Day, get, get it in the Night.

V.

Oh! then if Prayers can no Acceptance find,
Nor Vows, nor Offerings bend your Mind;
If all these powerful Motives fail,
Yet let your Husband's Injuries prevail;
He, by some Play-House Jilt misled,
Elsewhere bestows the Tribute of your Bed;
Let me his forfeited Embraces share,
Let me your mighty Wrongs repair.
Thus Kings by their own Rebel-Powers betray'd,
To quell the home-bred Foe call in a foreign Aid.

VI.

Vows, like *Katonicki*, promise what they will,
Lusts, like Devotion, be encourag'd still;
Must meet with equal Wishes and Desires,
Or else the dying Lamp in its own Urn expires.
And I, for all that boasted Flame
We Poets and fond Lovers idly claim,
Am of too frail a Make, I fear,
Shou'd you continue still severe,

To

To brave the double Hardſhips of your Fate,
And bear the Coldneſs of the Nights, and Rigor of your
[Hate.

Hor. Ode 11. L. 2.

Quid Bellicoſus Cantaber, & Scythes,
Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adriâ
Diviſus objecto, remittas
Quærere, &c.

I.

WHat the Bully of *France*, and our Friends on the
[*Rhine*,
With their ſtout Grenadiers this Summer deſign,
Ceaſe over your Coffee and Wine to debate:
Why the Devil ſhou'd you, that live this Side the Water,
Pore over Gazettes, and be vext at the Matter?
Come, come, let alone theſe Arcana's of State.

II.

Alas! while ſuch idle Diſcourſe you maintain,
And with politick Nonſenſe thus trouble your Brain,
Your Youth flies away on the Back of ſwift Hours,
Which no Praying, no Painting, no Sighing reſtores.
Then you'll find, when old Age has diſcolour'd your Head,
Tho' a Miſtreſs be wanting, no Reſt in your Bed.

III.

Prithee do but obſerve, how the Queen of the Night
Still varies her Station, and changes her Light:
Now with a full Orb ſhe the Darkneſs does chace,
Now like Whores in the Pit, ſhews but half of her Face:
Theſe Chaplets of Flowers that our Temples adorn,
Now tarniſh and fade, that were freſh in the Morn.

IV. Bac-

IV.

But to leave off Similes for Curates in Camblet
To lard a dry Sermon, for grave Folks in Hamlet,
While our Vigour remains we'll our Talents improve,
Dash the Pleasures of Wine with the Blessings of Love.
Here, carelesly here, we'll lie down in the Shade,
Which the friendly kind Poplars and Lime-Trees have made.

V.

Your Claret's too hot . . . Sirrah, Drawer, go bring
A Cup of cold *Adam* from the next purling Spring.
And now your Hand's in, prithee step o'er the Way,
And fetch Madam *Tricksy*, the brisk and the gay.
Bid her come in her Alamode Manto of Sattin,
Two Coolers, I'm sure, with our Wine can be no false Latin.

The 13th Ode in *Horace* l. 4. Paraphrased.

Audivere, Lyce, Dii mea Vota, Dii
Audivere, Lyce; sis Anus, & tamen
Vis formosa videri, &c.

I.

LOng have my Prayers flow Heaven assail'd;
But Thanks to all the Powers above,
That still revenge the Cause of injur'd Love,
Lyce, at last they have prevail'd.
My Vows are all with Usury repaid,
For who can Providence upbraid,
That sees thy former Crimes with hasten'd Age repaid.

II.

Thou'rt old, and yet by awkard Ways dost strive
Th' unwilling Passion to revive;

Post

Dost drink, and dance, and touch the Lyre,
And all to escape puny Heart-burn Fire.
Alas! in *Chloe*'s Cheeks Love blushing lies;
Chloe, great Beauty's fairest prize,
Chloe, that charms our Ears, and ravishes our Eyes.

III.

The vigorous Boy flies o'er the barren Plains,
Where sapless Oaks their wither'd Trunks extend;
For Love, like other Gods, disdains
To grace the Shrine that Age has once profan'd.
He too laughs at thee now,
Scorns thy grey Hairs, and wrinkled Brow;
How should his youthful Fires agree with hoary Age's [Snows?

IV.

In vain, with wondrous Art and mighty Care,
You strive your ruin'd Beauty to repair;
No far-fetcht Silks one Minute can restore,
That Time has added to the endless Score.
And precious Stones, tho' ne'er so bright,
That shine with their own native Light,
Will but disgrace thee now, and but inhance thy Night.

V.

Ah me! where's now that Mien! that Face!
That Shape! that Air! that every Grace!
That Colour! whose inchanting Red
Me to Love's Tents a Captive led.
Strange Turn of Fate! that she
Who from my self so oft has stol'n poor Me,
Now by the just Revenge of Time stol'n from herself [should be.

VI.

Time was when *Lyce*'s powerful Face
To *Phillis* only gave the Place;

Perfect

Perfect in all the little Tricks of Love,
That charm the Sense and the quick Fancy move.
But Fate to *Phillis* a long Reign deny'd,
She fell in all her blooming Beauty's Pride;
She conquer'd whilst she liv'd, and triumph'd as she dy'd.

VII.

Thou, like some old Commander in Disgrace,
Surviving the past Conquests of thy Face,
Now the great Business of thy Life is done,
Review'st, with Grief, the Trophies thou hast won:
Damn'd to be parch'd with Lust, tho' chill'd with Age,
And, tho' past Action, damn'd to tread the Stage,
That all might laugh to see that glaring Light,
Which lately shone so fierce and bright,
End with a Stink at last, and vanish into Night.

The xvth Ode in *Horace* Lib. 3. Imitated.

Uxor pauperis Ibici,
Tandem Nequitiæ fige Modum tuæ,
Famosisq; Laboribus, &c.

I.

AT length, thou antiquated Whore,
Leave Trading off, and sin no more;
For Shame in your old Age turn Nun,
As Whores of everlasting Memory have done.

II.

Why should'st thou still frequent the Sport,
The Balls, and Revels of the Court?
Or why at glittering Masks appear,
Only to fill the Triumphs of the Fair?

III. To

III.

To *Ghent* or *Bruſſels* ſtrait adjourn,
The Lewdneſs of your former Life to mourn.
There brawny Prieſts in Plenty you may hire,
If Whip and wholeſom Sackcloth cannot quench the Fire.

IV.

Your Daughter's for the Buſineſs made,
To her, in Conſcience, quit the Trade.
Thus, when his conquering Days were done,
Victorious *Charles* reſign'd his Kingdom to his Son.

V.

Alas! ne'er ſhrum your long diſus'd Guittar,
Nor with Pulvilio's ſcent your Hair,
But in ſome lonely Cell abide,
With Roſary and Pſalter dangling at your Side.

A Tranſlation of Ode xxiii. lib. 1.

Vitas Hinnuleo me ſimilis, Chloë,
Quærenti pavidam Montibus aviis
Matrem, &c.

I.

WHY flies *Belinda* from my Arms?
Or ſhuns my kind Embrace?
Why does ſhe hide her blooming Charms?
And where I come forſake the Place.

II.

Like ſome poor Fawn, whom every Breath
Of Air does ſo ſurprize;

In

In the leaſt Wind he fancies Death,
And pants at each approaching Noiſe.

III.

Alas! I never meant thee Ill,
Nor ſeek I to devour thee;
Why ſhould'ſt thou then with Coldneſs kill
The dying Slave that does adore thee.

IV.

Leave, leave thy Mother's Arms for Shame,
Nor fondly hang about her;
Thou'rt now of Age to play the Game,
And eaſe a Lover's Pain without her.

The xxvith Ode in *Hor.* l. 3. Paraphraſed.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non ſine Gloria, &c.

I.

TIS true, while active Blood my Veins did fire,
And vigorous Youth gay Thoughts inſpire,
(By your Leave, courteous Reader, be it ſaid)
I cou'd have don't as well as moſt Men did;
But now I am (the more's the Pity)
The verieſt Fumbler in the City.

II.

There, honeſt Harp, that haſt of late
So often bore thy ſinful Maſter's Fate,
Thou a crack'd Side, and he a broken Pate,
Hang up, and peaceful Reſt enjoy;

Hang

Hang up, while poor dejected I,
Unmusical, unstrung like thee, sit mourning by.

III.

And likewise all ye trusty Bars,
With whose Assistance heretofore,
When Love engag'd me in his Wars,
I've batter'd, Heaven forgive me, many a Door;
Lie there, 'till some more able Hand
Shall you to your old pious Use command.

IV.

But, oh kind *Phœbus*, lend a pitying Ear
To thy old Servant's humble Prayer;
Let scornful *Chloe* thy Resentments feel,
Lash her all o'er with Rods of Steel;
And when the Jilt shall of her Smart complain,
This 'tis, then tell her, to disdain
Thy sacred Power, and scorn a Lover's Pain.

Hor. Ode 27. l. 1.

Natis in Usum lætitiæ Scyphis
Pugnare, Thracum est, &c.

I.

TO fight in your Cups, and abuse the good Creature,
Believe it, my Friends, is a Sin of that Nature,
That were you all damn'd, for a tedious long Year,
To nasty Mumdungus, and breath'nish small Beer,
Such as after Debauches your Sparks of the Town,
For a Penance next Morning, devoutly pour down,
It would not atone for so vile a Transgression,
You're a Scandal to all of the Drinking Profession.

II. What

II.

What a-pox do ye bellow, and make such a Pother,
And throw Candlesticks, Bottles, and Pipes at each other?
Come keep the King's Peace, leave your damning and [sinking,
And gravely return to good Christian drinking.
He that flinches his Glass, and to drink is not able,
Let him quarrel no more, but knock under the Table.

III.

Well, Faith, since you've rais'd my ill Nature so high,
I'll drink on no other Condition, not I,
Unless my old Friend in the Corner declares
What Mistress he courts, and whose Colours he wears:
You may safely acquaint me, for I'm none of those
That use to divulge what's spoke under the Rose.
Come, part with't . . . What she! forbid it ye Powers,
What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours?
Why, Man, she has lain (Oh thy Fate how I pity!)
With half the blue Breeches and Whigs in the City.
Go thank Mr. Parson, give him Thanks with a Curse,
Oh those damnable Words, *For better for worse*.
To regain your old Freedom you vainly endeavour,
Your Doxy and You no Priest can dissever,
You must dance in the Circle, you must dance in't for [ever.

The same Ode imitated.

Natis in usum lætitiæ Scyphis, &c.

WHat, Boys, are ye mad? Is the *Dutch* Devil in ye?
Must your Quarrels as long as your Glasses con- [tinue?
Give it o'er, ye dull Sots! let the dull-pated Boors,
Snic or snee at their Punch-Bowls, or slash for their [Whores,
We'll

We'll be merry and wise, but for Bloodshed we bar it,
No Red shall be seen here but your Port and good Claret,
What a P.... should we fight for? No Bayonets here,
But the Sconces all round and the Bottles appear.
Look, the Wine blushes for us! while it gently disgraces
Our unnatural Freaks and our mortify'd Faces.
Come let's do what we came for! let the Brimmers be crown'd,
And a Health to all quiet Good-fellows go round!
Must I take off my Glass too? Then, *Jack*, prithee tell us
Thy new Mistress's Name: What a Mischief! art jealous?
Must her Name be a Secret? *Adieu*, then I've done,
Hang the greedy Curmudgeon that eats all alone;
Come discover, you Block-head! I'm sure I mistook ye,
Else in these Amours, *Jack*, was us'd to be lucky;
Well, but whisper it then! I'll keep Counsel, ne'er fear it,
Is it she? the damn'd Jilt! Gad let no Body hear it;
Why, Faith *Jack* thou'rt undone then, 'twas some Witch-craft I'm sure
Cou'd betray thee to th' Arms of a Pockify'd Whore,
Well, 'tis vain to repine, Boy, let us drink away Sorrow,
Use thy Freedom to Night, Man, let the Punk reign to Morrow,

An Imitation of the 14th Epod in *Hor.*

Mollis Inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
Oblivionem sensibus,
Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia Somnos
Arente Fauce traxerim,
Candide Mæcenas, occidis sæpe rogando, &c.

I.

ASK me no longer, dear Sir *John*,
Why your Lampoon lies still undone,
'Fore *George* my Brain's grown addle;

Nor

Nor bid me *Pegasus* bestride;
Why should you ask a Sot to ride
That cannot keep his Saddle?

II.

This was the poor *Anacreon*'s Case,
When doating on a smooth-chinn'd Face,
He pin'd away his Carcase.
To tune his Strings the Bard essay'd,
The Devil a String the Bard obey'd,
And was not this a hard Case?

III.

If you a constant Miss have got,
Thank Heaven devoutly for your Lot,
Such Blessings are not common.
While I, condemn'd to endless Pain,
Must tamely drag *Belinda*'s Chain,
Yet know she's worse than —— Woman.

A Translation from *Horace* of *Mollis inertia*, *February* 85.

I.

HOW such a Fit of Lethargy
My Senses has possest,
As if a Dose of Opium
Had bury'd me in Rest!

II.

With often asking what's the Cause,
You weary me your Friend;
The Satyrs which I promis'd you,
I cannot bring to End.

III. So

III.

So poor *Anacreon*, as they say,
Bewitch'd by powerful Love,
Complain'd him often of his Wound
In Melancholy Grove.

IV.

The Mistress that you court, my Friend,
'Tis fit you should adore;
I, like a Fool, am *Phygia*'s Slave,
Yet know she is a Whore.

MAR-

MARTIAL's EPIGRAMS.

Translated by Mr. THO. BROWN.

The PREFACE.

WIthout formal *Petition*
Thus ſtands my *Condition*:
I am cloſely block'd up in a *Garret*,
Where I *ſcribble* and *ſmoak*,
And ſadly invoke
The powerful Aſſiſtance of *CLARET*.
Four *Children* and a *Wife*,
'Tis hard on my Life,
Beſide my *Self* and a *Muſe*,
To be all *cloath'd* and *fed*,
Now the *Times* are ſo dead,
By my *ſcribbling* of *Degg'rel* and *News*.
And what I ſhall do,
I'm a *Wretch* if I know,
So hard is the Fate of a *Poet*;
I muſt either turn *Rogue*,
Or, what's as bad, *Pedagogue*,
And ſo drudge like a Thing that has no Wit.

My

The Poets Condition E. Kirkall Sculp

Vol N. p. 24.

UNIV. OF MICH.

My *Lover's* all Duns,
Attended by *Bums*,
And my *Landlady* too she's a *Teazer*,
At least four Times a Day
She warns me away,
And what can a Man do to please her?
Here's the *Victualler* and *Vintner*,
The *Cook* and the *Printer*,
With their *Myrmidons* hovering about, Sir:
The *Taylor* and *Draper*,
With the *Cur* that sells Paper,
That, in short, I dare not stir out, Sir.
But my *Books* sure may go,
My Master *Ovid's* did so,
And tell how doleful the *Case* is;
If it don't move your *Pity*,
To make short of my *Ditty*,
'Twill serve you to wipe your Arses.

Mart. Epig. 5. l. 2.

Ne valeam, si non totis, Deciane, diebus,
Et tecum totis Noctibus esse velim.

IN some vile Hamlet let me live forgot,
Small Beer my Portion, and no Wine my Lot:
To some worse Fiend in Church-Indentures bound,
Than ancient *Job* or modern *Sherlock* found;
And with more Aches plagu'd, and Pains, and Ills,
Than fill our *Salmon's* Works, or *Tillotson's* Bills;
If 'tis not still the Burden of my Prayer,
The Night with you, with you the Day to share.
But Sir, (and the Complaint you know is true)
Two damn'd long Miles there lie 'twixt me and you;
And these two Miles, by help of Calculation,
Make four, by that I've reach'd my Habitation.
You're near Sage *Will's*, the Land of Mirth and Claret;
I live stow'd up in a *White-Chapel* Garret:

Oft when Iv'e walk'd ſo far, your Hands to kiſs,
Flatter'd with Thoughts of the ſucceeding Bliſs,
I'm told you're gone to the vexatious *Hall*,
Where with eternal Lungs the Lawyers bawl:
Or elſe ſtole out, ſome Female Friend to ſee;
Or, what's as bad, you're not at Home for me.
Two Miles I've at your Service, and that's Civil;
But to trudge four, and miſs you, is the Devil.

Advice to a Vintner.

Mart. Epig. 19. l. 1.

The Hint taken from *Quid te, Tucca, juvat.*

WHat Planet diſtracts thee, what damnable Star,
To daſh honeſt *Bourdeaux* with vile *Bar-a-Bar*?
Why ſhould innocent Claret be murder'd by Port,
Thou'lt ſurely be ſentenc'd in *Bacchus*'s Court.
As for us drunken Rakes, if we hang, or we drown,
Or are decently poiſon'd, what Loſs has the Town;
But to kill harmleſs Clarer, that does ſo much Good,
Is downright Effuſion of true Chriſtian Blood:
Ne'er think what I tell you is Matter of Laughter,
Thou'lt be curs'd for't in this World, and damn'd for't
[hereafter.

Mart. Epig. 23. l. 1.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Æmilia, dentes.

I.

WHen Gammer *Gurton* firſt I knew,
Four Teeth in all ſhe reckon'd:
Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two, a ſecond.

II. Courage,

II.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear
The third, when e'er it comes;
Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,
And I'll enſure your Gums.

An Imitation of Epigram 44. in *Mart.* Lib. 3.

Occurrit tibi nemo quod libenter, &c.

THat Couſins, Friends, and Strangers fly thee,
Nay, thy own Siſter can't ſit high thee;
That all Men thy Acquaintance ſhun,
And into Holes and Corners run,
Like *Iriſh* Beau from *Engliſh* Dun,
The Reaſon's plain, and if thou'd'ſt know it,
Thou'rt a moſt damn'd repeating Poet.
Not Bayliff ſow'r, with horrid Beard,
Is more in poor *Alſatia* fear'd,
Since the ſtern Parliament of late
Has ſtript of ancient Rights their State:
Not Tygers, when their Whelps are miſſing,
Nor Serpents in the Sun-ſhine hiſſing,
Nor Snake in Tail that carries Rattle,
Nor Fire, nor Plague, nor Blood, nor Battle,
Is half ſo dreaded by the Throng,
As thy vile perſecuting Tongue.
If e'er the reſtleſs Clack that's in it
Gives thy Head leave to think a Minute,
Think what a Penance we muſt bear,
Thy damn'd Impertinence to hear.
Whether I ſtand, or run, or ſit,
Thou ſtill art i'th' repeating Fit;
Weary'd, I ſeek a Nap to take,
But thy curſt Muſe keeps me awake.
At Church too, when the Organ's blowing,
Thy louder Pipe is ſtill a going.

Nor Park, nor Bagnio's from thee free,
All Places are alike to thee.
Learn Wiſdom once, at a Friend's Inſtance,
From the two Fellows at St. *Dunſtan's*,
Make not each Man thou meet'ſt a Martyr;
But ſtrike, like them, but once a Quarter.

The 63d Epigram in *Martial*, Lib. 3.
Cotile, Bellus homo es, &c.

OH! *Jemmy*, you're a Beau: Not I alone
Say this, but 'tis the Talk of all the Town.
Prithee be free, and to thy Friend impart
What is a Beau —— Ay, Sir, with all my Heart.
He's one, who nicely curls and combs his Hair,
And viſits *Sedgwick* monthly all the Year:
Sings bawdy Songs, and humms them, as along
Planting he walks thro' the admiring Throng;
All the Day long ſits with the charming Fair,
And whiſpers pretty Stories in their Ear.
Writes *Billets-doux*; ſhuns all Men as he goes,
Leſt their unhallow'd Touch ſhou'd daub his Cloaths.
He knows your Miſtreſs: Nay, at every Feaſt
He'll tell the Pedigree of every Gueſt.
Is this a Beau? Faith, *Jemmy*, I'll be plain,
A Beau's a Bawble, deſtitute of Brain.

The Contented WHORE.
An Imitation of Epig. 66. in *Mart.* l. 12.
Formoſa Phillis nocte cum mihi tota.

I.

TO Charming *Calia's* Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feaſted;
No God ſuch Tranſports ever knew,
Nor Mortal ever taſted.

II.

II.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing;
How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

III.

The whole Creation's Wealth ſurvey;
Thro' both the *Indies* wander:
Aſk what bſib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

IV.

The richeſt Spoils of Earth and Air;
The rifled Ocean's Treaſure;
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far
To purchaſe ſo much Pleaſure.

V.

She bluſhing cry'd——My Life, my Dear,
Since *Celia* thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nancy*.

An Imitation of *Uxor vade foras.*

In *Mart.* l. ii. *Ep.* 105.

I.

SWeet Spouſe, you muſt preſently troop and be gone,
(Or fairly ſubmit to your Betters;)
Unleſs for the Faults that are paſt, you atone,
I muſt knock off my conjugal Fetters.

II.

When at Night I am paying the Tribute of Love,
(You know well enough what's my Meaning,)
You ſcorn to aſſiſt my Devotion, or move
As if all the while you were dreaming.

III.

At Cribbage, and Put, and All-Fours, I have ſeen
A Porter more Paſſion expreſſing,
Than thou, wicked *Kate*, in the rapturous Scene,
And the Height of the amorous Bleſſing.

IV.

Then say I to my self, Is my Wife made of Stone,
Or does the old Serpent possess her;
Better Motion and Vigor by far might be shown
By dull Spouse of a *German* Professor?

V.

So, *Kate*, take Advice, and reform in good Time,
And while I'm performing my Duty,
Come in for your Club, and repent of the Crime
Of paying old Scores with your Beauty.

VI.

All Day thou may'st Cant, and look grave as a Nun,
And run after *Burgess* the surly;
Or see that the Family Business be done,
And chide all thy Servants demurely.

VII.

But when you're in Bed with your Master and King,
That Tales out of School ne'er does trumper,
Move, riggle, heave, pant, clip me round like a Ring,
In short, be as lewd as a Strumpet.

Mart. Epig. 61. l. 11.

Sit Phlogis, an Chione Veneri magis apta requiris?

I.

NOthing than *Chloe* e'er I knew
By Nature more befriended:
Celia's less beautiful, 'tis true,
But by more Hearts attended.

II.

No Nymph alive, with so much Art,
Receives her Shepherd's Firing,
Or does such Cordial Drops impart
To Love when just expiring.

III. Cold

III.

Cold niggard Age, that does elsewhere
At one poor Offering falter,
To her whole Hetacombs wou'd spare,
And pay them on her Altar.

IV.

But *Chloe*, to Love's great Disgrace,
In Bed nor falls, nor rises:
And too much trusting to her Face,
All other Arts despises.

V.

No half-form'd Words, nor murm'ring Sighs,
Engage to fresh Performing
Her breathless Lover, when he lies
Disabled after Storming.

VI.

Dull as a Prelate when he prays,
Or Cowards after Listing,
The fair Insensible betrays
Loves Rites, by not Assisting.

VII.

Why thus, ye Powers, that cause our Smart,
Do ye Love's Gifts dissever;
Or why those happy Talents part,
That shou'd be join'd for ever.

VIII.

For once perform an Act of Grace,
Implor'd with such Devotion,
And grant my *Celia Chloe*'s Face,
Or *Chloe Celia*'s Motion.

To a Gentleman that cut off his Hair, and set up for a Spark in his old Age. Out of *Martial*. Epig. 43. lib. 3. *Mentiris Juvenem*, &c.

THou, that not a Month ago
Wast white as Swan, or driven Snow,
Now blacker far than *Æsop*'s Crow,
Thanks to thy Wig, set'st up for Beau:

Faith, *Harry*, thou'rt in the wrong Box,
Old Age theſe vain Endeavours mocks,
And Time, that knows thou'ſt hoary Locks,
Will pluck thy Maſk off with a Pox.

The 50th Epigram of *Martial* imitated.

Quæris ſolicitus diu, rogaſq;
Cui tradas, Lupe, filium Magiſtro, &c.

WHen e'er I meet you, ſtill you cry,
What ſhall I do with *Bob*, my Boy.
Since this Affair you'll have me treat on,
Ne'er ſend the Lad to *Paul's* or *Eaton*.
The Muſes let him not confide in,
But leave thoſe Jilts to *Tate* or *Dryden*.
If with damn'd Rhimes he racks his Wits,
Send him to *Mevis* or St. *Kit's*.
Wou'd you with Wealth his Pockets ſtore well,
Teach him to pimp, or hold a Door well?
If he has a Head not worth a Stiver,
Make him a Curate, or Hog-driver.

An Epigram out of *Martial* imitated, Book 3. Epig. 54.

SIR *Fopling*, you're a Man of Faſhion grown;
The moſt accompliſh'd Blade in all the Town,
'Tis all the Ladies Talk; but tell me this,
What a fine Man of Mode and Faſhion is?
'Tis he that's all the Morning at the Glaſs,
To put each Curl in its moſt proper Place,
And in affected Forms to ſet his Face,
That ſmells of Eſſence, and the beſt Perfume,
Which does from *India* or *Arabia* come.
That when one ſpeaks (as if he did not hear)
Humms o'er ſome wanton Song, or modiſh Air;

That

That Legs and Arms in various Postures throws,
And seems to dance at every Step he goes;
That sits among the Women in the Pit;
And that he may be thought a Man of Wit,
He whispers to the next as to a Friend,
That in loud Laughter does his Whispering end;
That reads and writes Love-Letters to and fro,
And does each Gallant's Wench and Mistress know.
Who, tho' unbidden, is a constant Guest
At ev'ry Mask, at ev'ry Treat and Feast.
But sits in Pain for Fear the next should stir,
And so displace his Dress, or Garniture.
Who knows *New-Market* Breed, so well, that he
Can tell you *Jack-a-Dandy's* Pedigree;
And down from long Descent pretends to trace
The famous Swallows, or fleet Dragon's Race.
How, Sir, what's this you say; Is this Buffoon
Admir'd so for a Spark throughout the Town?
Believe me, Sir, on Earth there cannot be
A more ridiculous trifling Thing than he.

EPIGRAMS.

An Epigram under the Picture of a Beau.

THE vain Thing, set up for Man,
But see what Fate attends him;
The pond'ring Barber first began,
The Barber-Surgeon ends him.

An extempore Epigram on Death.

IF Death does come as soon as Breath departs,
Then he must often die, who often farts.
And if to die, be but to lose one's Breath,
Then Death's a Fart, and so a Fart for Death.

An Epigram by *T. B.*

Fulserit antarctius radienti Cancer Olympo,
Nescio certe Annus, sed puto Cancer erat.
Grandinis inde ruit crepitantis saxeus imber,
Decidit hinc tacite mobile vellus aquæ.
Sive suas Tempus fugitivum perdidit alas,
Aut vellet veri discere Bruma, Vale.

Thus merrily turn'd over a Glass.

THE Crab does oft the tufted Ring possess,
And crawls unseen about the heavenly Place;
From whose soft Banks the whizzing Waters fall,
And Show'rs of Love perform the Dev'l and all.
But when old *Time* has stretch'd the Channel wide,
And stopp'd the Flux of the refreshing Tide,
'Tis Drudg'ry then in such a Pool to sail,
One Moment makes us glad to say, *Farewel.*

Mr. Brown's Extempore *Version of two Verses out of* Martial, *occasion'd by a clamourous Dun, who vow'd she would not leave him till she had her Money.*

Sexte, nihil debes; nihil debes, Sexte, fatemur;
Debet enim si quis solvere, Sexte, potest.

Sextus thou nothing ow'st, nothing I say;
He something owes that something has to pay.

An Epigram by Mr. THO. BROWN.

De Parnasso.

PHœbe, *Pater Vatum, moderator, Phœbe, dierum,*
Qui pariter radiis ingeniog; vales.
Cernis ut incassum miseris, tua Turba, Poeta,
Carpimus incertam per tua Regna Viam.

A

At tuus ille, Annis natus melioribus, alto
Vertice Parnaſſi regnat Homerus avus:
Noſq; fatigatos & vincere ſumma parentes
Aonio prohibet figere colle pedem.
Sic ego. Sic Divus; Convitia mitte joceſa.
Mitte leves Curas, vana Querela tua eſt.
Regna colunt unam noſti terreſtria Regem,
Odit rivalem Imperialis apex.
Parnaſſuſq; meus, gemino licet, Æthera clivo,
Dividat, ac Reges non capit ille duos.

Thus Paraphras'd.

O *Phœbus!* Father of the rhiming Crowd,
Doom'd to be poor, yet deſtin'd to be proud;
Bright Ruler both of Poetry and Light;
'Tis true, you give us Wit, but ſtarve us by't.
Behold us ſtruggling in thoſe ſlipp'ry Ways,
Which leads from Profit to the Hopes of Praiſe;
That tempting Shadow which ſuch Swarms purſue,
Tho' ſooth'd by many, merited by few;
Yet oft by Fools and Flatterers enjoy'd,
And to the more Deſerving ſtill deny'd:
But thy Son *Homer* liv'd in better Days,
And ſhone in Wit, as glorious as thy Rays;
With Honour juſtly climb'd the lofty Hill,
And rul'd with Joy the ſacred Pinacle;
Where none his ancient Title muſt diſpute,
Or after him preſume to ſet a Foot.
Inſpir'd by theſe, he took ſo vaſt a Flight,
That modern Ages ne'er could reach his Height.
His Works forbid us to moleſt his Reign,
And ſhew that all Attempts would prove in vain.
Yet ſince all Ages have their certain Beſt,
And one has Right to tow'r above the reſt;
God-like, from Cares exempt, I'll ſit at Eaſe,
And jeſt with humane Follies as I pleaſe:
Ne'er pine in vain, or languiſh o'er my Wants,
But leave to whining Coxcombs ſuch Complaints.
And as no earthly Monarch will admit
A rival Prince in his Imperial Seat;

So

So e'er *Parnassus* will I reign as King,
And whilst the envious Criticks rail, I'll sing.
The bending Arch of Heav'n shall be my Crown,
And thus, unequal'd, will I rule alone,
'Till more aspiring Wit shall justly claim
Apollo's Kingdom, and surmount my Fame.

FABLES.

The Fable of the Bat *and the* Birds. *In Imitation of that of the* Buzzard *in the* Hind *and* Panther. *In the Year* 1689.

IN ancient Times, as learned *Æsop* shows,
'Twixt Birds and Beasts a fatal War arose:
But whether this from State-Intrigues did flow,
Or to some Church-Pretence its Birth did owe,
Or Depredations made, concerns us not to know.
Weighty, you may be sure, the Cause was thought,
Which such an universal Tumult wrought.
Picqueering Parties first began the Fray,
A sad Presage of the ensuing Day.
At last the War was solemnly proclaim'd,
The Hour of Fighting set, and both the Leaders nam'd,
The foolish Bat, a Bird obscure and base,
The Scorn and Jest of all the feather'd Race;
Or by fantastick Fears and Scruples led,
Or by Ambition mov'd, his Party fled,
Joyn'd with the Beasts, and, eager to engage,
With popular Harangues urg'd on a feeble Rage.
As Fortune wou'd, on an ill-fated Day
The Beasts drew out their Forces in Array:
The diff'rent Kinds their Grudges laid aside,
And for the common Safety now provide,
Ev'n their old Piques, and warm Disputes forgot,
The *Hind* and *Panther* joyn'd upon the Spot;
And by one mutual League of Friendship held,
Prepare for the rough Business of the Field.

When

When lo! the Birds in num'rous Bands appear,
And with repeated Cries attack the Rear;
Give a fierce Charge, and back, like *Parthians*, fly,
To repoſſeſs the patrimonial Sky;
Then ſtraight deſcending, with redoubl'd Might
They ſpend their Fury, and renew the Fight.
Pale Victory, all trembling and diſmay'd,
With doubtful Wings the Purple Scene ſurvey'd.
At laſt, propitious to her feather'd Kind,
Declar'd her Favour, and the Scale inclin'd.
Whole Hecatombs the cover'd Field poſſeſt,
And gave their Foes at once a Triumph and a Feaſt.
Their ſlaughter'd Young the *Rachel*-Dams deplor'd,
And many a widow'd Cow mourn'd o'er her horned Lord.
The gen'rous Eagle (ſo his Stars ordain)
Chaces th' affrighted Lyon from the Plain:
Their General gone, the reſt like Lightning fly,
A cheap unfighting Herd not worth the Victory.
And now the Birds with eager Haſte purſue,
Thro' Lanes and devious Tracts, the ſcatter'd Crew:
Among the reſt, beſet with Dangers round,
The trembling Bat was in a Cellar found:
'Tis Pity Fame ne'er chronicl'd his Taker,
But all Records agree they found him in *Long-Acre*.
Percht on a Pole, they brought him to the Bar,
Where the full Houſe ſat talking of the War.
Strait at the Sight a various Noiſe began,
Which thro' the ſpacious Hall and neighb'ring Lobby ran.
Each Member in the publick Mirth concurr'd,
And droll'd upon the poor Apoſtatizing Bird.
Firſt, Parrot *Settle* open'd wide his Throat,
Next, Cuckow *Rimer*, always in a Note;
And Peacock *Chetwood*, of the Clergy Kind;
But his Poetick Feet diſgrac'd the Train behind.
And *Creech* and *Norris*, Blackbirds of Renown;
And Corm'rant *Higden*, for Devouring known.
Nay, to augment the Hardſhip of his Woes,
Owl *Durfy* clapt his Wings, and hooted in the Cloſe.

When

When now their Raillery began to ſpare,
(And faith 'twas too much for one Bird to bear)
The Eagle order'd Silence in the Room,
And thus, aloud, pronounc'd the ſhiv'ring Lubber's Doom.
Beaſt of a Bird, thus to deſert thy Friends,
And join the common Foe, for baſe ungen'rous Ends,
What Puniſhment can ſuit ſo black a Crime?
Hear then, and ſtand accurſt to all ſucceeding Time.
From all our Diets be thou firſt expell'd,
Or thoſe in flow'ry Groves, or thoſe in Steeples held;
When our gay Tribes in youthful Pomp appear,
To join in Nuptial Bands, and meet the ſmiling Year:
Nay more, to make thee mortify and grieve,
To Buzzard *Shadwell* we thy Places give;
Him we appoint Hiſtorian of our State,
And Poet-Laureat of the Woods create.
Out-law'd our Realms, and baniſh'd from the Light,
Be thou for ever damn'd to ſteal Abroad by Night.

The Fable of the Horſe and the Stag.

I.

THE Horn-arm'd Stag deny'd the Horſe
The Privilege of the Common,
'Till ſtarv'd, for Want of equal Force,
He begg'd Aſſiſtance from Man.

II.

For why? Reſolv'd at any Rate
To get his Share of Paſture;
He rather choſe to champ the Bit,
Than leave the Stag ſole Maſter.

III.

With Man aſtride, he march'd to fight
A Foe that durſt not face him;
For he, with Strangeneſs of the Sight,
Was frighted from his Grazing.

IV.

Nor had Sir *Palfry* much to brag
He got by his Adventure;
Since Man, from routing of the Stag,
Commenc'd perpetual Centaur.

The Fable of the Wolf *and* Porcupine.

In Answer to the Argument against a Standing Army.

I.

Grim with Hunger preſt, one Day
As thro' the Woods he poſted,
A Porcupine found on the Way,
And in theſe Terms accoſted.

II.

Our Wars are ended, Heav'n be prais'd,
Then let's ſit down and prattle
Of Towns inveſted, Sieges rais'd,
And what we did in Battel.

III.

The Plains a pleaſing Proſpect yield,
No Fire, nor Deſolation;
While Plenty reigns in every Field,
And Trade reſtores the Nation.

IV.

Yet you your Quills erected wear,
And tho' none ſeeks to harm ye,
In Time of Peace, about you bear,
Methinks, a Standing Army.

V.

Friend, quoth the Porcupine, 'tis true,
The War's at length decided,
But 'gainſt ſuch tricking Blades as you,
'Tis good to be provided.

VI. Cen-

VI.

Cenſorious Fame ſhall never ſay
That too much Faith betray'd me;
Who thinks of me to make a Prey,
Muſt at his Coſt invade me.

VII.

Let him, that thinks it worth the While,
Tempt Knaves to make a Martyr;
The Sharpers, that wou'd me beguile,
Shall find they've caught a Tartar.

The Fable of Apollo *and* Daphne.

I.

Apollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
Diſcover'd his Flame in a paſſionate Tone;
He told her, and bound it with many a Curſe,
He was ready to take her for better for Worſe.
Then he talk'd of his Smart,
And the Hole in his Heart,
So large, one might drive thro' the Paſſage a Cart.
But the ſilly coy Maid, to the Gods great Amazement,
Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Caſe-(ment.

II.

He following, cry'd out, My Life and my Dear,
Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear.
You think me, perhaps, ſome Scoundrel, or Whoreſon,
Alaſs! I've no wicked Deſigns on your Perſon.
I'm a God by my Trade,
Young, plump, and well-made,
Then let me careſs thee, and be not afraid.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

III.

I'm the Chief of Phyſicians; and none of the College
Muſt be mention'd with me for Experience and Know-(ledge;
Each Herb, Flower, and Plant, by its Name I can call,
And do more than the beſt Seventh Son of 'em all.

With

With my Powders and Pills,
I cure all the Ills,
That ſweep off ſuch Numbers each Week in the Bills.
But ſtill ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purſy God came panting behind.

IV.

Beſides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
And top all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-Garden*.
I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit,
I ſet my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit.
I'm at *Will's* all the Day,
And each Night at the Play;
And Verſes I make faſt as Hops, as they ſay:
When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubl'd her Speed,
And flew like a Whore from a Conſtable free'd.

V.

Now had our wiſe Lover (but Lovers are blind)
In the Language of *Lombard-Street* told her his Mind;
Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis Plenty of Money,
Odſbobs I muſt ſwinge thee, my Joy and my Honey:
I ſit next the Chair,
And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor,
Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can compare.
Tho', as wrinkl'd as *Priam*, deform'd as the Devil,
The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been Civil.

MISCELLANIES.

An ELEGY *on that moſt Orthodox and Painstaking Divine, Mr.* Sam. Smith, *Ordinary of* Newgate, *who dy'd of a Quinſey, on St.* Bartholomew's *Day, the* 24*th of* Auguſt, 1698.

TYburn, lament, in penſive *Sable* mourn,
For from the World thy ancient Prieſt is torn.
Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended,
And by a Quinſey from his Place ſuſpended.
Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,
And as he liv'd, he dy'd, by Suffocation.

Thou

Thou Rev'rend Pillar of the Triple-Tree,
I would say Post, for it was propp'd by thee;
Thou Penny-Chronicler of hasty Fate,
Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;
Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,
In whose sage Presence Vice itself did faulter.
How many Criminals, by thee assisted,
Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?
And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,
Were decently suspended to a Psalm?
How oft hast thou set harden'd Rogues a Squeaking,
By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;
And sav'd Delinquents from Old *Nick*'s Embraces,
By flashing Fire and Brimstone in their Faces?
Thou wast a Gospel-*Smith*, and after Sentence,
Brought'st Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;
And tho' they prov'd obdurate at the Sessions,
Could'st hammer out of them most strange Confession,
When Plate was stray'd, and Silver Spoons were missing,
And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* Kissing.
Thy Christian Bowels chearfully extended
Towards such, as by their *Mammon* were befriended.
Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts was taken,
Thou woul'st devise a Way to save his Bacon;
And if his Purse could bleed a half Pistole,
Legit, my Lord, He reads, upon my Soul.
Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,
Some Fools would live to bilk thy Gallows Speeches.
But who'd refuse, that has a Taste of Writing,
To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.
Thou alway'st had'st a conscientious Itching,
To rescue Penitents from *Pluto*'s Kitchen;
And hast committed upon many a Soul
A pious Theft, but so St. *Austin* stole.
And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of sinful Leaven,
By thee were set in the High Road to Heaven.
With sev'ral Mayors hast thou eat Beef and Mustard,
And frail Mince-pyes, and transitory Custard.
But now that learned Head in Dust is laid,
Which has so sweetly sung, and sweetly pray'd:

Yet

Yet, tho' thy outward Man is gone and rotten,
Thy better Part shall never be forgotten.
While *Newgate* is a Mansion for good Fellows,
And *Sternhold*'s Rhimes are murder'd at the Gallows;
While *Holborn* Cits at Execution gape,
And Cut-purse follow'd is by Man of Crape;
While *Grub-Street* Muse, in Garrets so sublime,
Trafficks in Doggrel, and aspires to Rhime;
Thy Deathless Name and Memory shall reign,
From fam'd St. *Giles*, to *Smithfield*, and *Duck-lane*.
But since thy Death does general Sorrow give,
We hope thou in thy Successor will live.
Newgate and *Tyburn* jointly give their Votes,
Thou may'st succeeded be by Dr. *Oates*.

An EPITAPH *upon that profound and learned Casuist, the late* Ordinary *of* Newgate.

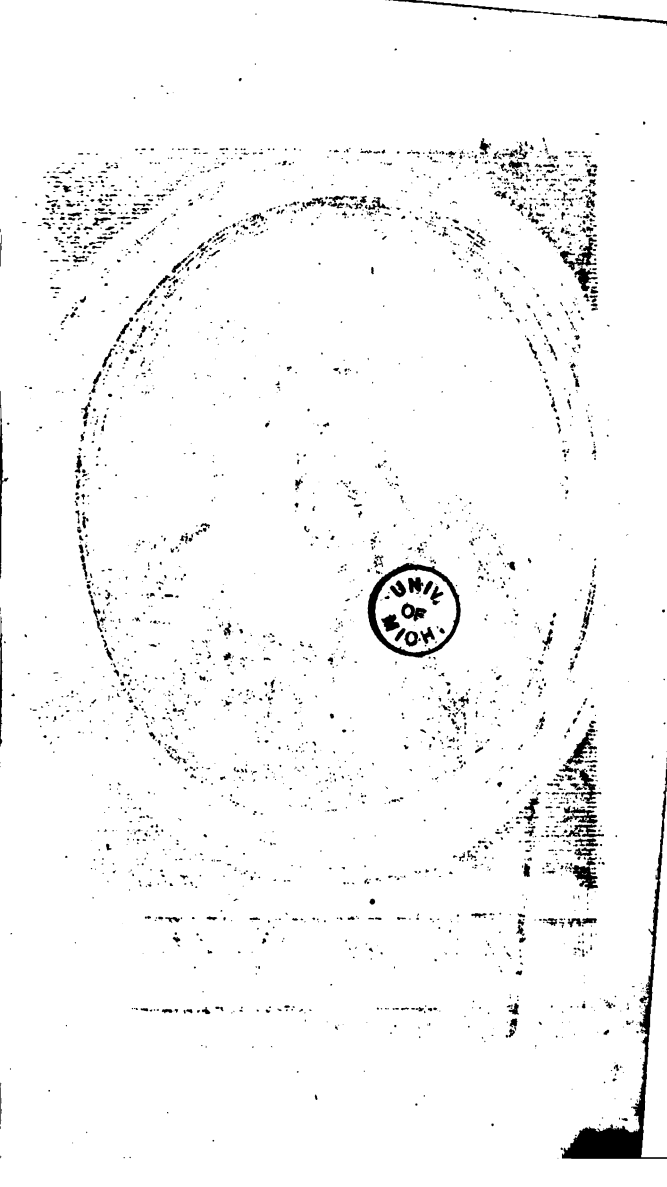
UNder this Stone
Lies Reverend Drone,
To *Tyburn* well-known;
Who preach'd against Sin
With a terrible Grin,
In which some may think, that he acted but odly,
Since he liv'd by the Wicked, and not by the Godly.
In Time of great Need,
In Case he were freed,
Heed teach one to read
Old Pot-hooks and Scrawls,
As ancient as *Pauls*.
But if no Money came,
You might hang for old *Sam*,
And, founder'd in Psalter,
Be ty'd to a Halter.
This Priest was well hung,
I mean with a Tongue,
And bold Sons of Vice
Would disarm in a Trice;

And

And draw Tears from a Flint,
Or the Devil was in't.
If a Sinner came him nigh
With Soul black as Chimny,
And had but the Senſe
To give him the Pence,
With a little Church-Paint
He'd make him a Saint.
He underſtood Phyſick,
And cur'd Cough and Ptiſick;
And, in ſhort, all the Ills
That we find in the Bills,
With a ſovereign Balm,
The World calls a Pſalm.

Thus his *Newgate-Birds* once, in the Space of a Moon,
Tho' they liv'd to no Purpoſe, they dy'd to ſome Tune.
In Death was his Hope,
For he liv'd by a Rope.
Yet this, by the Way,
In his Praiſe we may ſay,
That, like a true Friend,
He his Flock did attend,
Ev'n to the World's End,
And car'd not to ſtart
From Sledge, or from Cart,
'Till he firſt ſaw them wear
Knots under their Ear;
And merrily ſwing,
In a well-twiſted String.
But if any dy'd hard,
And left no Reward,
As I told you before,
He'd inhance their old Score,
And kill them again
With his murd'ring Pen.
Thus he kept Sin in Awe,
And ſupported the Law;
But, Oh! cruel Fate!
So unkind, tho' I ſay't,

Laſt


UNIV
OF
MICH.

R. Smith fculp.

Viscount Dundee

Last Week, to our Grief,
Grim Death, that old Thief
Alas! and Alack!
Had the Boldness to pack
This old Priest on his Back,
And whither he's gone,
Is not certainly known.
But a Man may conclude,
Without being Rude,
That Orthodox *Sam*,
His Flock would not sham;
And to shew himself to 'em a Pastor most Civil,
As he led, so he follow'd 'em all to the D—l.

An ELEGY *in Memory of the Gallant Visc.* Dundee, *who was kill'd by a random Shot, after he had won the Battel at* Gillecrankey. *Writ by Mr.* Brown, *at the Request of Dr.* Griffith *and Mr.* Burges.

Fors & virtus miscentur in unam.
Virg. Æneid. 12.

GOddess, to urge me on, forbear,
Or make my mournful Song thy Care;
Oppress'd with Doubts, and mighty Woe,
I'd sing the *Man*, that all *Mankind* shou'd know,
How brave he fought, how conquer'd, and how fell,
And in what Cause assist me whilst I tell.
Quickly the *News* was hither brought,
Too true, alas! that he was dead,
And all our Expectations fled;
But yet we would not entertain the Thought.
Between the Extreams of *Hope* and *Fear*,
Confus'd we stood, the Truth to hear,
Until 'twas made at last too plain,
Beyond all Doubt the great unconquer'd *Man* was slain.

Forgive

Forgive me, *Heav'n*, that *impious Thought*,
At first I question'd your *Supream Decree*,
Love to my King the Madness wrought,
And Grief for the World's Loss, the brave *DUNDEE*.
Oh! frail Estate of Things below,
Well to our Cost your Emptiness we know.
Scarce from the *Fury* he had past'd
Of a mistaken factious *Race*,
But other Dangers follow him as fast,
And trace him as he goes from *Place* to *Place*:
His *Friends* desert, his *Foes* pursue,
Yet still undaunted he goes on;
New Dangers but his *Mind* and *Strength* renew,
So Brave, so Just, and Good, was this unalter'd Man.
The matchless match'd in *Men and Arms*,
His *Cause* and *Courage* only best,
And his Example far above the rest.
Firmly resolv'd, he meets the *mutinous Foe*;
But first, with *chearful Anger* in his Face,
Soldiers and *Friends*, he spoke, I'm sure you know,
For what Intent, and for whose Sake we go;
And then he bow'd, and briefly told the Case.

His Speech to his Soldiers.

A *King entail'd*, by long *Descent*,
Equal almost to Time in its Extent,
Robb'd of his *Throne*, for sure it must be so;
Nor *God* nor *Nature* can,
Only *presumptuous* Man,
Be guilty of so black an Overthrow.
What's worse, to palliate the *Pretence*,
Harmless Religion too is brought,
Falsly and indirectly us'd,
And all her sacred *Mysteries* abus'd,
Beyond what the dark *Sybils* ever taught.
And can we bear, my Friends, this great Offence?
Can we stand idle by,
And see our *Mother* robb'd, at last condemn'd to die,
And not endeavour for some Recompence?

Envy

Envy and *Fraud*, *Hypocriſy* and *Pride*,
And bold *Ambition* arm'd for *Parricide*;
The certain Loſs of *Liberty* and *Laws*,
And *Uſurpation*, an intolerable Cauſe.
All theſe, and more, have brought us here;
Let no Man doubt, let no Man fear;
His *Cauſe* is *Juſt*, and if he falls to Day,
For ſo by Chance he may.
At worſt, his Name ſhall wear
A large and noble *Character*;
But his exalted *Soul* ſhall fly
The Boundleſs Pitch of vaſt *Eternity*.
He ſpoke; his Soldiers much approve;
Deſpair and *Fear* quit ev'ry Breaſt,
Rage and *Revenge* their Place poſſeſs'd:
And then with wond'rous *Order* t'wards the *Foe* they move.
But who th' *Amazement* and th' *Affright* can tell,
That on the other *Army* fell?
Or who, without *Aſtoniſhment*, can ſay,
The *wond'rous Things* this great Man did that Day?
In vain their routed *Squadrons* fly,
In vain, aloud, for Help they cry,
The *Battel's* loſt, and they muſt *yield*, or *die*.
But, ſee of human Things, the brittle State!
The only beſt, and beſt deſerving Man,
That ſhould have breath'd beyond the *common Span*,
The laſt that meets triumphantly his Fate;
As he was lifting up his Hand,
To give the finiſhing Command,
Comes a malicious random Shot,
And ſtruck the *Victor* dead upon the Spot.
Methinks I ſee the wounded Hero lie,
Too good to live, and yet too brave to die;
I hear him bleſs his *Cauſe*, and more he had to ſay,
But, oh! the haſty Soul could make no longer Stay.
Unconquer'd Man, farewel!
Now thou art gone to dwell
Where thou ſhalt be entirely free
From all the Curſes of *Mortality*.

No anxious Thoughts shall wreck thy Breast,
No *Factions* shall disturb thy Rest;
Nor shalt thou be by *Tyranny* oppress'd.
Thy *Learning* and thy *Parts*,
Thy *Knowledge* in the noblest, useful Arts,
Thy Conversation and thy *Wit*,
Spoke thee for Earth unmeet, for *Heav'n* only fit.
Live blest Above, almost invok'd below;
Live, and accept this *pious Vow*,
Our *Captain* once, our *Guardian Angel* now.
Live, and enjoy those great *Rewards* are due,
To those who to their *Prince* are Faithful, Just, and True.

When he had finish'd his Poem, he inclos'd it in the following Letter to Dr. *Griffith*, and sent it the next Night to the Club, which was then at the *Castle Tavern* in *Fleet-Street*.

Dear Doctor,

AT your Request, I have writ something, which, if you think fit, you may call an *Elegy* upon the Viscount *Dundee*. But, in Truth, Sir, I am so ill acquainted with that Kind of Writing, that I could have wish'd you would have pitch'd upon some Body else for your *Operator*. As for *Crambo*, *Acrostick*, *Anagram*, and such Sort of *Performances*, I think my self not much below my Name-sake *Dryden*, or any other of the *Gentlemen* of that *Order*; but for this *Elegiack* Way, I know no more of it, with Respect to his Holiness be it spoken, than the *Pope of Rome*. I was two Days at least hunting for a *Precedent*, at last I fell in with Mr. *Cowley's Imitation of* Pindar, whom I have been so *impudent* to attempt to mimick; so that if this mighty *Production* should ever pass into any other Hands, it must be dignify'd with the *Title of a Pindarick Elegy, in Imitation of Mr. Cowley*. But, Sir, to be a little serious, I am afraid I have not treated this great Man's *Character* as he deserves; and withal, I am told, Mr. *Dryden* has something of this Nature new upon the Stocks, so I must beg of you, upon

on these and other weighty Considerations, that after you have read over the *Paper*, you'll immediately apply it to the proper Use. Sir, you see by this, how ready I am, and always shall be, to obey your Commands, and to take all Opportunies to approve my self

Sept. 27. 1689. *Your most obedient Servant,*

THO. BROWN.

THE Mourning Poet, &c.

The PREFACE.

I *Wont say any Thing in Behalf of the following* Poem. *A Prison is none of the most delightful Places for a Muse to exert her Talent in; and tho' Verse, in Respect of Prose, is a confin'd Sort of Writing, yet no People hate Confinement more than Poets.*

'Tis true, I as little thought, a few Years ago, of turning Poet, as, with all due Reverence be it said, any of the most topping Citizens about the Exchange do now; but the Case is alter'd, and for want of employing my Time better, (which was none of my own Fault) I was forc'd, and I hope that will justify me, to employ it in innocent Rhiming.

But let the Versification be what it will, my Subject and Design, I am sure, is virtuous and honest. I plead for Compassion and Pity to our Fellow-Creatures; and surely we should be asham'd of boasting our selves made after the Divine Like-

neſs, if we don't copy our Maker in what, with Relation to our ſelves, is the beſt of his Attributes.

I will not rail at thoſe Perſons, by whoſe Importunity and Management the late Act againſt poor Priſoners was carry'd, that were but too miſerable before; only it may be worth their while to ruminate a little upon the Apoſtles Words, Let him that ſtands, take Care of Falling. *The World's a Lottery, and he that preaches againſt giving Relief to Day, may want it for himſelf and Family to Morrow. That ill-condition'd Engineer, who preſented* Phalaris *with the* Brazen Bull, *was the firſt that handſell'd it. And after all, Why ſhould numberleſs Wretches ſtarve for a few Delinquents?*

If Numbers ſignify any Thing to gain a Cauſe, we have above Sixty Thouſand Hands to ſign this Paper. We don't pretend to Copy the Impudence of the Legion *Letter; no, 'tis our Buſineſs to ſupplicate, not huff Parliaments; nay, even to ſpeak fair to the meaneſt of our Creditors. But tho' we are far from imitating the Inſolence of the late* Legion, *yet 'tis plain the Name but too juſtly belongs to us, for, Heaven knows, we are a Parcel of poor unpity'd Devils.*

The Mourning Poet: *Or, The unknown Comforts of Impriſonment, written in the Year* 1703, *and calculated for the Meridian of the three populous Univerſities of the* Queen's-Bench, *the* Marſhalſea, *and the* Fleet; *but may indifferently ſerve any Priſon in the Kingdom of* England, *Dominion of* Wales, *or Town of* Berwick upon Tweed.

SInce my hard Fate has doom'd me to a Jayl,
Some ſcolding Muſe direct me how to rail:
And let this Curſe, by my ill Genius ſent,
As 'tis my Penance, be my Argument.
The Scene of Life with *Black* and *White* ſpread o'er,
Here ſhews us *Want*, and there ſuperfluous *Store*.

The

The *Rich Man* and the *Poor* be then my Theme;
Having been *both*, I beſt can judge of them.
A Rich Man, what is he? Has he a Frame
Diſtinct from others? Or a better Name?
Has he more Legs, more Arms, more Eyes, more Brains?
Has he leſs Care, leſs Croſſes, or leſs Pains?
Can Riches keep the mortal Wretch from Death?
Or can new Treaſures purchaſe a new Breath?
Or does Heaven ſend its Love and Mercy more
to *Mammon*'s pamper'd Sons than to the Poor?
If not, why ſhould the Fool take ſo much State,
Exalt himſelf and others under-rate?
'Tis ſenſeleſs Ignorance, that ſooths his Pride,
And makes him laugh at all the World beſide.
But when Exceſſes bring on Gout or Stone,
All his vain Mirth and Gayety are gone.
Then to make any Truce with his Diſeaſe,
And purchaſe the leaſt Interval of Eaſe,
He'd all his ill-got Magazines reſign,
And at Health's Altar ſacrifice his Coin:
And when he dies, for all he looks ſo high,
He'll make as vile a Skeleton as I.
To number out the ſeveral Sorts of *Poor*,
Would be to count the Billows on the Shore;
My Muſe ſhall therefore all the reſt decline,
And to th' Induſtrious Man her ſelf confine;
Who with inceſſant Labour ſtrives to live,
And yet by cruel Accidents can't thrive.
To trace th' orig'nal Fountain of his Woe,
From whence the Groſs of all his Ills do flow;
With *War* I muſt begin, whoſe fatal Doom
Ruins all Trade as well Abroad as Home:
The dire Effects the Merchant feels the firſt,
And all the other Trades by War are curs'd;
The Vintners, whom I own I pity moſt,
Are daily in this curſed Scramble loſt.
And who can wonder that ſo many fail,
When righteous Claret truckles to vile Ale,
And *Barcelona* ſtoops to *Belgick* Mild and Stale.

War (to whose Court all lesser Evils join)
First help'd to circumcise our current Coin.
'Twas a fine Harvest, when the Clipping Race,
To the conniving Government's Disgrace,
Cut short his Majesty within the Ring,
And dock'd his Horses Tail (God bless the King:)
Then Goldsmiths, Scriv'ners, and the bulky Tribe
Of mony'd Knaves, too numerous to describe,
Batten'd apace on this unrighteous Trade,
And at the Realm's Expence large Fortunes made:
While the poor half-starv'd Slaves, that for them wrought,
Within the fatal Toil were daily caught:
And to relieve them in their *Tyburn* Qualm,
Troop'd off to the dull Musick of a Psalm.

The Charge of War out-ballanc'd soon our Trade;
As *this* advanc'd, *that* palpably decay'd.
And as 'twas ten Years War that ruin'd *Troy*,
So ten Years War did *England*'s Wealth destroy.
War! fatal War! the Murderer of Trade,
Occasion'd heavy Taxes for its Aid;
It set Mercurial Heads at work t' invent
Most easy Ways to serve the Government:
NEALE started first, to raise a speedy Sum,
A MILLION-LOTTERY, *let who will come*,
No Loss can happen, but most certain Gain;
Sell Lands and Houses, ne'er was such a Main.
This was a general and inviting Bait,
And did so luckily relieve the State,
That the Groom Porter had Encouragement,
New specious Schemes and Projects to invent.

Next, the old Maids and Batch'lers were cajoll'd,
Fourteen *per Cent.* for Life, and well enroll'd:
They drew their Cash from Commerce and from Trade,
And lavishly adventur'd on this *Aid*;
Long may they live, and still, (as now) be paid.
At the Heels of this, *Survivorship* came in,
('Tis hard to stop, tho' easy to begin)
From Six *per Cent.* t' increase as Children die:
So promising a Fund who would not try?

Thus

Thus eager Parents paid their Money down,
To make their Children Vaſſals to the Crown,
And with much Ceremony beg their own.
At laſt, reſolv'd new Methods ſtill t' explore,
As if we ne'er cou'd drain the Nation's Store,
The Bank peept up, and all before it bore;
As Rivers dutifully glide to pay
Their liquid Tribute to their Parent Sea.
Nor is it ſtrange: Av'rice is always wiſe,
And Profit, ſay the Learned, never lies.
Int'reſt at Twelve *per Cent.* for Stock advanc'd,
Stock to One hundred thirty Pounds enhanc'd;
So he that had a Thouſand Pounds in there,
For Thirteen Hundred ſtrait cou'd ſell his Share;
Prodigious Gain! *Such Principal, ſuch Uſe*
Th' Exchequer pays; what muſt the Exchequer loſe?
But ſay, my Muſe, what Harm was it to Trade,
If the Exchequer *Cent. per Cent.* had paid,
When the Realm's Wants require a preſent Aid?
It made the Nation's Debt call for Supplies,
By doubting both the *Cuſtoms* and *Exciſe*;
It fram'd the *Capitation* by Degrees,
Births, Burials, Batchelours, Lights, Lawyers-Fees,
Stock, Money, Titles, empty Houſes pay,
Altho' the Tenants often run away.
All theſe, and many more Inventions join'd
To pamper War, while ſickly Trade declin'd:
Set up *Stock-jobbers* on the Nation's Back,
Whoſe Weight compleated poor *Britannia*'s Wreck.
Theſe Vermin being hatch'd, the num'rous Brood
Increas'd, and fatten'd on the Trades-Man's Blood;
If Tallies were deliver'd on ſome *Aid*,
Stock-jobber fix'd what Money ſhou'd be paid.
The *Legiſlators* gave Encouragement
For Men to work, and truſt the Government;
But tho' a general Good they thus deſign'd,
Thoſe rav'nous *Harpies* of th' *Exchange* combin'd
To fruſtrate all; deaf to the Nation's Cries,
They its beſt Laws turn'd into Merchandize;

So that poor Tradesmen, for a Hundred Pound,
For Fifty with these Rascals must compound,
Or else to Goal; their Wants call for Supply,
And ready Cash at any Rate they'll buy:
Thus all those Millions given for Supplies,
Those *Caterpillars* still monopolize;
And if we find not out some speedy Way
To kill these Worms that on our Vitals prey,
Commerce, the Nation's Glory, soon will fail,
And half our Traders perish in a Jayl.
Oh! who can bear to see so many Hands
Lie idle, like uncultivated Lands;
Devour'd by Want, only to gratify
Senseless Revenge and brutish Cruelty?

Rome, whose imperial Sway the World obey'd,
Justice the Rule of all her Actions made;
And tho' most Nations dreaded her Alarms,
Was no less Famous for her Laws than Arms.
Among the rest, this justly claims a Place,
And let not *England* think it a Disgrace,
The glorious Empress of the World to trace.
The Debtor had one Part, the Lender two;
Revenge had nothing; Nothing was her Due.
Credit with us the whole Estate doth seize,
And on the wretched Debtor's Body preys;
Heav'n's brightest Gift, Compassion's out of Door;
And he's a graceless Reprobate that's poor.

In *France* this Law does still maintain a Sway,
If Tradesmen prove incapable to pay,
Six Persons, of known Truth and Probity,
Make Inquest what their whole Estate may be:
When this is duly done, two Parts of three
They to the Creditors allotted see:
And then one Third to Debtor is convey'd,
That he may have some Stock again to trade.
How worthy Praise are such good Acts as these?
Considering, too, there's not a Penny Fees.
Why should we then our *English* Laws advance,
And scornfully expose the Laws of *France*?
Since Subjects Fellow-Subjects can destroy,
And rob us of our boasted Liberty.

In

In *Holland*, if a Creditor thinks fit
His Debtor to a Prison to commit,
At his own Charge he must maintain him there,
Not let him starve, as Creditors do here.
A Prison! Heav'ns, I loath the hated Name,
Famine's Metropolis, the Sink of Shame,
A nauseous Sepulchre, whose craving Womb
Hourly interrs poor Mortals in its Tomb;
By ev'ry Plague and ev'ry Ill possest,
Ev'n Purgatory it self to thee's a Jest;
Emblem of Hell, Nursery of Vice,
Thou crawling University of Lice:
Where Wretches numberless to ease their Pains,
With Smoak and Ale delude their pensive Chains.
How shall I thee avoid? Or, with what Spell
Dissolve th' Enchantment of thy Magic Cell?
Ev'n *Fox* himself can't boast so many Martyrs,
As yearly fall within thy wretched Quarters.
Money I've none, and Debts I cannot pay,
Unless my Vermin will those Debts defray.
Not scolding Wife, nor *Inquisition*'s worse;
Thou'rt ev'ry Mischief cramm'd into one Curse.
May we at last the Senate's Mercy find,
And breathe (what Heav'n bestows on all Mankind;
What needy Clowns as well as Monarchs share)
The common Benefit of wholesome Air:
Then to your Clemency we'll Altars raise,
And with united Voice our Benefactors praise.

So pray

Threescore Thousand

To my Friend Mr. Playford, *on the Publication of his second Book of Pills.*

FRiend *Harry*, to prove that your Thoughts were absurd,
For supposing I could not be true to my Word,
According to the Promise which I made long ago,
At last I have squeez'd out a Couplet or two
In the Praise of your *Pills*; and tho' my Verse late is,
Yet believe it's the first that I ever sent *Gratis*.
By my Soul, I've been us'd so to Bolus and Potion,
That I'm ready to swoon at a Physical Notion;
And if you wou'd lend me (that's give) a *Jacobus*:
I'm perswaded I cou'd not take Pill *Ex Duobus*:
However, since yours have no Turpentine Flavour,
Nor confine a Man close to his righteous Behaviour,
Since no bitter Ingredients give Offence to my Palate,
But they please me like Cheese which is toasted, or Sallad,
I'll quit making Faces to write Panegyrick,
Tho' I'm not half so fit for't as *M*— for *Lyrick*.
To begin then, pray take it as *Thomas* his Sentence,
Your Pills will ne'er bring one to Stool of Repentance;
But will chace away Sorrow, which will hang on our
(Brows,
As a pretty young Girl does a Batchelor's Vows,
Who, at Sight of her Beauty, drowns the Thoughts of
(Miscarriage,
And, perjur'd, immediately sets up for Marriage.
They're a Cure for a Fav'rite who had handled his Senses,
And has lost our Good Word by getting his Princes.
The thoughtful Good Statesman, who sits a-la-mort,
Because he's remov'd from Council and Court,
At the Taste of your Med'cines shall resign up his Grief,
And bless his Retirement, and bless your Relief.
All Conditions and Sexes, in Country and City,
From thee wou'd be thought Wise, to the really Witty,
From the Lady who speaks all her Words as in Print,
And has Eyes which strike Fire like a Steel and a Flint.

To

To the Damsel whose Language as coarse as her Skin,
And who fain wou'd be dabbling, but starts at the Sin,
As she stares at and covets the Thing call'd a *Man*,
And she thinks she cou'd do what her Ladyship can:
From the Prodigal Cit, who's a settling the Nation,
To the poor Country Thresher, who's as great in his Station,
From their 'Squireships and Knighthoods, and Lordships (and Graces,
To the Man of no Title, who makes 'em wry Faces,
All alike shall be purg'd by your laxative Verses,
Which shall loosen their Tongues instead of their Arses,
As they join in the Praises of what I commend,
And acknowledge you theirs, as I own you my Friend.

London, June 28, 1700. T. BROWN.

Upon the Encampment on Hounslow-Heath.

TOO long, by slowing Luxury betray'd,
Our *British* Isle was in loose Slumbers laid;
Too long we felt the Ills of fatal Peace,
And idly languish'd in inglorious Ease;
No manly Business did our Thoughts engage,
To purchase Fame on *Europe*'s wond'ring Stage;
But grown unmindful of our former Name,
We all our Fathers Triumphs did disclaim,
While even *France* itself, with Scorn, beheld our Shame.
The idle Spear hung up, the polish'd Shield
Forgot the great Atchievements of the Field;
The gen'rous Sword contracted filthy Rust,
And active Pikes lay moul'dring in the Dust.
Shrill Trumpets spake not to the armed Throng,
Our Instruments unlearn'd each martial Song,
While Guns and Bombs as useful did appear,
As Laws and Learning in the Times of War:
Mean-while our Neighbours strove to break the Chain,
And sought the Empire of fair *Albion*'s Main,

Bold hum'rous Suitors briskly did prepare,
To court the *Nymph* with all the Pomp of War.
Nay, more, the Eastern World our Shame must know,
And rifled *Bantam English* Conduct show,
While the proud *Dutch*, by potent *Nants* inspir'd,
Invade our Coasts, and on the Castles fir'd:
Spain, that was much amaz'd at such a Sight,
Suspected now the Truth of *Eighty-Eight*.
And scarcely thought our Fathers could obtain,
Such great and glorious Triumphs over *Spain*.
Thus were we scorn'd, and thus contemn'd Abroad,
While Seeds of civil Feuds at Home were sow'd;
Prompted by each bold Instrument of Hell,
Dull Fools, we did for Conscience Sake rebel;
Then senseless Clamours all our Thoughts employ'd,
And *Whig* and *Tory* did the Land divide.
But now triumphant *James* the Scepter sways,
Th' adoring World our Rising Sun surveys:
He to our Minds new Vigour does infuse,
And furnish ample Matter for the Muse;
He to it self our Island does restore,
Extends its Limits, and confirms its Pow'r,
While the Great *Edward*'s mighty Ghost is pleas'd
To see his ancient Kingdom's Honours rais'd.
Behold how shining in your martial Pride
Our Troops at *Hounslow* do your Coursers guide;
See how the well-form'd *Phalanx* does advance,
Taught by Experience, not inspir'd by Chance;
See how the Colours wanton in the Air,
And Helmets glisten formidably Fair;
How Groves of pointed Spears do move along,
As Trees commanded by the *Thracian* Song;
While Drums and Trumpets rend the list'ning Skies,
And ev'ry Heart keeps Measure with the Noise.
Surely, if Poets Prophecies are true,
These Heroes must unheard of Wonders do;
Either proud *France* must now fresh Vengeance feel,
And once more groan beneath the *English* Steel;
Or perjur'd *Holland*, some revolving Day,
For fam'd *Amboyna*'s fatal Slaughters pay;

Or

Or the large Kingdoms of the pow'rful West,
Too much by *Spaniſh* Cruelties oppreſt,
With *Engliſh* Arts at laſt, and *Engliſh* Laws be bleſt.

Upon the ſetting up of the Statue of Queen Elizabeth, *of ever bleſſed Memory, in the* Royal Exchange, London.

LET *Memmon*'s Statue be no more admir'd,
That utter'd Sounds, by the Sun-beams inſpir'd;
My Muſe a greater Wonder does rehearſe,
For Stones have here infus'd the lofty Verſe.
Oh! *London*, the juſt Pride of *Albion*'s Iſle,
That do'ſt with Eaſe and flowing Plenty ſmile,
Whoſe pow'rful Ships the Ocean do ſurvey,
And make both *Indies* to thee Tribute pay,
Oh! give freſh Honours to *Eliza*'s Name,
And view the laſting Trophies of her Fame:
She rais'd thy Head, and all thy Wealth ſecur'd,
Which elſe proud *Spaniards* Rapine had devour'd:
She chac'd thy Night of Ignorance away,
And ſoon reſtor'd Truth's incorrupted Ray.
Nor were her Bleſſings to this Realm confin'd;
Strangers enjoy'd the Virtues of her Mind:
Holland, half ruin'd by the Pride of *Spain*,
By her kind Influence rais'd it ſelf again;
She freed 'em from the Tyranny of *Rome*,
And ſtopt the Tide of Heav'n's impending Doom.
E'en *France* it ſelf, with civil Tumults ſtain'd,
Invok'd her Help, and Help was ſtreight obtain'd,
Elſe the curſt League had clipt the Royal Crown,
And from his Greatneſs thrown the Monarch down.
Who without Joy and Wonder can ſurvey
The glorious Triumphs of that happy Day,
When mighty *Drake* oppos'd the Pow'r of *Spain*,
And fought their Navy in the *Britiſh* Main:
Long had proud *Philip England*'s Fate conſpir'd,
Urg'd by Revenge, and with Ambition fir'd;

Long

Long had he strove by all the Arts of Pow'r;
Old *Rome*'s exploded Errors to restore
Then rev'rend Shrines were of their Reliques slipt,
And consecrated Guns and Daggers shipt;
Each Banner was baptiz'd in Holy Oil,
And Vows were made to recommend the Toil;
The miter'd Prelate of St. *Peter*'s Chair
Clubb'd towards the Work, and blest it with a Pray'r.
Nay, griping Priests that never gave before,
Now plunder'd Altars to increase the Store.
Thus setting forth from *Lisbon*'s fatal Bay,
Thro' wond'ring Waves the Navy cut its Way;
The World, amaz'd, lookt on the curst Intent,
And Fate now almost doubted the Event.
But *Britain*'s Genius, not surpriz'd with Fear,
Towards the great Fleet its nimble Course did steer.
The roaring Guns first Complements did make,
At which the frighten'd Gallies 'gan to quake;
Soldiers, like Mag-pies, flutter'd in the Air,
And ev'ry Ship did in the Damage share:
'Till, half consum'd with Streams of glowing Fire,
The Gen'ral thought it Prudence to retire.
These Triumphs we to Great *Eliza* owe,
Such Blessings her soft Influence did bestow;
Sh' enrich'd our Island with the *Indian* Mine,
And first reduc'd Religion, and our Coin:
O! may she live exalted in her Fame,
Enjoying all the Glories of her Name;
While *British* Fleets the Ocean shall command,
And Peace and Plenty crown our happy Land,
While true Religion does her Sway maintain
Against the Arts of Fraud, and Cruelties of *Spain*.

In Praise of the Bottle. A Song.

I.

WHat a Pox d'ye tell me of the Papists Design?
Would to God you'd leave talking, and drink off your Wine.

Away

Away with your Glaſs, Sir, and drown all Debate;
Let's be loyally merry; ne'er think of the State.
The King (Heav'ns bleſs him) knows beſt how to rule;
And who troubles his Head I think is but a Fool.

II.

Come, Sir, here's his Health; your Brimmer advance,
We'll ingroſs all the Claret, and leave none for *France*.
'Tis by this we declare our Loyal Intent,
And by our Carouſing the Cuſtoms augment.
Would all mind their Drinking, and proper Vocation,
We ſhould ha'none of this Buſtle and Stir in the Nation.

III.

Let the Hero of *Poland*, and Monarch of *France*,
Strive, by Methods of Fighting, their Crowns to advance.
Let Chapels, in *Lime-Street*, be built, or deſtroy'd,
And the Teſt, and the Oath of Supremacy, void;
It ſhall ne'er trouble me; I'm none of thoſe Maggots,
That have whimſical Fancies of *Smithfield* and Faggots.

IV.

Then baniſh all groundleſs Suſpicions away;
The King knows to govern, let us learn to obey.
Let ev'ry Man mind his Buſineſs and Drinking;
When the Head's full of Wine, there's no Room left for [Thinking.
'Tis nought but an empty and whimſical Pate,
That makes Fools run giddy with Notions of State.

The ROVER. *A Song.*

I.

I Hate the Dotard, that reſtrains
Himſelf to one. Give me the Spark,
That ev'ry ſingle Doe diſdains,
But bravely chaces all the Park.
What Charms can one pretend? She's fair,
Well-ſhap'd, perhaps, plays well, or ſings.
All's true; but were ſhe yet more rare,
The God of Love, you know, has Wings.

Beauty's

II.

Beauty's dispers'd through all the Kind,
Through all the Universe does move,
And 'till it be to One confin'd,
I think I've lawful Cause to rove.
To Day this Face delights my Eye,
But when I'm ask'd not to give o'er;
Your Servant; I've fed heartily:
Surfeits are dang'rous. Not a Bit more.

The Campaign. A Song.

I.

MOunt, my Boys, mount; let us view the Campaign;
At *Hounslow* the Tents do cover the Plain.
Hark! the Trumpets sound, the Troopers are hors'd,
If you stay longer, the Sight will be lost.
Hark too! the Hautboys, the Grenadiers come;
Now, in the Rear, march the Foot with the Drums.
Haste, Gentlemen, Haste, our Friends will present's
With a kind Bottle, and Wench in their Tents.

II.

See yonder, Sir, see how dazling they shew?
Their Cloaths, Hats, and Arms, are brandishing new.
How dreadfully look the Bag'nets advanc'd!
How proudly those Jennets before 'em do prance!
See how the Housings and Trappings do blaze!
How admiring Crowds upon 'em do gaze!
Whigs and old Rebels are dash'd at the Sight;
They curse in their Hearts, and view 'em with Spight.

III.

Now, now we are there; yon's the General's Tent;
All that long Row's for the Queen's Regiment;
Yonder's the Sutler's; and there the Smiths stand,
With Anvils, and Forges, all ready at Hand.
O *Windsor* and *Hounslow!* I hope your Stock's large,
You're like to maintain an Infantry Charge.
The Strollers o' th' *Strand* and *Park* will come down,
And leave at the Camp what they got in the Town.

The

The Libertine. A Song.

I.

I Languish no more at the Glance of your Eye;
Can view you all o'er, and ne'er fetch a deep Sigh:
No more shall your Voice, Cyren-like, charm my Heart;
In vain you may sigh, use in vain all your Art.
No, Madam, I'm free; when I'm recreant again,
Let me, unpity'd, feel again my old Pain.

II.

I'll Libertine turn, use all Things in common;
No more than one Dish, be bound to one Woman;
Yet I'll still love the Sex, but my Bottle before 'em;
I'll use 'em sometimes, but I'll never adore 'em.
Go, Madam, be wise: When a Woodcock's i' th' Noose,
Be sure hold him fast, lest, like me, he gets loose.

A Catch.

LET the am'rous Coxcomb adore a fair Face;
An Hour's Enjoyment makes him look like an Ass.
Let the ambitious Fop to Honours aspire,
He burns with the Torment of boundless Desire.
And let the old Miser hoard up his curs'd Pelf,
He enriches his Bags, but he beggars himself.
The Lover, Ambitious, and Miser, are Fools;
There's no solid Joy, but in jolly full Bowls.

Match for the Devil. In Imitation of M. Rabelais.

WHile others idle Tales relate,
To fright Men from the marry'd State,
Do thou, my Muse, in humble Verse,
The Virtues of a Wife rehearse.
A Farmer of much Wealth possess'd,
With Friends too, while they lasted, blest,

Kept

Kept open House, and lov'd to feast
Those who deserv'd and wanted least.
To Pleasures he prescrib'd no Bounds;
He kept his Hunters, Pack of Hounds.
Somewhat lascivious, somewhat vain,
Some Gentleman had cross'd the Strain.
To try all Joys, and Plagues of Life,
He boldly took a Buxom Wife.
Now fresh Expences, fresh Delights,
Attend the Day, and crown the Nights.
His new Acquaintance crowd the House;
Some praise the Fare, but most the Spouse;
Each strove who should divert the most,
But still 'twas at the Husband's Cost.
He, thoughtless, prais'd the expensive Pleasure,
To please his dear domestick Treasure,
All Care was scorn'd, and Bus'ness vanish'd,
The present Joys Thoughts future banish'd:
And being both of Years but vernal,
They thought their Wealth and Loves eternal.
But oh! how vain are all Mens Fancies!
Ill-grounded Projects, mere Romances.
What Whims the wisest entertain?
What strange Delusions fill our Brain!
When we are eager to possess,
We smooth the Road to Happiness:
We level Mountains, empty Seas,
And Reason fierce Desires obeys.
The greatest Danger we despise;
Our Passion sees, and not our Eyes.
Our Pair now find, some Seasons past,
Nor Wealth, nor Love, would always last,
Unless improv'd with Application;
But that in one is out of Fashion.
Gold indeed preserves its Sway,
But *Love*! who does thy Pow'r obey?
E'en Women now profess to range,
And all their Pleasures is in Change;
Now seek the present Joys t' improve,
Yielding to many that call Love;

Artful

Artful new Lovers to engage,
Then slight his Love, and scorn his Rage.
Thus these behold what they possess'd,
And wonder how they once were bless'd.
Their Jars are thought on, and improv'd;
They hate themselves, that once they lov'd.
Thus lab'ring on in dirty Road,
They snarl, and curse the heavy Load.
How happy were our mortal State,
Were Indolence but our worst Fate!
No sooner Joys the Place forsake,
But racking Pains Dominion take;
No sooner Love had fled the Pair,
When enter'd meager Want and Care.
The House, which had such vast Resort,
When Riot seem'd to keep his Court,
Is now forsook, a lonely Cell,
Where *Silence*, undisturb'd, might dwell.
Clean Pans and Spits the Walls now grac'd,
For Ornament the Pewter's plac'd,
Bright Dishes entertain the Eye;
No Kitchin-Smoke offends the Sky.
Hogsheads with dismal Sounds complain'd,
Both Hogsheads and the Man were drain'd.
His Landlord, stern, his Rents demands.
Stray'd are his Flocks, unplough'd his Lands.
The Wife advises Friends to try;
Her's, she was sure, would not deny.
A thousand Vows she had receiv'd;
Each Vow repaid, for she believ'd.
But oh! how soon did they discover,
'Tis Wealth brings Friends, the Face a Lover.
His Wants are heard without Relief;
Her Eyes afford not Joy, nor Grief.
His wasted Fortune all affrights;
Her faded Beauty none invites.
Oppress'd with Wants, to Woods he flies,
And seeks the Peace his House denies.
Roving, lamenting his Condition,
Fate kindly sent him a Physician.

His

His Habit, Cane, and formal Face,
Shew'd he was of *Geneva* Race:
But cloven Feet the Fiend detect,
And prov'd him Author of the Sect.
With Joy he spy'd the Wretches Cares,
And, fawning, thus he spread his Snares.
My Son! with Pity I have seen
(Tho' I've a Foe to Pity been)
The sad Disasters you endure,
That of a Wife admits no Cure.
I know your Wants, and her's I guess;
I cannot swear I'll both redress,
That Task, I fear, is too uneasy;
But if Possessions large will please ye,
Behold this spacious Tract of Land,
All that you see's at my Command.
I'll give it freely all to thee,
If we, on Articles, agree.
I can perform it, I'm the Devil,——
Nay, never start, Man, I'll be civil.
It shall be yours to plough and sow;
All that above the Ground does grow,
What e'er it is, shall be my due;
The rest I freely give to you.
Gladly the Farmer does submit,
For pinching Want hath taught him Wit.
With Roots he plants the fruitful Soil;
Which well rewarded all his Toil.
But to his Landlord's jilted Share
A weedy Harvest does appear.
The Devil, vext, new Cov'nants makes,
Next Year all under Ground he takes.
Then golden Wheat the Land does bear,
And useless Roots are *Satan*'s Share.
The Fiend resolv'd to spoil the Jest,
And thus the Farmer he addrest.
Believe me, Friend, thou art a Sharper,
Satan himself has caught a *Tartar*;
I've seen thy Wit, but now, at length,
I am resolv'd to try thy Strength.

A scratch-

A ſcratching Match we'll have together;
Look to thy ſelf, I'll claw thy Leather.
If I ſubmit, the Land is thine;
If I o'ercome, thy Soul is mine.
Think for your Quiet, I conjure ye;
Should you to Hell, you leave a Fury.
Obſerve thoſe Talons, and away,
And *Friday* next ſhall be the Day.
A mod'rate Beauty will inflame,
'Till we have ſeen a brighter Dame.
Rivers, with Wonders, we ſurvey,
'Till we behold the boundleſs Sea,
So ev'ry little trifling Care
Appears a Load we cannot bear.
But if ſome horrid Tortures ſeize us,
What late we dreaded now would eaſe us.
The wretched Farmer homeward goes,
And dreads his future endleſs Woes.
His Cares, his Duns, his Wants, his Wife,
And all the Banes of happy Life,
Would now afford him vaſt Content,
Could he the unequal Match prevent.
His prying Turtle quickly gueſt
Some Care uncommon fill'd his Breaſt.
Huſband and Wife, ſometimes relate
Their Cares and Buſ'neſs, tho' they hate.
Nor always *Nature*'s Call deny,
And tho' both loath, yet both comply.
Her wheedling Tongue ſoon found the Means
To make the Wretch diſcloſe his Pains.
He tells the Combat, and the Laws,
And magnifies his monſt'rous Paws.
Piſh! Is this all that plagues your Mind?
An eaſy Remedy I'll find.
You to your Wife's Advice ſubmit,
And we'll the Devil himſelf out-wit.
Come, turn about,——— and leave your Moans,———
Theſe Huſbands are ſuch very Drones. ———
He ſigh'd, obey'd, and did his beſt;
His Taſk perform'd, he went to Reſt.

Our

Our happy Hours are quickly paſt,
And Time to Miſery makes Haſte.
Soon *Friday* comes, a diſmal Day!
When ſuch a Gueſt would Viſits pay.
The Farmer dreads the approaching Scuffle;
(The Thoughts of Hell, the boldeſt Ruffle)
But ſtill his Wife keeps up her Spirits;
She knew her Safe-guard, and its Merits:
She bids him hide, what'er ſhould fall on't,
While ſhe receiv'd the dreadful Gallant.
He ſoon obeys th' advent'rous Dame;
The Huſband gone, the Devil came.

Who knocks, impetuous, at the Gate,
And angry grows, that he ſhould wait.
Again, for Entrance, loud he cries,
But Screams and Groans are the Replies.
Love and the Devil who can bind?
They ſtronger grow, the more confin'd:
If they can ſpy the ſmalleſt Hole,
One takes the Heart, and one the Soul.
So Satan, vex'd at the Delay,
Whipp'd thro' the Key-hole to his Prey;
But, to his great Amazement, found
Th' indecent Wife ſpread on the Ground:
High as the Waſte expos'd and bare;
And with her Shrieks ſhe pierc'd the Air.

Why, how now, Woman? Whence this Paſſion?
This Poſture, and ſuch Exclamation?

Ah! pity, Sir, my wretched Caſe,
And quickly fly this horrid Place.
You, by your grim Majeſtick Air,
Your Feet, your Claws, your Horns declare;
You with my Huſband come to ſcratch;
But thou, ah! thou, th' unequal Match!
The cruel Monſter ready ſtands,
But hope not to eſcape his Hands:
His Nails are Scythes, upon my Life,
And for his Horns, Sir, —— I'm his Wife.
This Morn, to try what he could do,
On me he would his Proweſs ſhew:

This

This Chasm he made with's little Finger;
Behold, Sir, —— is it not a Swinger.
With that she threw her Legs aside,
And shew'd a Hole surprising wide.
Zounds, quoth the Devil, (quite amaz'd,
When on the deadly Gulph he gaz'd)
What do I see! what makes that Wound
Of such Extent, and so profound!
If that Nail such a Wound could tear,
What can the Force of ten Claws bear!
And by the Stench, to shew his Spight,
With poison'd Weapons he would fight.
My Talons are not half so long,
Nor is my Sulphur half so strong,
No, I'll submit, since my Lot's Hell,
At least I'll in a whole Skin dwell.
The Land is his, but be he bound,
Since he has made, to fill that Wound.
With that he vanish'd from her Eyes,
And sulph'rous Stench and Fumes arise.
The Farmer hastens to the Place,
His great Deliv'rer to embrace.
Well hast thou freed my tim'rous Soul;
But what did e'er thy Pow'r controul?
The fiercest Rage it soon disarms,
Tho' Hell it frights, yet Men it charms.
But be it on thy Tomb engrav'd,
'Tis the first Soul a Wife e'er sav'd.

The WHET.

WINE, Wine in the Morning
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like Eagles we soar
In the Pride of the Day.
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay.

'Tis

'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape,
And to Drinking gives Light;
We imitate him,
When by Noon we are at Height;
They steal Wine, who take it
When he's out of Sight.
Boy, fill all the Glasses,
Fill them up now he shines,
The higher he rises,
The more he refines;
For Wine and Wit fall
As their Maker declines.

SONG.

I.

WHO their Passions do fondly conceal,
They are Fools for their Pains;
'Tis a Confidence gains
What a modest Intrigue never wins.
Court briskly but once, and you'll presently find,
There's nothing than Woman, than Woman, so kind.

II.

Then gently, good Madam, comply,
And seem not to say,
That you rather would stay;
If you do, I shall tell you, you lie; [him to't,
For you know, had not *Eve* with her Charms brought
The old Man had ne'er tasted, ne'er tasted the Fruit.

On Sternhold *and* Hopkins, *and the new Version of* David's *Psalms.*

YE scoundrel old Bards, and a Brace of dull Knaves,
What, a plague, makes ye mutter, and talk in your [Graves?
Sure ye drank in your Porridge, like a Couple of *Sots*,
And have mix'd the *Spoon-Meat* with the Belch of the *Pots*;
Or

Or the Worms had by this Time, if they had any Con-
[science,
Stopp'd the Tongues of those Fools who made *David* speak
[Nonsense.
Ye write, and be damn'd t' ye! Ye traffick in Metre!
Why, a Bandy-house *Tongue* has a Voice that is sweeter:
A *White-Fryer Sinner*, or a *Saint* in *Duck-Lane*,
A *Crowder's-Well* Sonnet, or a *Pye-Corner* Strain,
Has Raptures and Flights, full of Judgment and Taking,
When compar'd to the Things ye call *Psalms* of your ma-
[king.
Shame on ye, ye Coxcombs, away with this Riot,
And rot on, like the rest, who lie by ye in Quiet;
Nor dare to presume to petition and squabble,
When there's none takes your Part but the ignorant
[Rabble.
As for *David*, for God's sake, how dare you to name him,
When your wretched Translations so damnably shame
[him?
Poor *Psalmist!* he frets, and he storms, and he stares,
Bemoans his Compositures, and renounces his Pray'rs;
Blushes more at the Dress which his *Penitence* hath on,
Than when told of his Faults by the Prophet old *Nathan*.
So chang'd are his Lines, and so murder'd each Sentence,
So debauch'd his God's *Praise*, and so lame his *Repentance*,
That to know the good King by the Words ye create him,
Is a Thing much more hard, than it is to translate him.
Let me tell you, grave Dons, I'll be bold to assure ye,
It is well that this Warrior lies bury'd in *JURY*;
Had he laid near the Place which at present contains
Of the two sorry Sinners the stupid Remains,
'Tis a Pound to a Penny, but his Ashes would fly on,
And handle your Skulls like the *Bear* and the *Lion*.
But for fear I should dwell on the Subject too long,
And the Dulness I laugh at be seen in my Song,
Lest the *Muse* should turn Jade, and, by Sympathy led,
Take Part of the Scandal sh'has flung on the Dead,
I'll no more of your Canting, and Whining, and Chim-
[ing,
Your *Elizabeth* Phrase, and your *Farthingal*-Rhiming,
Brought

Brought in Uſe as a Covert to Nonſenſe, I'll tell ye,
As that *righteous* Queen's Dreſs was to hide a *Great Belly*.
But tho' the loud Rabble ſhould never deny ye;
Confirm'd in their Purpoſe, and reſolv'd to ſtand by ye;
Tho' the *poor Ones* ſhould murmur, and doat on your *Senſe*,
For want of due *Thinking*, and for want of the *Pence*;
Tho' the ſtiff *Pariſh-Clerks*, with their *Bands* and their
[*Gowns*,
Read the *New Pſalms* with *Hums*, and with *Ha's*, and
[with *Frowns*,
'Cauſe the *Levites*, their Maſters, by Chance are afraid
Innovation ſhould turn to a Practice and Trade;
And by thoſe Means the *Godly Wiſe-Acres* be driven
From their *Desks* and their *Pulpits*, their *Sloth* and their
[*Heaven*;
Tho' the *Stationers* ſtrive, all they can, to decry 'em,
And *Took* ſwears that Thouſands of *old Ones* lie by 'em:
Tho' the *late Verſion* fails of the *Spirit* and *Force*
Of *DAVID*'s *Rejoycings*, or *DAVID*'s *Remorſe*;
Yet I'm not ſuch a Coxcomb, 'ſted of *new Pſalms* to learn
[*Old*,
Or to quit *TATE* and *BRADY* for *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*.

A Tranſlation of *Leſbia, Mi dicit ſemper male.* Out of *Catullus*.

I.

EAch Moment of the long-liv'd Day,
Lesbia for me does backward pray,
And rails at me ſincerely;
Yet I dare pawn my Life, my Eyes,
My Soul, and all that Mortals prize,
That *Lesbia* loves me dearly.

II.

Why ſhou'd you thus conclude, you'll ſay,
Faith 'tis my own beloved Way,

And

And thus I hourly prove her;
Yet let me all thoſe Curſes ſhare
That Heav'n can give, or Man can bear,
If I don't ſtrangely love her.

A Song in Ridicule of a famous Muſician, who was caught ſerenading his Miſtreſs with his Baſe-Viol in a very froſty Night.

LOOK down, fair Garretteer, beſtow
One Glance upon your Swain,
Who ſtands below, in Froſt and Snow,
And, ſhaking, ſings in Pain.
Thaw, with your Eyes, the frozen Street,
Or cool my hot Deſire;
I burn within, altho' my Feet
Are numb'd for want of Fire.
Chorus, the Viol leading,
Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Come, come, come, come,
My Deareſt, be not coy;
For if you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I
Muſt, without your Favours, die.
Behold me from your lofty Tow'r,
And to your Lover ſhew
Your Charms; and when it's in my Pow'r,
I'll be as kind to you.
Hither I came, with joyful Speed,
And fear'd no freezing Wind;
But as the Saint at *Troas* did,
Have left my Cloak behind.
Chorus.
Thrum, &c.
My Dear, wou'd you but open wide
The Caſement with your Hand,
My Fiddle, and my ſelf beſide,
Should be at your Command.

Could I behold you in your Smock,
  Tho' Dark, the luscious View
Would then embolden me to knock,
  And ask you how you do.
Chorus.
Thrum, &c.
Or would you open but the Door,
  As I have done the Case,
I've sweeter Instruments in Store;
  To play a thorough Base.
But since you're coy, I know not what
  To farther sing or say;
My Love, 'tis true, is very hot,
  Yet I'm too cold to stay.
Chorus, as going off,
Thrum, thrum, thrum, thrum,
Home, home, home, home,
I hate a Whore that's coy;
But since you are, (Zit, zan, zounds) I
Must, without your Favours, die.

The Good Fellow.

I.

While the pious grave Sot does amuse half the Nation
With impertinent Scruples, and Zeal out of Fashion;
While Harangues, that at Church made us piously sleep,
'Mongst Priest-ridden Cullies, such a Pother do keep;
We'll, with trusty *Champain*, our Devotion refine,
And shew a good Conscience by drinking our Wine.

II.

Let the motly dull Herd for Religion engage;
Let 'em urge the Dispute with vile Clamour and Rage;
Let your Authors keep on the dull Method of Writing,
And pursue the curs'd Toil they so much take Delight in;
We'll ne'er make Replies, but rest fully contented,
Tho' good Fellows and Drink have been misrepresented.

III.

May their musty stiff Volumes to *Grub-Street* adjourn,
Or rot in *Duck-Lane*, or in Coffee-House burn;
May they furnish no more empty Cits with Debate,
Or touch the Intrigues and *Arcana's* of State.
Wine does edify more than dull Canting of Vicar;
'Tis our Freedom we owe to that orthodox Liquor.

IV.

I ne'er pall my Fancy, or trouble my Brain
With the Chances and Fate that our Stars will ordain;
Let the Monarch of *France* keep his Subjects at Home,
And forbid the mad Zealots abroad for to roam,
So he lets his boon Claret but cross the kind Main,
We shall never be angry, we shall never complain.

V.

Ne'er tell me of those, that with factious Notion
Infect the wild Rabble, and poison Devotion;
That Mortal is guilty of a far greater Sin,
That presumes, with vile Stum, to debauch honest Wine.
Such impious Wretches may Poverty seize on,
'Tis against our Liege *Bacchus* the highest of Treason.

Commendatory Verses on the Author of the Two Arthurs, *and the* Satyr against Wit. *By several Hands, and collected by Mr.* Brown.

A short and true History of the Author of the Satyr against Wit. By Col. *Codrington.*

BY Nature meant, by Want a Pedant made,
Bl—re at first profess'd the Whipping Trade;
Grown fond of Buttocks, he would lash no more,
But kindly cur'd the A—— he gall'd before:
So Quack commenc'd; then fierce with Pride, he swore,
That Tooth-ach, Gripes, and Corns should be no more.

In vain his Drugs, as well as Birch, he try'd;
His Boys grew Blockheads, and his Patients dy'd.
Next, he turn'd Bard, and mounted on a Cart,
Whose hideous Rumbling made *Apollo* ſtart;
Burleſqu'd the braveſt, wiſeſt Son of *Mars*,
In Ballad-Rhimes, and all the Pomp of Farce.
Still he chang'd Callings, and at length has hit
On Bus'neſs for his matchleſs Talent fit,
To give us Drenches for the Plague of Wit.

Upon the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

By Sir *Charles Sidley*.

A Grave Phyſician, us'd to write for Fees,
And ſpoil no Paper but with Recipe's,
Is now turn'd Poet, rails againſt all Wit,
Except that little found among the Great;
As if he thought true Wit and Senſe were ty'd
To Men in Place, like Avarice, or Pride.
But, in their Praiſe, ſo like a Quack he talks,
You'd ſwear he wanted for his *Chriſtmas*-Box.
With mangl'd Names old Stories he pollutes,
And to the preſent Time paſt Actions ſuits.
Amaz'd, we find, in ev'ry Page he writes,
Members of Parliament with *Arthur*'s Knights.
It is a common Paſtime to write ill;
And, Doctor, with the reſt, e'en take thy fill.
Thy Satyr's harmleſs; 'tis thy Proſe that kills,
When thou preſcrib'ſt thy Potions and thy Pills.

To that imcomparable Panegyrift, the Author of the Satyr upon Wit. *By Coll.* Bl——.

HEnceforth no more in thy Poetick Rage
Burleſque the God-like Heroes of the Age;
No more King *Arthurs* be with Labour writ,
But follow Nature, and ſtill rail at Wit:
For this thy mighty Genius was deſign'd;
In this thy Cares a due Succeſs may find.
Opinions we more eaſily receive
From Guides that practiſe by thoſe Rules they give.
So Dullneſs thou may'ſt write into Eſteem;
Thy great Example, as it is thy Theme.
Hope not to join (like *G---rth*'s immortal Lays)
The keeneſt Satyr with the beſt of Praiſe.
Thy Satyrs bite not, but, like *Æſop*'s Aſs,
Thou kick'ſt the Darling whom thou would'ſt careſs.
Would'ſt thou our Youth from Poetry affright,
'Tis wiſely done, thy ſelf in Verſe to write.
So drunken Slaves the *Spartans* did deſign
Should fright their Children from the Love of Wine.
Go on, and rail as thou haſt done before;
Thus Lovers uſe, when picqu'd in an Amour,
The Nymph they can't enjoy, they call a Whore.

The Quack corrected: Or, Advice to the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Muſe.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of——

LET *Bl*——*re* ſtill, in good King *Arthur*'s Vein,
To *Fleckno*'s Empire his juſt Right maintain.

Let him his own to common Senſe oppoſe,
With Praiſe and Slander maul both Friends and Foes
Let him great *Dryden*'s awful Name prophane,
And learned *Garth*, with envious Pride, diſdain;
Codron's bright Genius with vile Puns lampoon,
And run a Muck at all the Wits in Town;
Let the Quack ſcribble any thing but Bills,
His Satyr wounds not, but his Phyſick kills.

To the merry Poetaſter at Sadler's-Hall *in* Cheapſide, By Dr. ***

UNweildy Pedant, let thy awkward Muſe
With Cenſures praiſe, with Flatteries abuſe.
To laſh, and not be felt, in thee's an Art;
Thou ne'er mad'ſt any, but thy School-Boys, ſmart.
Then be advis'd, and ſcribble not agen;
Thou'rt faſhion'd for a Flail, and not a Pen.
If *B——y*'s immortal Wit thou would'ſt deſcry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy Poetry.
Thy feeble Satyr ne'er can do him Wrong;
Thy Poems and thy Patients live not long.

An equal Match; Or, *A drawn Battle.* By Col. *Codrington.*

A Monument of Dullneſs to erect,
B——y ſhould write, and *Bl——re* ſhould correct,
Like which no other Piece can e'er be wrought,
For Decency of Stile, and Life of Thought;
But that where *B——y* ſhall in Judgment fit,
To pare Excreſcencies from *Bl——re*'s Wit.

To

To the Mirror of British *Knighthood, the worthy Author of the* Satyr against Wit: *Occasion'd by the Hemistick*, Pag. 8.

By *Richard Steel*, Esq;

——— Heav'ns guard poor *A——n.*

MUST I then passive stand? And can I hear
The Man I love abus'd, and yet forbear?
Yet must I thank thy Favour to my Friend,
'Twas some Remorse thou did'st not him commend.
Thou dost not all my Indignation raise;
For I prefer thy Pity to thy Praise.
In vain thou would'st thy Name, dull Pedant, hide;
There's not a Line but smells of thy *Cheapside*.
If *Cæsar*'s Bounty for your Trash you've shar'd,
You're not the first Ass Fame he has spar'd.
His Mercy, not his Justice, made thee Knight,
Which *P——rt——r* may demand with equal Right.
Well may'st thou think an useless Talent Wit;
Thou, who without it, hast three Poems writ:
Impenitrably dull, secure thou'rt found,
And can'st receive no more than give a Wound:
Then, scorn'd by all, to some dark Corner fly,
And in Lethargick Trance expiring lie,
'Till thou from injur'd *G——rth* thy Cure receive,
And *S——d* only Absolution give.

To the Cheapside *Kt. on his* Satyr against Wit.

By Mr. *William Burnaby*.

SOme scribbling Fops so little value Fame,
They sometimes hit, because they never aim.

But thou for Erring haſt a certain Rule,
And, aiming, art inviolably dull.
Thy muddy Stream no lucid Drop ſupplies,
But Puns like Bubbles on the Surface riſe.
All that for Wit you could, you've kindly done;
You cannot write, but can be writ upon.
And a like Fate does either Side befit,
Immortal Dullneſs, or immortal Wit.
In juſt Extreams an equal Merit lies,
And *B—le* and *G—rth* with thee muſt ſhare the Prize,
Since thou can'ſt ſink as much as they can riſe.

To the indefatigable Rhimer.

By Dr. *Smith.*

O! *S—rs*, *T—t*, *D—ett*, *M—gue*,
G—y, *S—ld*, *C—ſh*, *P—ke*, *V—n*, you,
Who ſuffer *Bl—re* to inſult your Taſte,
And tamely hear him bluſter in Bombaſt,
Bid him, before he dare to write agen,
Reſign his own, and take ſome other Pen.
D—n ſhall Numbers, *C—ve* Wit inſpire,
Dr—ke's niceſt Rules, but *B—le* and *Codron*'s Fire.
Then *G—rth* ſhall teach him, and his witleſs Tribe,
Firſt to write Senſe, and after to preſcribe.
The unlearn'd Pedant thus may pleaſe the Town,
But his own nauſeous Traſh will ne'er go down;
For nought can equal what the Bard has writ,
But *R—ff*'s Scholarſhip, and *G—— n*'s Wit.

A mo-

A modeſt Requeſt to the Poetical Knight.

By Col. *Codrington.*

SInce *B—y*'s Nonſenſe to out-do you ſtrive,
Vain to be thought the dulleſt Wretch alive,
And ſuch inimitable Strains have writ,
That the moſt famous Blockheads muſt ſubmit;
Long may you reign, and long unenvy'd live,
And none invade your great Prerogative.
But, in Return, your Poetry give o'er,
And perſecute poor *Job* and us no more.

Wholeſome Advice to a City Knight, over-run with Rhimes and Hypocriſy: Occaſion'd by his Satyr againſt Wit.

By the Right Honourable the Earl of *Angleſea.*

WE bid thee not give o'er the Killing-Trade:
Whilſt Fees come in, 'tis fruitleſs to diſſwade.
Religion is a Trick you've practis'd long,
To bring in Pence, and gull the gaping Throng.
But all thy Patients now perceive thy Aim,
They find thy Morals and thy Skill the ſame.
Then, if thou would'ſt thy Ignorance redreſs,
Prithee, mind Phyſick more, and Rhiming leſs.

To a thrice illuſtrious Quack, Pedant, and Bard, on his incomparable Poem, call'd, A Satyr againſt Wit.

By the Right Hon. the Counteſs of *Sandwich.*

THou Fund of Nonſenſe, was it not enough,
That Cits and pious Ladies lik'd thy Stuff,
That, as thou copy'dſt *Virgil*, all might ſee
Judicious Bell-men imitated thee:
That to thy Cadence Sextons fer their Chimes,
And Nurſes, ſkimming Poſſets, humm'd thy Rhimes,
But thou muſt need fall foul on Men of Senſe,
With Dullneſs equal to thy Impudence.
Are *D—n*, *C—dr—n*, *G—th*, *V—k*, *B—le*,
Theſe Names of Wonder, that adorn our Iſle,
Fit Subjects for thy vile pedantick Pen?
Hence, ſawcy Uſher, to thy Deſk again.
Conſtrue *Dutch* Notes, and pore upon Boys A—es,
But, prithee, write no more heroick Farces.
Teach blooming Blockheads, by their own try'd Rules,
To give us Demonſtration that they're Fools.
Let 'em, by *N——'s* Sermon-Stile refine
Their *Engliſh* Proſe, their Poetry by thine;
Let *W—ſl—y*'s Rhimes their Emulation raiſe,
And *Ar—wk—r* inſtruct 'em how to praiſe.
That, when all Ages in this Truth agree,
They're finiſh'd Dunces, they may rival thee;
Thou only ſtrain to mighty *William*'s Sword!
Old *Jemmy* never knighted ſuch a T——d.
For the moſt nauſeous Mixture God can make,
Is a dull Pedant, and a buſy Quack.

To

To Sir R—— Bl——re, *on the two* Arthurs *being condemn'd to be hang'd.*

ONce more take Pen in Hand, obſequious Knight;
For here's a Theme thou canſt not under-write,
Unleſs the Devil owes thy Muſe a Spite.
To Prince and King thy Dullneſs Life did give;
Let then theſe *Arthurs* too in Dogg'rel live.

A TALE.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

POems and Proſe of diff'rent Force lay Claim,
With the ſame Confidence, to *Tully*'s Name;
And ſhallow Criticks were content to ſay,
Proſe was his Buſ'neſs, Poetry his Play.
Thus *Caſar* thought, thus *Brutus*, and the reſt,
Who knew the Man, and knew his Talent beſt.
Maurus aroſe, ſworn Foe to Health and Wit,
Who *Folio* Bills, and *Folio* Ballads writ;
Who buſtl'd much for Bread and for Renown,
By Lies and Poiſon ſcatter'd thro' the Town.
To *Roman* Wives with Veneration known,
For *Roman* Wives were very like our own.
And Huſbands, then we find, in *Latin* Song,
Would love too little, and would live too long.
Tully, ſays he, 'tis plain to Friends and Foes,
Writes his own Verſe, but borrows all his Proſe.
He fearleſs was, becauſe he was not brave;
A noble *Roman* would not beat a Slave.
The Counſel ſmiling, ſaid, Judicious Friend,
Thy ſhining Genius ſhall thy Works defend.
Inimitable Strokes defend thy Fame;
Thy Beauties and thy Force are ſtill the ſame:

And I must yield with the consenting Town,
Thy Ballads and thy Bills are all thy own.

Upon the Character of Codron, *as 'tis drawn by the bungling Knight, in his* Satyr against Wit.

By Coll. *Codrington.*

HOW kind is Malice, manag'd by a Sot,
Where no Design directs the *Embryo* Thought,
And Praise and Satyr stumble out by Lot.
The mortal Thrust, to *Codron*'s Heart design'd,
Proves a soft wanton Touch to charm his Mind.
Can *M—nt—gue* or *D—rs—t* higher soar?
Or can immortal *Sh—ff—ld* wish for more?
Brightness, Force, Justice, Delicacy, Ease,
Must form that Wit that can the Ladies please.
No false affected Rules debauch their Taste,
No fruitless Toils their gen'rous Spirits waste,
Which wear a Wit into a Dunce at last.
No Lumber Learning gives an awkward Pride,
False Maxims cramp not, nor false Lights misguide.
Voiture and *W—lsh* their easy Hours employ,
Voiture and *W—lsh*, oft read, will never cloy.
With Care they guard the Musick and their Stile,
They fly from *B—ly*, and converse with *B—le*:
They steal no Terms, no Notions from the Schools,
The Pedant's Pleasure, and the Pride of Fools;
With native Charms their matchless Thoughts surprize,
Soft as their Souls, and beauteous as their Eyes:
Gay as the Light, and unconfin'd as Air,
Chast and sublime, all worthy of the Fair.
How then can a rough artless *Indian* Wit
The faultless Palates of the Ladies fit?
Codron will never stand so nice a Test,
Nor is't with Praise fair Mouths oblige him best.

Let

Let others make a vain Parade of Parts,
Whilſt *Codron* aims not at Applauſe, but Hearts.
Secure him thoſe, and thou ſhalt name the reſt;
Thy Spite ſhall chuſe the Worſt, thy Taſte the Beſt.
He will his Health to *Mirmil*'s Care reſign,
He will with *Buxtorf* and with *B——ly* ſhine,
And be a Wit in any Way but thine.

An Epiram on Job, *traverſted by the* City Bard.

By Col. Codrington.

POOR *Job* loſt all the Comforts of his Life,
And hardly ſav'd a Potſherd and a Wife:
Yet *Job* bleſt God, and *Job* again was bleſt,
His Virtue was eſſay'd, and bore the Teſt.
But had Heav'n's Wrath pour'd out its fierceſt Vial,
Had he been then burleſqu'd, without Denial,
The patient Man had yielded to that Trial.
His pious Spouſe, with *Bl——re* on her Side,
Muſt have prevail'd, and *Job* had curſt, and dy'd.

To the Adventurous Knight of Cheapſide, *upon his* Satyr againſt Wit.

By Mr. Manning.

WHat Frenzy has poſſeſs'd thy deſp'rate Brain,
To rail at Wit in this unhallow'd Strain?
Reproach of thy own Kind! to ſlander Senſe,
The nobleſt Gift beſtow'd by Providence!
Was it Revenge provok'd thee thus to write,
Becauſe thou'rt curſt to ſuch a Dearth of Wit?
Or was it eager Paſſion for a Name,
To be inroll'd among the Fools of Fame?

Like

Like him, who rather than he'd live obſcure,
Would fire a Church to make his Name ſecure?
Or was it thy Deſpair at length to find
Thy Loads of Chaff the Sport of ev'ry Wind?
To ſee thy haſty Muſe, that loves to roam,
Promiſe ſuch Journeys, but come founder'd Home?
Juſt Fate of Sots, who think in their vain Breaſt,
Their Coffee-Rhimes ſhall ſtand the publick Teſt:
Seiz'd with prolifick Dulneſs, 'tis thy Curſe
To write ſtill on, and ſtill too for the Worſe.
Who hates not *Weſ—y*, may thy Works eſteem,
Both alike able to diſgrace their Theme.
But thou, thro' wild Conceit, aſpiring ſtill,
Claim'ſt, in thy Ravings, *Eſculapian* Skill.
Quack, thou art ſure in both, and curs'd is he,
Who guided by his adverſe Stars to thee,
Employs thy deadly Potions to reclaim
His feeble Health, thy Pen to ſpread his Fame.

To the canting Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

By ——— Mildmay, *Eſq.*

THE Preacher, *Maurus* cries, All Wit is vain,
Unleſs 'tis like his Godlineſs, for Gain.
Of moſt vain Things he may the Folly own;
But Wit's a Vanity he has not known.

Friendly Advice to Dr. Bl——.

By the Rt. Hon. the Lord ———

KNighthood to Heroes only once was due,
Now's the Reward of ſtupid Praiſe in you.

Why

Why ſhould a Quack be dubb'd, unleſs it be
That Pois'ning is an Act of Chivalry?
Thus we muſt own, you have your Thouſands ſlain
With direful Strokes of your reſiſtleſs Pen.
By whipping Boys your Cruelty began,
And grew, by bolder Steps, to killing Man.
Juſt the Reverſe of *Dionyſius* Fate,
Who fell to flogging Bums, from murd'ring the State.
For both theſe Trades your Genius far unfit,
At length with ſawcy Pride aſpires to Wit,
Which by pretending to, you more diſgrace,
Than toaſting *Beaus* our ancient *Britiſh* Race.
I'th' Mountebank the Aſs had laid conceal'd.
But his loud Braying has the Brute reveal'd.
Such vile Heroicks, ſuch unhallow'd Strains,
Were never ſpawn'd before from *Iriſh* Brains;
Nor drowſy *Mum*, nor dozing *Uſquebaugh*,
Could e'er ſuggeſt ſuch Lines to Sr. *John Daw*,
You weakly ſkirmiſh with the Sins o'th' Age,
And are the arrant Scavenger o'th' Stage.
Why Virtue makes no Progreſs now, is plain,
Becauſe ſuch Knights as you its Cauſe maintain.
If you'd a Friend to Senſe and Virtue be,
And to Mankind, for once be rul'd by me,
Leave Moralizing, Drugs, and Poetry.

To Dr. Garth, *on the fourth Edition of his incomparable Poem,* The Diſpenſary; *occaſion'd by ſome Lines in the* Satyr againſt Wit.

By Dr. James Drake.

BOld thy Attempts, in theſe hard Terms, to raiſe
In our unfriendly Clime the tender Bays,
While *Northern* Blaſts drive from the neighb'ring Flood,
And nip the ſpringing Lawrel in the Bud.

On

On such bleak Paths our present Poets tread,
The very Garland withers on each Head.
In vain the Criticks strive to purge the Soil,
Fertile in Weeds, it mocks their busy Toil:
Spontaneous Corps of *Jobs* and *Arthurs* rise,
Whose tow'ring Nonsense braves the very Skies.
Like Paper-Kites the empty Volumes fly,
And by mere Force of Wind are rais'd on high.
While we did these with stupid Patience spare,
And from *Apollo*'s Plants withdrew our Care,
The Muses Garden did small Product yield,
But Hemp and Hemlock over-ran the Field:
'Tis skilful *Garth*, with salutary Hand,
Taught us to weed and cure poetick Land;
Grubb'd up the Brakes and Thistles which he found,
And sow'd with Verse and Wit the sacred Ground.
But now the Riches of that Soil appear,
Which four fair Harvests yields in half a Year.
No more let Criticks of the Want complain
Of *Mantuan* Verse, or the *Meonian* Strain;
Above them *Garth* does on their Shoulders rise,
And what our Language wants his Wit supplies;
Fam'd Poets after him shall strain their Throats,
And unfledg'd Muses chirp their Infant Notes.
Yes, *Garth*, thy Enemies confess thy Store;
They burst with Envy, yet they long for more:
Ev'n we, thy Friends, in Doubt thy Kindness call,
To see thy Stock so large, and Gift so small.
But Jewels in small Cabinets are laid,
And richest Wines in little Casks convey'd.
Let lumpish *Bl——re* his dull Hackney freight,
And break his Back with heavy Folio's Weight;
His *Pegasus* is of the *Flanders* Breed,
And limb'd for Draught, or Burden, not for Speed.
With Cart-horse Trot, he sweats beneath the Pack
Of Rhiming Prose and Knighthood on his Back.
Made for a Drudge, e'en let him beat the Road,
And tug of senseless Reams th' heroick Load;
'Till, over-strain'd, the Jade is set, and tires,
And, sinking in the Mud, with Groans expires.

Then

Then *Bl*——*re* ſhall this Favour owe to thee,
That thou perpetuat'ſt his Memory.
Bavius and *Mevius* ſo their Works ſurvive,
And in one ſingle Line of *Virgil*'s live.

To a Famous Doctor and Poet at Sadlers-Hall.

IF Wit (as we are told) be a Diſeaſe,
And if Phyſicians cure by Contraries,
Bl——*re* alone the healing Secret knows,
'Tis from his Pen the grand *Elixir* flows.

To the Cheapſide *Quack*; *occaſion'd by this Verſe in the* Satyr againſt Wit.

'Who with more Eaſe can cure, than *C*—*cb* kill.

By a Gentleman whom Dr. C—lb—ch *had cur'd of the Gout.*

HOW durſt thy railing Muſe, vain Wretch, pretend
In baſe Lampoons thus to abuſe my Friend!
Whoſe ſacred Art has free'd me from my Pains,
And broke a haughty Tyrant's ſtubborn Chains?
Keep off, for if thou com'ſt within my Clutches,
I'll baſte thy Knighthood with my *quondam* Crutches.
The gen'rous Wine that does my Sorrows drown,
The charming *Celia* that my Nights does crown,
The manly Pleaſures of the ſporting Fields,
The gay Delights the pompous *Drama* yields;
All this, and more, to his great Skill I owe:
Such Bleſſings can thy boaſted Helps beſtow?
The Snuff of Life, perhaps thy feeble Art
May fondly lengthen to thy Patients Smart;

But

But Health no more 'tis in thy Pow'r to give,
Than thy dull Muſe can make her Heroes live.
Ev'n War and Plague of Killing to arraign
In thee, is moſt nonſenſical and vain:
Thee, who a branded Killer art declar'd
In both Capacities of Quack and Bard.
Whatever Sots to thy Preſcriptions fly,
For their vain Confidence, are ſure to die;
And whate'er Argument thy Muſe employs,
Her awkward, ſtupid Management deſtroys.
Death with ſure Steps thy Doſes ſtill attends,
And Death too follows whom thy Muſe commends.
What can eſcape thy all-deſtroying Quill,
When ev'n thy Cordials and thy Praiſes kill?
Thy Mother, ſure, when in Deſpair and Pain
She brought thee forth, thought of the Murd'rer *Cain*.

To that moſt incomparable Bard and Quack, the Author of the Satyr againſt Wit.

By Tho. Creach, *Eſq.*

I Charge thee, Knight, in Great *Apollo*'s Name,
If thou'rt not dead to all Reproof and Shame,
Either thy Rhimes or Clyſters to diſclaim.
Both are too much one feeble Brain to rack;
Beſides, the Bard will ſoon undo the Quack.
Such Shoals of Readers thy damn'd Fuſtian kills,
Thou'l't ſcarce leave one alive to take thy Pills.

A Merry Ballad on the City Bard.

By *the Hon.* Richard Norton, *Eſq;*

To a new Playhouſe Tune.

IN *London* City, near *Cheapſide*,
A wond'rous Bard does dwell,
Whoſe *Epicks* (if they're not bely'd)
Do *Virgil*'s far excel. A ſpright-

A ſprightly Wit and Perſon join'd,
Both Poet and Phyſician;
Artiſt as famous in his Kind,
For ought I know, as *Titian*.
In Coffee-houſes pureſt Air
His foggy Lines he writes,
In Fields of Duſt and Spittle, there
This *Britiſh* Hero fights.
By ſudden Motion then o'erta'en,
The Privy-houſe he chuſes;
Great are his Thoughts, and great his Pain,
And yet no Time he loſes.
Grip'd in his Guts and Muſe, he there indites,
And praiſes *Arthur* moſt, when moſt he ſh——.

Henrico Higden, *Arm.* *Cum infœliciter ipſe Comœdia ceſſerit.* 1693.

Quod inquieta voce, riſu, ſibilis,
Saleſq; comptos & innoxios jocos,
Superba Bruti *turba ſic exceperit;*
Quod purpuratus Infans, & vecors Eques,
Summoq; Meretrix in ſubſellio ſedens,
Totuſq; delicatulorum circulus,
In te tuumq; conjuraverint opus:
Nolito in iras irritas erumpere,
Damnare Muſas, increpare Apollinem,
Cœloſque votis improbis laceſſere.
Quin Drama tandem luce donans publica,
Inviſis orbem, quin, timoris inſcius,
Vanas Maligniorum deſpicis minas?
Abunde damnum ſic reſarcies prius,
Famæq; conſules; Lector dabit libens
Quod improbus ſpectator abnegaverat.

On the Treatment of the Modern Drama.

By Mr. Kn—— *of* Magd. *Col.*

ONce Bear and Champion did engage
In mortal Fray on *Roman* Stage :
Our Moderns have reviv'd the Matter,
The former Age renew'd in latter,
And made Bear-garden of Theatre.
Here Beau, the only modiſh Brute,
With honeſt Authors does diſpute :
And as on *Roman* Stage predicted,
Fell Wound on Champion was inflicted,
When ſtout *Bruino* kept his Station,
Invoking Brother Conſtellation
To aſſiſt him in the Diſputation :
To curry poor heroic Hide well,
And harrow Carcaſs, Back, and Side well ;
But tho' he got a bloody Rump on't,
His Honour ſtill came off Triumphant.
So tho' the Pit Grimalkins, that maul
With wicked Serenade of Catcall,
Oft rout a poor Dramatic Hero,
(As *Teague* was once by *Lero, Lero*)
A well-writ Play, like Ruffians treat,
Confound the Scene, and Plot defeat,
In ſpite of all the Dammee Chorus,
Th' immortal Wit is ſtill Victorious.
I then in Perſon of an Author,
Since good Dramaticks have no Growth here,
Like pious Felons doom'd to be
Made Pendulum for Gallow-tree ;
That gives Advice, leſt ſinful Mortal,
Like him, his Days in Hemp ſhould curtail,
Adviſe you all to leave off Writing,
The mortal Sin of well Enditing ;
But if no Counſel can be uſed,
rhiming Wretch when once be-muſed,

(For

(For Crown and Bum there's such a Curse in,
They're ne'er at Ease, but when unruffling)
Since wholesome Salt of Author season'd,
To Taste of Nation is unpleasant,
(When busy Noddle's next in Labour,
And has a Need to purge on Paper)
Invoke the Bastard Race of *Phœbus*,
Skill'd in Acrostick, Pun, and Rebus,
With Spirit of late Marriage-hater,
T' assist to make Lampoon on Nature,
And e'en on Farce itself a Satyr;
For that alone gives Titillation,
And saves poor Poet from Damnation.

On Dr. Lower, *who was observ'd to be grown Good-natur'd a little before his Death.*

By another Hand.

HAD not good Humour o'er the Ill prevail'd,
Death in attempting Dr. *Lower* had fail'd;
For he, alas! good Man, in Health declin'd,
By changing the bad Manners of his Mind:
And's very Understanding got a Cough,
By leaving an old Habit too soon off.
For had he kept his Humour most austere,
He might have yet liv'd many a Year,
Preserv'd in his own Pickle, Vinegar:
But when the *Alkali* had kill'd the Sow'r,
His Blood being sweeten'd, oft troop'd Dr. *Lower*,

To his Cruel Mistress. Out of French.

I.

THIS then decreed, and now I find
I'm for a Sacrifice design'd;
Since my imperious Fair denies
Rest to my Soul, and Slumber to my Eyes.

II.

II.

Go take a Kiſs, Love whiſpers in my Ear;
But Love, alas! gives Way to Fear.
Awful Reſpect th' aſpiring Flame commands,
Tyes up my Tongue, and binds my Hands.

III.

Ah! muſt your bleeding Lover die,
And ſee his Balm, and ſee his Cure ſo nigh?
Or fierce, and eager of the Bliſs,
Shall he preſume to ſee a balmy Kiſs.

IV.

No—— he'll ten thouſand Deaths endure,
And all the Rigours of his Fate attend,
E're he'll by Sacrilege attempt his Cure,
And his dear *Bellamette* once offend.

An Ode upon a Kiſs. Out of French.

I.

NAY, now ambitious Thoughts farewel;
I pity Kings in all their State,
While thus in *Lesbia*'s Arms I dwell,
And mighty Love does on my Triumphs wait.

II.

Thus let me, languiſhing, expire,
Incircled in her ſnowy Arms,
'Till ſhe revives me with her Charms,
And pours into my Breaſt a nobler Fire.

III.

Thus let me ſigh my Soul away,
And revel in immortal Bliſs,
Thus let me ſpend th' auſpicious Day,
And crown each ſmiling Moment with a Kiſs.

IV.

Adonis ne'er was half ſo bleſt,
Nor half the Pleaſure ſhar'd, as I:
Tho' Love's bright Goddeſs him careſt,
And in her Arms hugg'd the delicious Boy.

V. Nor

Nor *Jove* himself such Transports knew,
When *Danae*'s Charms the captive God did hold,
Tho' he, the Pleasure to pursue,
Mortgag'd his poor Almightyship to Gold.

VI.

A thousand Loves in solemn State
On those too rosy Lips reside;
While busy I, with eager Pride,
Sip all their Sweets, and bless my happy Fate.

VII.

Now on her glowing Breasts I range,
Now kiss her Cheeks, and now her Eyes;
The Pleasure's heighten'd by the Change,
And fills me with unruly Joys.

VII.

But ah! my beauteous Nymph, beware
How you increase my Store;
For else your pamper'd Slave may dare,
Drunk as he is with Joy, to press for something more.

IX.

For say, fond Lovers, what you will
To defy a Kiss,
'Tis but a Pledge or Prologue still
To the succeeding Acts of Bliss.

A Sapphic Ode in the Valesiana.

Dulcius quam sit putat esse mollis
Virgo, quod nescit, sitis inde magna
Cognitæ nondum Veneris puellas
Torquet adultas?
At recordantur Viduæ peractas
Cum viris noctes, sitis inde major,
Cognitæ dudum Veneris prioris
Suscitat ignes.
Virgini ignosci Viduæne malis?
Illa, quod nescit, cupit experiri;
Hæc quod experta est, avet: Inde Virgo
Æquius ardet.

A Tranſlation.

Principio, Cœlum, & Terras, Titaniaq; aſtra
Spiritus intus alit, totumq; infuſa per artus
Mens *agitat molem*——

I'LL ſing how God, the World's Almighty Mind,
Thro' all infus'd, and to that All confin'd,
Directs the Parts, and with an equal Hand
Supports the whole, enjoying his Command:
How all agree, and how the Parts have made
Strict Leagues, ſubſiſting by each others Aid.
How all by Reaſon move, becauſe one Soul
Lives in the Parts, diffuſing thro' the whole.
For did not all the friendly Parts conſpire
To make one whole, and keep the Frame entire;
And did not Reaſon guide, and Senſe controll
The vaſt ſtupendious Machine of the whole;
Earth wou'd not keep its Place, the Skies wou'd fall,
And univerſal Stiffneſs deaden all.
Stars wou'd not whirl their Round, nor Day nor Night
Their Courſe perform, but ſtop their uſual Flight.
Rains wou'd not feed their Fields, and Earth deny
Miſts to the Clouds, and Vapours to the Sky.
Seas wou'd not fill the Springs, nor Springs return
Their grateful Tribute from their flowing Urn.
Nor wou'd the All, unleſs contriv'd by Art,
So juſtly be proportion'd in each Part;
That neither Seas, nor Skies, nor Stars exceed
Our Wants; nor are too ſcanty for our Need.
Thus ſtands the Frame, and the Almighty Soul,
Thro' all diffus'd, ſo turns, and guides the whole,
That nothing from its ſettled Station ſwerves,
And Motion alters not the Frame, but ſtill preſerves.
This God, or Reaſon, which the Orbs does move,
Makes Things below depend on Signs above:
Tho' far remov'd, tho' hid in Shades of Night,
And ſcarce to be deſcrib'd by their own Light.

Yet

Yet Nations own, and Men their Influence feel,
They rule the Publick, and the Private Will;
The Proofs are plain. Thus from a diff'rent Star
We find a fruitful, or a barren Year;
Now Grains increaſe, and now refuſe to grow,
Now quickly ripen, now their Growth is ſlow.
The Moon commands the Seas; ſhe drives the Main
To paſs the Shores, then drives it back again.
And this Sedition chiefly ſwells the Streams,
When oppoſite ſhe views her Brother's Beams:
Or when ſhe near in cloſe Conjunction rides,
She rears the Floods, and ſwells the flowing Tides;
Or when attending on the yearly Race,
The Equinoctial ſees her borrow'd Face.
Her Pow'r ſinks deep, it ſearches all the Main,
Teſtaceous Fiſh, as ſhe her Light regains,
Increaſe, and ſtill diminiſh in her Wane.
For as the Moon in deepeſt Darkneſs mourns,
Then Rays receive, and points her borrow'd Horns;
Then turns her Face, and with a Smile invites
The full Effuſions of her Brother's Lights,
They to her Changes due Proportions keep,
And ſhew her various Phaſes in the Deep.
So Brutes, whom Nature did in Sport create,
Ignorant of themſelves, and of their Fate,
A ſecret Inſtinct ſtill erects their Eyes
To Parent Heav'n, and ſeems to make them wiſe.
One at the new Moon's Riſe to diſtant Shores
Retires, his Body ſprinkles, and adores:
Some ſee Storms gather, or Serenes foretel,
And ſcarce our Reaſon guides us half ſo well.
Then, who can doubt that Man, the glorious Pride
Of all, is nearer to the Stars ally'd?
Nature in Man's capacious Soul has wrought,
And given him Voice expreſſive of his Thought:
In Man the God deſcends, and joys to find
The narrow Image of his greater Mind.
But why ſhou'd all the other Arts be ſhown,
Too various for Productions of our own?

Why shou'd I sing how diff'rent Tempers fall,
And Inequality is seen in all?
How many strive with equal Care to gain
The highest Prize, and yet how few obtain?
Which proves not Matter sways, but Wisdom rules,
And measures out the Bignefs of our Souls.
Sure, Fate stands fixt, nor can its Laws decay,
'Tis Heav'ns to rule, and Matter's Essence to obey.
Who cou'd know Heaven, unless that Heav'n bestow'd
The Knowledge? Or find God, but Part of God?
How cou'd the Space immense be e'er confin'd
Within the Compass of a narrow Mind?
How cou'd the Skies, the Dances of the Stars,
Their Motions adverse, and eternal Wars,
Unless kind Nature in our Breasts had wrought
Proportion'd Souls, be subject to our Thought?
Were Heav'n not aiding to advance our Mind,
To know Fate's Laws, and teach the Way to find;
Did not the Skies their Kindred Souls improve,
Direct, and lead them thro' the Maze above,
Discover Nature, shew its secret Springs,
And tell the sacred Intercourse of Things,
How impious were our Search, how bold our Course,
Thus to assault and take the Skies by Force?
A most convincing Reason's drawn from Sense,
That this vast Frame is mov'd by Providence,
Which, like the Soul, does ev'ry Whirl advance;
It must be God, nor was it made by Chance,
As *Epicurus* dreamt: He madly thought
This beauteous Frame of heedless Atoms wrought.
The Seas and Earth, the Stars and spacious Air,
Which forms new Worlds, or does the old repair,
First rose from these, and still supply'd remain,
And all must be, when Chance shall break the Chain,
Dissolv'd to these wild Principles again.
Absurd and Nonsense! Atheist use thine Eyes,
And having view'd the Order of the Skies,
Think, if thou can'st, that Matter, blindly hurl'd,
Without a Guide, shou'd frame this wond'rous World.

But

But did Chance make, and Chance ſtill rule the whole?
Why do the Signs in conſtant Order roll,
Obſerve ſet Times to ſhut and open Day,
Nor meet, nor joſtle, and miſtake their Way,
Perform their Courſe as if by Laws confin'd,
None haſten on, and leave the reſt behind?
Why ev'ry Day does the diſcov'ring Flame
Shew the ſame World, and leave it ſtill the ſame
And ev'n at Night, when Time in Secret flies,
And veils himſelf in Shades from human Eyes,
Can by the Signs Men know how faſt he fled,
And in the Skies the haſty Minutes read?
Why ſhou'd I count how oft the Earth has mourn'd
The Sun's Retreat, and ſmil'd when he return'd
How oft he does his various Courſe divide
'Twixt Winter's Nakedneſs and Summer's Pride?
All mortal Things muſt change. The fruitful Plain,
As Seaſons turn, ſcarce knows herſelf again;
Such various Forms ſhe bears: Large Empires too
Put off the former Face, and take a New:
Yet ſafe the World and free from Change does laſt,
No Years encreaſe it, and no Years can waſte.
Its Courſe it urges on, and keeps its Frame,
And ſtill will be, becauſe 'twas ſtill the ſame.
It ſtands ſecure from Time's devouring Age,
For 'tis a *God* that guides, nor can it change with Age.

On the Death of Dr. KIRLEUS.

YE Ghoſts of *Trigg*, old *Saffold*, and *Ponteus*,
Ariſe! ariſe! to meet the Great *KIRLEUS*:
And ye kind Damſels of this ſinful Town,
Us'd to diſpenſe Love's Joys for Half a Crown,
Lament, for now your truſty Friend is gone.
Ye *Holborn* Bullies, ſtrew his Herſe with Roſes,
For to his heav'nly Skill you owe your Noſes.
Weep, *Cupid*, weep, nor thy juſt Sorrow ſmother,
For, Child, thou'dſt better far have loſt thy Mother.

With Rev'rend *Kirle* Love's Power will fall away,
His Empire leſſen, and his Strength decay.
Thy *Pills*, Old Bard, in Spite of State and Kirk,
Ev'n on the Sabbath-Day it ſelf wou'd *Work*:
And Sinners brought (ſo righteous was thy Sentence)
To penſive Stool of ſorrowful Repentance.
Since Death on thee has laid her Fingers Icy,
Ipſe te Pinus, ipſe flevere Myricæ,
And Sympathetick Fits in mournful State,
With Tears of Turpentine bewail'd thy Fate.
Thou never did'ſt reject poor daggled Miſs,
Altho' ſhe ſued in *forma Pauperis*.
Grave Shop-keepers were *ſet up* by thy Aid,
And many a *found* Divine by thee was made.
In Term and out of Term *Kirle* ſerv'd the Nation,
And knew no Intervals of dull Vacation.
Say what you will, this Matter of true Fact is,
That few exceeded him in Chamber-Practice.
Lawyers in Crowds to his fam'd Manſion preſt,
In hopes to have their Cauſe by him redreſt:
For none knew better how to make an End on't,
'Twixt *Plantiff* Counſellor, and Clap *Defendant*.
Tho' the Diſeaſe prov'd ne'er ſo ſtiff and croſs,
He ſoon cou'd check it with a *Noli Proſ.*
Young *Clerks*, when ſtray'd from *Noverint Univerſi*,
By him were cur'd; and was not that a Mercy?
He was Love's Shre've, and prove Infection,
Chac'd Ulcers by a Potion of *Ejection*;
And as for th' oldeſt Ills, knew how to ſcare 'em,
By marching with a *Poſſe Pillulorum*.
Methinks I ſtill behold Majeſtick *Kirle*,
With ſolemn Air his *Belgick* Whiſkers twirle;
Wrapt in blue Rug, methinks I hear him talk,
And prole for Cuſtomers in *Gray's-Inn Walk*.
But why fond Hopes ſhou'd I thus feed in vain?
He's gone, alas! and ne'er will come again.
Since, then, he's left us for a better Place,
Remember, Gentlemen, your Friend *John Caſe*.

An

An Epitaph *on Dr.* Kirleus *of* Gray's-Inn-Lane, *occasion'd by his Friends reporting him only gone into the Country.*

THE famous *Kirleus*, Collegiate Physician,
As cheap a Practitioner as you cou'd wish one,
Who only with Diet-Drink, and a few Pills,
Cur'd Gout, Stone, and Pox, and a Thousand more Ills,
Is gone to the Country infernal with Physick,
To cure *Rhadamanthus*, they say, of the Ptisick.
Let not *Needick* then brag,
Of his *Tetrachymag*,
Nor himself *Tilburg* Prize on
Drinking Bumpers of Poison.
So useful a Doctor our Youngsters will miss,
He hinder'd no Business, 'till Death hinder'd his.
A Journey thus tedious all Sporters may mourn,
For 'tis Forty to One that he'll never return.

The Fable of the Satyr *and the* Traveller.

I.

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led
A Traveller with Cold half dead,
And with great Kindness treated:
A Fire Nose-high he made him strait,
Shew'd him his Elbow-Chair of State,
And near the Chimney seated.

II.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows,
At which the Satyr wond'ring rose,
And bluntly ask'd the Reason.

Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,
I only do't my Hands to *warm*,
In this cold Frosty Season.

III.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot
A Mess of Porridge piping hot;
The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.
What's that for, Friend? The Satyr cry'd,
To *cool* my Broth, his Guest reply'd,
And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

IV.

How, quoth the Host, then is it so,
And can you Contradictions blow?
Turn out, and leave my Cottage.
This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold
Such Rascals as blow *Hot* and *Cold*,
The De'l must find you Pottage.

The C————'s desir'd, that in their next Choice,
They'd be pleas'd from this Fable to take good Advice;
For a Man that two Churches at once has in View,
Shams both in their Turns, and to neither is true.

A Dialogue *betwixt the* New Lotteries *and the* Royal Oak.

New Lotteries.

TO you, the Mother of our Schools,
Where Knaves, by License, manage Fools,
Finding fit Juncture and Occasion
To pick the Pockets of the Nation,
We come to know how we must treat 'em,
And to their Hearts Content may cheat 'em.

Royal-Oak.

It chears my aged Heart to see
So num'rous a Progeny;

I find

I find by you, that 'tis Heaven's Will,
That Knavery shou'd flourish still;
You have Docility and Wit,
And Fools were never wanting yet.
Observe the crafty *Auctioneer*,
His Art to sell Waste-Paper dear:
When he for *Salmon* baits his Hooks,
That Cormorant of Offal-Books,
Who bites, as sure as Maggots breed,
Or Carrion-Crows on Horse-flesh feed.
Fair specious Titles him deceive,
To sweep what *Sl*—— and *T*——*n* leave.
If greedy Gulls you wou'd ensnare,
Make 'em Proposals wond'rous fair.
Tell 'em strange Golden Show'rs shall fall,
And promise Mountains to 'em all.
New Lotteries.
That Graft we've been already taught,
And by that Trick have Millions caught.
Books, *Bawbles*, *Toys*, all Sorts of Stuff,
Have gone off this Way well enough.
Nay *Musick* too invades our Art,
And to some Tune wou'd play her Part.
I'll shew you now what we are doing,
For we have divers Wheels a going.
We have found out richer Lands,
Than *Asia* Hills, or *Africk*'s Sands,
And to vast Treasures must give Birth,
Deep hid in Bowels of th' Earth;
In fertile *Wales*, and God knows where,
Rich Mines of Gold and Silver are,
From whence we drain prodigious Store
Of Silver Coin'd, tho' none in Ore,
Which down our Throats rich Coxcombs pour,
In hopes to make us vomit more.
Royal-Oak.
This Project surely must be good,
Because not eas'ly understood:
Besides, it gives a mighty Scope
To the Fool's Argument, Vain Hope.

No Eagle's Eye the Cheat can see,
Thro' Hope thus back'd by Myftery.

New Lotteries.

We have, beſides a Thouſand more,
For Great and Small, for Rich and Poor,
From him that can his Thouſands ſpare,
Down to the Penny-Cuſtomer.

Royal-Oak.

The ſilly Mob in Crowds will run,
To be at eaſy Rates undone;
A Gimcrack-Show draws in the Rout,
Thouſands their All, by Pence, lay out.

New Lotteries.

We, by Experience, find it true;
But we have Methods wholly New;
Strange late invented Ways to thrive,
To make Men pay for what they give;
To get the Rents into our Hands
Of their Hereditary Lands,
And out of what doth thence ariſe,
To make 'em buy *Annuities.*
We've Mathematick Combination,
To cheat Fools by plain Demonſtration,
Which ſhall be fairly manag'd too,
The Undertakers know not how.
Beſide, ———

Royal Oak.

Pray, hold a little, here's enough,
To beggar *Europe* of this Stuff.
Go on, and proſper, and be Great,
I am to you a puny Cheat.

In Obitum *Tho. Shadwell*, pinguis memoriæ. 1693.

I.

Conditur hoc tumulo Bavius, *gravis eſſe memento*
Terra tuo Bavio, nam fuit ille tibi.

II.

II.

Tam citò miraris Bavii *fœtere cadaver?*
Non erat in toto corpore mica salis.

III.

Mors uni Bavio *lucrum; nam jugera Vates*
Qui vivens habuit nulla, sepultus habet.

IV.

Porrigitur novus hic Tityus *per jugera septem,*
Nec quæ tondebit viscera deerit Avis.

V.

Dicite, (nam benè vos nôstis) gens Critica, Vates
An fuerit Bavius *pejor, an Historicus.*

VI.

Militiam sicco Wilhelmus *Marte peregit,*
O Clemens Cæsar! consulis historico.

VII.

Tom writ, his Readers still slept o'er his Book;
For *Tom* took *Opium*, and they Opiates took.

An Impromptu *to* Shadwell's *Memory*, *by Dr.* B--

AND must our glorious Laureat then depart!
Heav'n, if it please, may take his loyal Heart;
As for the rest, sweet Devil, fetch a Cart.

In Decretum Parliamenti 1689. De non adulterandis Vinis.

CRimen adulterii vetuerunt Biblia frustrà.
Jam quid ages, Caupo? Parliamenta vetant.

Inſcriptions deſign'd for the Dial over the Fountain in the new Square at *Lincoln's-Inn*.

I.

UT referat gratam mercedem quælibet hora,
Munificum laudet quælibet hora Deum.

II.

Unde fluit lapſu, quid ſtas ignave, perenni,
Carpe viator iter, ſic tibi vita fluit.

III.

Hæc Legum domus eſt, colit hanc Themis aurea ſedem,
Hoſpite nec Domus eſt dignior ulla Dea.

Antenor's Speech in the ſecond *Æneid*, apply'd to the Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience. In the Year 1687.

—— Timeo Danaos, & dona ferentes.

YOU dull Diſſenters, what vain Folly blinds
Your Senſes thus, and captivates your Minds?
Think you this proffer'd Liberty is free
From Tricks, and Snares, and papal Treachery?
Think you 'twas meant according to the Letter?
Oh! that ſuch plodding Heads ſhou'd know the Pope no better.
Truſt me, this Kindneſs either was deſign'd
T' inflame our Quarrels, and our Weakneſs find:
Or elſe the Breach was open'd at a Venture,
That at one Hole both Cowl and Cloak might enter.
Pray, Heav'n, there be no farther Miſchief meant,
But I'm afraid there's *Roman* Opium in't.
Be't what it will, the gilded Pill ſuſpect,
And with a ſmiling Scorn your proffer'd Fate reject;
A Papiſt, tho' ungiving, means you Evil,
But when he ſcatters Gifts and Mercies, he's the Devil.

Pre-

Prologue ſpoken before the Univerſity of Oxford. 1683.

WHen *Greece* o'erwhelm'd in the wide Deluge lay,
And all the Land was one continu'd Sea,
The Muſes Hill ſecure, and lofty ſtood,
Above the vain Attempts of th' inſulting Flood.
There good *Deucalion* firſt ſaluted Land,
Put in his Boat, and touch'd the happy Strand.
So when wild Faction all our Land alarm'd,
Our Land by the prevailing Jugglers charm'd,
When pregnant with dire Seeds the Clouds did riſe,
Preſaging civil Tempeſts in our Skies,
Here God-like *Charles* did a ſafe Harbour win,
Here laugh'd at all the Threats of daring Sin,
And ſhunn'd the popular Deluge as it came rolling in.
With you no perjur'd Bog-trotters were found,
With Meal-Tub-Plots and Armies under Ground,
Rogues, that wou'd damn themſelves for Half a Crown!
Rogues, that for one poor Draught of Middling-Beer
Wou'd hang a Pariſh, and for Tripe, a Shire.
'Tis true, ſome few you had; but Traytors come
Here to receive, not to deſerve their Doom.
So Paradiſe the Serpent gain'd at firſt,
Enter'd the bleſt Abodes, but ſtrait he was accurſt.
This is your Happineſs.
But we are ſtill alarm'd with ſenſeleſs Noiſe;
Guild-hall Elections, and lewd frantick Cries.
Tir'd with dull Managers of duller Plots,
And free-born Slaves, and *Magna Charta* Sots.
Oh! wou'd the Town a Pattern take from you,
Whom the worſt Times ſtill found to *Ceſar* true,
Diſcords wou'd ceaſe, ill-natur'd Jars retire,
And ev'ry Muſe in *Charles*'s Praiſe conſpire.
Peace, with her Train, wou'd guard our Halcyon Shore,
And *Britain* envy *Saturn*'s Age no more.

EPI.

EPILOGUE.

NOT with more Grief the Whiggiſh Herd beheld
Their Plots diſcover'd, their Intriegues reveal'd,
And all their godly Villanies run down,
Than now we feel to leave your happy Town.
Now muſt our Tribe, ſince we depart from you,
Shake Hands with Learning, and bid Wit Adieu:
With Dogg'rel Rhimes the ſtupid Rout appeaſe,
And murder *Engliſh* perfectly to pleaſe.
So ſome, to get an Alms, a Lameneſs feign,
And by pretended Halting Pity gain.
When to ſome Town our ſtrolling Troops repair,
Leave's to be granted by the worthy Mayor:
He with his num'rous Train firſt takes his Seat,
Below his Scarlet Brethren fill the Pit.
Then ev'n our Women muſt leſs gay appear,
Leave Painting off, leſt they ſhou'd ſeem more Fair
Than the pale Daughter of the Rev'rend Mayor.
If we, in Acting, as our Part requires,
Swear by the Gods, and all the heav'nly Fires,
The Sot pricks up a wond'rous Pair of Ears,
My Zeal no longer ſuch Profaneneſs bears,
Twelvepence for ev'ry Oath your Hero ſwears.
Wit here, triumphant, bears an ample Sway,
And the bright Metal ſhines without Allay;
Nothing is here condemn'd for being Good,
Nor talk we Nonſenſe to be underſtood.
But tho' your Learning the whole Iſle inſpires,
Your Townſmen warm not by the neighb'ring Fires;
Born in the happy Place, where Wit does rule,
They keep their nat'ral Right of being Dull.
So the rude Nations, where with greateſt Light
The reveal'd Truth was firſt expos'd to Sight,
By no Rewards, no Miracles reclaim'd,
Wou'd ev'n in Spite of Providence, be damn'd.

How-

Howe'er our Courtiers do their Fate disposse,
Dullness the *Charter* is they'll never lose.

A Catch. By Mr. T. Brown.

I.

LET the Woman be damn'd, (a mod'rate Fate)
Or die an old Maid, as grey as a Cat,
That her Lover refuses for Want of Estate.

II.

Let her that sets Man, like a Beast, to be sold,
And above metal'd Flesh loves a Lump of dead Gold,
Look green when she's young, and be pox'd when she's old.

III.

But let those that are wise contemn the dull Store;
Wives chose by their Weight, will be weighty no more;
If for Gold they will wed, for the same they will whore.

A Panegyrick upon Coll. George Walker. *After the Manner of the* Irish.

OUR Gracious King gave him five thousand Pound;
And out of the Rebels Lands, when they are found,
He promises him a thousand Pounds by th' Year,
Which, in short Time, will unquestionably appear.
Likewise, he promises him the Dean'ry of *Londonderry*,
When that the Dean of *Londonderry* will die;
But if the Dean of *Londonderry* will not die,
He promises him the Bishoprick of *Londonderry*.
More of his valiant Deeds and Worth what need we then [to cry-ah,
Since *Walter George* has made Amends for *Walter Obadiah*?

To Mr. D'Urfey, *upon his incomparable Ballads, call'd by him Lyrick Odes.*

I.

THou Cur, half *French*, half *Engliſh* Breed,
Thou Mungrel of *Parnaſſus*,
To think tall Lines, run up to Seed,
Should ever tamely paſs us.

II.

Thou write *Pindaricks*, and be damn'd!
Write Epigrams for Cutlers;
None with thy Lyricks can be ſhamm'd
But Chamber-Maids and Butlers.

III.

In t'other World expect dry Blows;
No Tears can waſh thy Stains out;
Horace will pluck thee by the Noſe,
And *Pindar* beat thy Brains out.

On Flowers in a Lady's Boſom.

BEhold the promis'd Land, where Pleaſure flows!
See how the Milk-white Hills do gently riſe,
And beat the ſilken Skies!
Behold the Valley ſpread with Flow'rs below!
Other Diſcov'ries, *Fate*, let me not ſhare;
If I find out, may I inhabit there.
The happy Flow'rs, how they allure my Senſe!
The fairer Soil gives 'em the noble Hew;
Her Breath perfumes 'em too:
Rooted i'th' Heart, they ſeem to ſpring from thence.
Tell, tell me why, thou fruitful Virgin-Breaſt,
Why ſhould ſo good a Soil lie unpoſſeſt?
Surely ſome Champion, in the Cauſe of Love,

Has

Has languiſh'd here —— more weary with the Sight,
Than vanquiſh'd quite,
While the ſoft God took Pity from Above,
And thinking to reward his Service well,
Bid him grow there, where he ſo nobly fell.
So when the longing *Cytherea* found
The murder'd Boy, who long deceiv'd her Eyes,
Under a Flow'r Diſguiſe,
And pluck'd the curious Poſey from the Ground,
Fair *Cytherea*'s Boſom look'd like this,
So bluſh'd *Adonis* in the Seat of Bliſs.

The London *Vintners Anſwer to Mr.* Brown.

IF what thou aſſerts, dear *Thomas*, be true,
It is to get rid of ſuch Chap-Men as you,
That I, and my Brethren, have learned to brew.

Whatever Ingredients we put in the Vat,
Whether Dogs-Turd or Honey, no Matter for that;
For all our Deſign's but to poiſon a Rat.

He that dies by bad Wine, and not by the Halter,
Departs without Chime of *Hopkins*'s Pſalter,
And that you well know is no Matter of Laughter.

To Mr. HENRY PURCEL.

LOng did dark Ignorance our Iſle o'er-ſpread,
Our Muſick and our Poetry lay dead:
But the dull Malice of a barbarous Age
Fell moſt ſevere on *David*'s ſacred Page;
To wound the Senſe, and quench his Heav'n-born Fire,
Three vile Tranſlators lewdly did conſpire,
In holy Dogg'rel, and low chiming Proſe,
The King and Poet they, at once, depoſe.

Vainly

LACONICKS; *or, New Maxims of* STATE *and* CONVERSATION.

WE naturally love to cheat; 'tis interwoven with our Conſtitution: By the ſame Token, we often boaſt that we have palm'd falſe Dice upon others, when we our ſelves are the Bubbles. Do but hear, ſays Sir *John Squander*, what a Trick I put upon a Whore laſt Night! 'Fore *George*, I made the ſilly Baggage take a *Lewis d' Or* for Seventeen and Six pence, after the Proclamation.

A Soldier, a Vintner, and a Phyſician, are the three Degrees of Compariſon; and ſo are a Cut-Throat, a Backbiter, and a Flatterer: But the Phyſician is the ſuperlative Murderer, and a Flatterer the ſuperlative Villain.

How is it poſſible, ſays Madam *B*———, for a Woman to keep her Cabinet unpick'd, when every Raſcal has got a Key to't? Aye, but Madam, the Raſcal's Key ſignifies not a Farthing, unleſs the Owner of the Cabinet, at leaſt, goes Halves with him.

A Widow and a Government are ready, upon all Occaſions, to tax the new Huſband and the new Prince with the Merits of their Predeceſſors, unleſs the former Huſband was hang'd, and the former King ſent to Graſs; and then they bid them take fair Warning by their Deſtiny.

For a King to engage his People in War, to carry off every little ill Humour of State, is like a Phyſician's ordering his Patient a Flux for every Pimple.

Scandal is a never failing Vehicle for Dullneſs. The *True-born Engliſhman* had dy'd ſilently among the Grocers and Trunk-makers, if the Libeller had not help'd off the Poet,

Merit is not always the Road to Preferment; ſome Men get it by reſolving not to be deny'd, as *Iriſhmen* in Town pick up Women, by hunting them, as School-Boys

Boys do Squirrels, 'till they are weary, and fall down before them.

A thouſand Actions paſs in the World for virtuous, tho' they proceed from a quite different Principle. My Lord releaſed *Arſennus* out of Goal, and paid his Debts. This every one applauded as an Act of the higheſt and moſt diſintereſted Generoſity. They little knew that my Lord, at the ſame Time, lay every Night with *Arſennus*'s Siſter.

Tho' a Soldier, in Time of Peace, is like a Chimney in Summer, yet what wiſe Man would pluck down his Chimney, becauſe his Almanack tells him 'tis the Middle of *June*.

War, as the World goes at preſent, is a Nurſery for the Gallows, as *Hoxton* is for the Meetings, and *Bartholomew-Fair* for the two Play-Houſes.

A Woman may learn one uſeful Doctrine from the Game of *Backgammon*, which is, not to take up her Man 'till ſhe's ſure of binding him. Had Madam *C*———, and ſome of our young Ladies, conſider'd this, they would not have made ſuch a Blot in their Tables.

'Tis a Mortification to a Prince to ſee an old Miniſter torn from him, but Self-preſervation is the firſt Law of Nature; and any Man, in his Senſes, would ſooner ſubmit to part with his Crutch, than his Leg.

The ſureſt Way of Governing, both in a private Family and a Kingdom, is for a Huſband and a Prince ſometimes to drop their Prerogative.

Could a Woman keep her Failings to herſelf, as well as ſhe does her Age, *Cheapſide* would be the happieſt Place in the World, and the Houſe would not be troubled every Seſſions to grant Bills of Divorce.

'Tis the moſt nonſenſical Thing in the World, for a Man to be proud, ſince 'tis in the meaneſt Wretch's Power to mortify him. How uneaſy have I ſeen my Lord *All-Pride*, in the *Park*, when the Company turn'd their Eyes from him and his gaudy Equipage!

Gaming finds a Man a Cully, and leaves him a Knave.

The Generality of Women would ſooner be found in Bed with a Gallant, than in their Undreſs; and ſome Men

poſſeſs'd Man's Body, and came afterwards ſeventy ſtrong.

Well, I muſt get me a Floor of new Fellows, ſays the Maſter of a *Weſtern* Barge, otherwiſe, one Sheep-ſtealing Rogue will ſpoil all the reſt.

What is the Reaſon that the Clergy-Men never forgive an Injury? Why, 'tis becauſe they have better Memories than the reſt of the World, and never forget.

All Parties blame Perſecution when they feel the Smart on't, and all practiſe it when they have the Rod in their Hands. For all his pretended Meekneſs, *Calvin* made Roaſt-Meat of *Servetus* at *Geneva*, for his Unorthodoxy.

When *Moliere*'s *Tartuff* was acted in *France*, all the Church-Men complain'd of it. The *Feſtin de Saint Pierre*, tho' a lewd beaſtly Piece, went down without the leaſt wry Face. At ſo much an eaſier Rate may a Man expoſe Religion, than Hypocriſy.

I very much queſtion, after all, whether Mr. C——r would have condeſcended to laſh the Vices of the Stage, if the Poets had not been guilty of the abominable Sin of making familiar, now and then, with the Backſlidings of the Caſſock.

Hypocriſy may chain up a Man, when he is among Brethren of the ſame Claſs, but Nature will certainly break out, whenever it finds an Opportunity. How many *Caledonian* Peers, that can ſit out four long-winded Sermons at a Time, on the other ſide the *Tweed*, whore, and drink, and deny themſelves nothing in the *Pall-Mall* and St. *James*'s? 'Tis a mighty Refreſhment to be out of the Reach of Scandal.

A Whore, in the Buſineſs of Love, is what Farthings are in the Buſineſs of Trade; only us'd for the Convenience of ready Change.

'Tis the moſt unpardonable Affront in the World, to tell a Woman that ſhe's old. My Lord *A*——, who was the greateſt Courtier in his Time, us'd to ſay to his Lady, every New-Years Day; Well, Madam, how old will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to be this Year?

The

The Virtuoſo's may talk as long as they pleaſe, that the Seaſons are inverted, and the Sun decay'd; whatſoever becomes of our Fruits, our Women ripen much earlier than formerly.

Madam *S*———, laſt Year, brought her Daughter to St. *Martin*'s to be marry'd, Little Miſs look'd ſo unfit for Buſineſs, that the Parſon, innocently, aſk'd her Mother, And what, have you brought this Child to be Baptiz'd?

A Man would willingly have it in his Power to oblige the Fair Sex to the laſt Moment of his Life. When Sir *H*—— was to be cut for the Stone, in the Sixty-ſeventh Year of his Age; Well, but Doctor, ſays he, this Operation won't make a Man impotent, will it?

Covetouſneſs, like Jealouſy, when it has once taken Root, never leaves a Man, but with his Life. A rich Banker, in *Lombard-Street*, finding himſelf very ill, ſent for a Parſon to adminiſter the laſt Conſolations of the Church to him. While the Ceremony was performing, old *Gripewell* falls into a Fit: As ſoon as he was a little recover'd, the Doctor offer'd the Chalice to him, No, no, cries he, I can't afford to lend you above twenty Shillings upon't, upon my Word I can't now.

When the High Prieſt enter'd the Sanctuary, which was but once a Year, the *Jews* have a Tradition, that he begg'd of God not to hear the Prayers of Travellers, who, to have Fair Weather for themſelves, don't care what becomes of the reſt of the World. Had we any ſuch Cuſtom among us, it would not be amiſs if our *Arch-Flamen* pray'd to him, not to hear the different Petitions of the ſeveral Sects among us, that, if heard, would not only ruin the reſt of the World, but themſelves.

What Sect of Men could ſet up with ſuch Diſadvantage as the Quakers, when they are kick'd, and buffeted, and laugh'd at by every Body? But their Darling Principle ſooth'd the Vanity of Men, and made them Judges of every Thing, *Dans le Dernier reſſort.* Of late they have lick'd their Cub into ſome Shape, and are far from making a contemptible Figure. Who knows but it may

be

be their Turn to be the Reigning Religion an hundred Years hence?

A Gigantick Man, and a Book of a monſtrous-Size, generally fall ſhort of what they ſeem to promiſe. An ordinary Soul can more inform an over-large Body, than an ordinary Genius can enliven a big Volume. 'Tis as if a Gentleman of 200 *l.* a Year ſhould affect to live in *Hampton-Court*, where the very Repairs would exceed the Income. Is not a Leaf of the *Diſpenſary* worth a Cart-load of King *Arthurs?*

Not only Religion and Law, but even Gold and Silver, are falſify'd to procure Gold and Silver.

If we muſt have War with *France*, about *Spain*, the ſooner the better, before Affairs are ſettled, and while the Government is young. In King *Charles* the Second's Time, *Jack Ogle*, a very famous Perſon in his Generation, had got a Clap: Doctor, ſays he, to a Chirurgeon, what wi---wi---will this Buſineſs coſt me? Why, ſome three *Guineas*, Sir. And wha--wha--what Rate does a Pox go at? About ſix, Sir. Well then, ho--ho--honeſt Friend, cries he, I'll e'en let it run up to a Pox, and cure both under one. Pray Heaven there be no *Jack Ogle* among our preſent Politicians.

How unnatural a Sight is it to ſee a Parſon, with a florid Countenance and a double Chin, preach up Abſtinence in *Lent!*

Some Clergymen in the Pulpit are ſuch different Animals from what they are elſewhere, that Mrs. *K*———, when ſhe acts a virtuous Part upon the Stage, is not more different from Mrs. *K*——— with a Rummer in her Hand at the *Horſe-Shoe*.

It has been an old Remark, ſaid a Preſbyterian Miniſter, in his Sermon, that *Opinio* is of the Feminine-Gender, becauſe Women, for the moſt Part, are poſitive and opiniated: Whereas, *Judicium* is of the Neuter, becauſe, in all critical Exigencies, Men of Judgment chuſe to be Neuters. The Grammatical Obſervations are not worth a Farthing, but a wholeſom Mythology's couch'd under it, which the *Venetians*, at preſent, practice.

A Spe-

A ſpeculative Religion is only calculated for a few Philoſophers, and not the groſs Vulgar. 'Tis too thin a Diet for courſe Appetites, as we find Soops and Sallads are for common *Engliſh* Stomachs. For this Reaſon the popiſh Prieſts amuſe them with Pictures, Shows, and Images; the Preſbyterian Parſons with apiſh Geſtures, fantaſtic Expreſſions, and ſordid Similies, that are full as groſs as Images: The Church of *England* goes the middle Way to work, and gives it them half in Surplices and Organs, and t'other half in good Senſe and Reaſon.

Tho' a Clergy-man preach'd like an Angel, yet he ought to conſider, that two Hour-glaſſes of Divinity are too much at once for the moſt patient Conſtitution. In the late civil Wars, *Stephen Marſhal* ſplit his Text into twenty-four Parts. Upon this, one of the Congregation immediately runs out of Church. Why, what's the Matter, ſays a Neighbour? Only going for my Night-Gown and Slippers, for I find we muſt take up Quarters here to Night.

A long Reach and as little Conſcience are a neceſſary Qualifications to a Miniſter of State, as a long Hand and little Fingers are to a Man-Midwife.

A Wit and a Beau ſet up with little or no Expence. A Pair of red Stockings, and a Sword-knot, ſers up one; and peeping once a Day in at *Will*'s, and two or three ſecond-hand Sayings, the other.

Every Man thinks ſo well of himſelf or ſo ill of his Neighbour, that he would not change with him in every Reſpect, tho he would in ſome. Thouſands perhaps may wiſh they had Mrs. *Abel*'s Voice, or Sir *Charles*——'s Eſtate, yet there's ſcarce a Man in the Kingdom, I believe, would change for good and all; that is to ſay, would have Mrs. *Abel*'s good Manners, and Sir *Charles*'s Gratitude.

'Tis wiſely done, as a Gentleman obſerv'd, of a Chirurgeon, to live next Door to a Bawdy-houſe; of a Short-hand Teacher, to a Meeting-houſe; and one that has a good Hand at Pimping, to place himſelf near the Court; for then they may expect Buſineſs.

A Man of Merit may be allow'd to inſinuate it Modeſty. Prince *Maurice* being aſk'd who was the greateſt General of the Age, handſomly anſwer'd, the Marquis of *Spinola* is the ſecond.

Well, this Thing call'd Proſperity makes a Man ſtrangely inſolent and forgetful. How contemptibly a Cutler looks at a poor Grinder of Knives, a Phyſician in his Coach at a Farrier a Foot, and a well-grown *Paul's Church-yard* Bookſeller upon one of the Trade that ſells ſecond-hand Books under the Trees in *Moorfields*.

'Tis hard that a Man ſhould go out of the World almoſt as weak a Wretch as he came into it. *Senes bis Pueri*, Old Men are twice Children, ſays the Proverb. There is an old Drawer at the Baptiſt's Head in *Chancery-Lane*, that drew Vinegar when the *Scots* came into *England* with their Bagpipes and Covenant, in the Year 1640. Soon after, he was preferr'd a Story higher, I mean to draw Wine, in which Station he continu'd about forty Years; and ſince the late Revolution, he is a Vinegar-drawer again.

'Tis a very hard Caſe, if a Man can't find ſome Excuſe for his Frailty, let it be what it will. About ſeven Years ago, when there were ſuch Complaints of the ill Summers, and Mr. *Flamſteed* talk'd, that there were *Maculæ* in the Sun, I knew a Gentleman that us'd to get up about the Duſk of the Evening, and went to Bed by Break of Day, and this was the conſtant Courſe of Life he led. His Uncle aſk'd him, what the Plague made him ſuch a Sot? Oh, ſays he, the *Royal Society* ſay the Sun is ſick, and for my Part I hate to ſee ſick Folks.

A Man does not attain to the Top of Preferment in an Inſtant. In one Houſe a young Member generally is initated by moving for the bringing in of Candles, and in another by ſnuffing them.

Aſſiduity is one of the beſt Qualities in a Courtier, to recommend him to his Maſter. As Prince *Maurice* was once at Dinner, in came a huge Maſtiff, and took Sanctuary under the Table. The Pages beat him out of the Room; and kick'd him, but for all that, *Monſieur Chien* came punctually at the ſame Hour next Day, and ſo con-

continu'd his Viſits, tho' they ſtill continu'd the ſame Treatment to him. At laſt the Prince order'd them to beat him no more, and made much of him. From that Time the Maſtiff commenc'd a perfect Courtier, follow'd the Prince where-ever he went, lay all Night at his Chamber-door, ran by his Coach-ſide as duly as one of his Lacqueys; in ſhort, ſo inſinuated himſelf into his Maſter's Favour, that when he dy'd he ſettl'd a Penſion upon him for Life.

If your Friend is in Want, don't carry him to the Tavern, where you treat your ſelf as well as him, and entail a Thirſt and Head-ach upon him next Morning. To treat a poor Wretch with a Bottle of *Burgundy*, or fill his Snuff-Box, is like giving a Pair of Lace-Ruffles to a Man that has never a Shirt on his Back. Put ſomething into his Pocket.

When a Man has contracted a Habit, 'tis a hard matter to leave it off. A Fellow of a Houſe had got ſuch a Trick of talking *Latin*, that he could not forbear it even to the Scullion Boys and Bed-makers. One Afternoon, ſeeing one of the Turn-ſpit Dogs baſk himſelf deliciouſly in the Sun, he thus accoſted him. *Non ſtudes, ignave, non ſtudes, ſed toto die otioſus es, & oſtendis ingentes tuos Teſticulos ad Solem.*

What is Sawce for a Gooſe, is Sawce for a Gander. When any Calamities befel the *Roman* Empire, the *Pagans* us'd to lay it to the Charge of the Chriſtians: When Chriſtianity became the imperial Religion, the Chriſtians return'd the ſame Complement to the *Pagans*.

That which paſſes for current Doctrine at one Juncture, and in one Climate, won't do ſo in another. The Cavaliers, in the Beginning of the Troubles, us'd to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the Parliament; the Parliament trump'd it upon the Army, when they would not diſband; the Army back again upon the Parliament, when they diſputed their Orders. Never was poor Chapter ſo unmercifully toſs'd to and fro again!

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Con-

Conſcience is a Riddle I don't know what to make of; 'tis ſometimes Pride, 'tis ſometimes Obſtinacy, 'tis ſometimes Intereſt, 'tis ſometimes Nothing; like a ſkittiſh Jade, it will ſtartle at a Wind-mill, and ſtand Buff to a Cannon; it will keck at Pap, and digeſt Steel.

Æmilia would not let her Huſband take the Oaths to the Government, and yet never ſcruples to try a Fall with the next Comer for Half a Crown. Her pious Huſband too, tho' he won't ſwear, will ſooner get drunk upon Tick, than go ſober to Bed.

In the Time of the laſt War, a *French* Woman kept a little Bawdy-houſe in *Ghent*. To ingratiate with the *Engliſh* Officers, her conſtant Complement was, *Ayez pitie, Meſſieurs, d'une pauvre Refugee, qui eſt venue pour la Religion.* Notwithſtanding her Religion, ſhe had Harlots always at their Service.

Since this Revolution, a worthy Church-man, that for ſeveral Reaſons muſt be nameleſs, thank'd God that the Majority of the Clergy-men had taken the Oaths, and that others again had refus'd them; for, ſays he, by taking them, we have ſecur'd our poor Church, which otherwiſe had been in Danger of falling, as our Siſter of *Scotland* has done; and by ſome of us refuſing them, and ſacrificing all we had to them, we have ſhown the Nation there's ſuch a Thing as Conſcience ſtill among us. And yet this Reverend Parſon choſe rather to ſave the Church, than ſhow his Conſcience.

Meliſſa looks as demure as a Nun, goes twice a Day to Church, abhors the Play-houſe and Players, has always the Catalogue of the *Lent-Preachers* by Heart, rails at Patches and Commodes, and yet is a Fury incarnate in a Corner. I went to pay *Meliſſa* a Sum, ſays a Gentleman, laſt Night, and ſhe was ſo fond of my Money, that I thought, in my Conſcience, ſhe would have run away with the Purſe.

Women tax their Gallants of Inconſtancy without Reaſon. Their Humours, their Faces, their Charms, daily change; what makes them then complain?

For a Woman to think to ſecure her Lover, when her Beauty, that made him ſo, is gone, is to expect as great a Miracle as Tranſubſtantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents are ſaid to remain, when the Subſtance, that ſupported them, is vaniſh'd. But this is no Age for Miracles.

What unaccountable Creatures are Women! They treat their Humble Servants like Slaves, when they ſee them; they rail at them, they deſpiſe them, they'll hardly vouchſafe them a Look, yet are uneaſy in their Abſence.

A Miniſter, by ill adviſing his Prince, and putting him upon wrong Methods, has often had the Honour to ſee a flouriſhing Country reduc'd to Beggary. A Gentleman was railing, as faſt as his Lungs would give him Leave, at Cardinal *Richlieu*: Don't talk ſo loud, ſays his Friend to him, leſt ſome of his Creatures there ſhould over-hear you, meaning a Parcel of Beggars that ſtood by them.

Some Authors are ſo long a correcting and mending their Works, that, like *Paul*'s, they may be ſaid to be old before they are finiſh'd.

To acquaint a Man with his being a Cuckold, and to preach the 30th of *January* Sermon before the Houſe, are two tickliſh Points that one wou'd willingly avoid.

'Tis merry to conſider what Sort of Reaſons ſome Men give for what they do. A Diſſenting Parſon was preaching a Funeral Sermon in *Moorfields*; he laid about him ſo powerfully, that all the Congregation wept, except one Fellow, who ſeem'd not a Jot concern'd. Being aſk'd the Reaſon why he did not weep? What have I done to weep? ſays he; I am not of this Pariſh.

A good Outſide the beſt Sir *Charles Cotterel* in a ſtrange Place.

Servants are careleſs and impudent, and their Maſters, generally ſpeaking, may thank themſelves for't. A worthy Knight near *Twickenham*, had ſome Gentlemen at Dinner with him; he calls for a Bottle of Ale, his Boy opens it juſt under his Noſe, by the ſame Token it flew all upon his Face, Cravat, and Perriwig. The Knight, not

not at all diſturb'd, and wiping himſelf, Well, ſays he, this is the wittieſt Boy in the World; I warrant you, he ſerves me a hundred ſuch witty Tricks in a Year. Here, Sirrah, ſays *Tom Otway* to him, who chanc'd to be then in the Company, here's a Shilling for you to encourage you in your Wit.

How glad a Man is when he hears another accus'd of a Fault, which does not reach him! Some People were talking againſt Pluraliſts, and what a horrid Scandal and Shame they brought upon the Church. Heav'n be prais'd, ſays a certain Prelate, no-body can tax me with Pluralities: I have but one Benefice, God knows.

If the Church has a Mind to make any Thing paſs for a Sin, 'tis an eaſy Matter to lug and ſtretch a Text 'till it fits the Purpoſe. A Parſon would needs prove Dancing to be ſinful, and thus he brought it about. *Imprimis*, Dancing is a circular Motion, deny it who can. In the next Place, 'tis as plain as a Pike-ſtaff, that a circular Motion is Diabolical; for doth not the Text expreſsly ſay of the Devil, *Circuit terram quærens quem devoret?*

The late Ordinary of *Newgate*, Mr. *Smith*, who was one of the moſt famous Scruple-drawers of his Time, had one impenitent Clipper once to deal with. Why, ſays the Fellow, what Harm have I done? A Parcel of over-grown Shillings fell into my Hands, and I only par'd off their Superfluities. They would have bought but Twelve-penn'oth of Beef and Turnips at firſt, and they'll buy Twelve-penn'oth of Beef and Turnips ſtill. Ay, but hark you, my Friend, cry's the Ordinary, What is it to clip a Thing, but to pare it round? And what is paring Round call'd in Scripture, but Circumciſion? And who, under the Evangelical Diſpenſation, dares practice Circumciſion, but one that has actually renounc'd the Chriſtian Religion, and is a *Jew*, a moſt obſtinate perverſe *Jew* in his Heart? Upon this, the poor Clipper threw himſelf at his Feet, own'd the Heinouſneſs of his Sin, confeſs'd that Sabbath-breaking had brought him to't, and wept like a Church-Spout.

A jolly red-fac'd Preacher, at the upper-end of *Thames-Street*, had a great Mind to prove a ſtanding Army to be *Jure Divino*; and how did he make it out? Why, as plain as you'd wiſh: God Almighty, ſays he, keeps a ſtanding Army of Cherubims and Seraphims, to prevent the Incurſions and Depredations of the Devil: And what are Kings, but his Vicegerents? The Man meant all well, that's certain, and the Fraternity at *Young-Man*'s are bound in Honour to preſent him with a Silver Bottle-ſcrue and a Tobacco-box.

A Divine ought to calculate his Sermon, as an Aſtrologer does his Almanack, to the Meridian of the Place and People where he lives. What Stuff it is to preach againſt Uſury at *White-hall*, and Fornication in *Lombard-Street*? No, invert the Tables; preach againſt Uſury in *Lombard-Street*, and Fornication at *White-hall*.

On Sunday Morning a Shower of Rain drove a Gentleman of my Acquaintance into the College Chapel at *Chelſea*. The Miniſter, as he told me, was very furiouſly inveighing againſt Covetouſneſs before a Parcel of Fellows that were in no great Danger of being infected with that Sin, or ever ſeeing a greater Sum than Half a Crown. He ought to have preach'd againſt Swearing, Pilfering, rubbing out of Ale-houſe Scores, and building of Sconces,

Ingratitude, Perfidy, Oppreſſion, Bribery, and the like, may be preach'd againſt in every Church between *Berwick* and St. *Michael*'s *Mount*.

St. *Epiphanius*, St. *Theophilact*, St. *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, the *Concilium Illiberitanum*, and St. *Auſtin de Civitate Dei*, rumble well in a Country Church, and make the Parſon admir'd by his Flock; but is not one good Argument more convincing than a thouſand Citations out of St. *Gregory*?

To quote St. *Ambroſe*, or St. *Jerome*, or any other Red-letter'd Father, to prove any ſuch important Truth as this, That Virtue is commendable, and all Exceſs to be avoided; is like ſending for the Sheriff to come with the *Poſſe Commitatus* to diſperſe a few Boys at Foot-Ball, when it may be done without him.

Some

Some Divines make the ſame Uſe of Fathers and Councils, as our Beaus do of their Canes, not for Support or Defence, but meer Ornament and Show; and cover themſelves with fine Cobweb-Diſtinctions, as *Homer's* Gods did with a Cloud,

Tho' Ignorance is none of the beſt Qualifications for one that ſets up for Director of others, yet 'tis better we ſhould have a few ignorant Parſons, than our Pariſhes have none to look after them. My Lord *D*——— aſk'd a certain Biſhop in the late Reign, why he confer'd Orders upon ſo many Blockheads? Oh! my Lord, ſays he, 'tis better the Ground ſhould be plough'd by Aſſes, than lie untill'd.

All Churches, let them pretend what they will, aſpire at Power. The *Huguenots* in *France*, after the Aſſembly of *Rochel*, in the Year 1623, gave Commiſſions to their Officers to raiſe Horſe and Foot *in Nomine Eccleſiarum.*

The Preſbyterian Divines have been obſerv'd, of late, to preach after the Manner of the Church of *England*-Men. Without ſetting up for a Prophet, I dare venture to affirm, that this will be their Ruin. 'Twas the melodious Twang of the Noſe, the duſting of the Cuſhion, the black Cap tipt with White, the zealous Toſs of the Handkerchief, in ſhort, the Fire, the Vehemence, the Impetuoſity of their Action, that gave them all their Authority with the People; which they'll ſoon loſe, if once they quit Show and Grimace for good Reaſon and Senſe. People then will go to their Pariſh-Churches.

Singularity of Expreſſion, Habit, and the like, keep up a Sect that would otherwiſe fall. This, for ought I know, has been the chief Preſervation of *Judaiſm.* When ever the Quakers part with their broad-brimm'd Hats, little Cravats, and Coats without Pockets before, the Author of *The Snake in the Graſs* may e'en leave off writing againſt them, for their Farthing-Candle, call'd the private Spirit, will go out of it ſelf.

People may talk what they will of the Liberty of *Amſterdam*, but 'tis no where in ſuch Perfection, ſay I, as in

London. A Man in *Amſterdam* is ſuffer'd to have but one Religion, whereas in *London* he may have two Strings to his Bow.

A Man that ſplits himſelf between two Churches, is true to neither, but to his own Intereſt.

There muſt be ſomething more than ordinary in the Wind, when a ſplay-mouth'd Linſey-woolſey Sir *Humphrey*, to qualify himſelf for a Gold Chain and Scarlet Gown, can ſwallow ſo rank a Pill as Superſtition, and ſubmit to the Popery of St. *Paul's*.

Sometimes the Church of *England* and Preſbytery ſhall be one, ſometimes as different as Light and Darkneſs, juſt as the preſent Juncture of Affairs will have it.

The Miniſters of both Churches, that can admit ſuch amphibious Animals by Turns to their Communion, have ſome inviſible Loop-holes to creep out at, which no-body elſe can ſee. For Shame, charge the *Jeſuits* no more with Equivocation!

A Man that keeps ſteady to one Party, tho' he happen to be in the Wrong, is ſtill an honeſt Man.

He that goes to a Cathedral in the Morning, and *Salters-Hall* in the Afternoon, is a Raſcal by his own Confeſſion.

A true Citizen's Conſcience makes a Gain of every Thing, even of Godlineſs itſelf.

Mahometaniſm came into the World with Teeth and Claws, was nurs'd up in Violence, Rapine, and Murder, yet, grown up to Man's Eſtate, generally gives Quarter to thoſe of a different Belief. Chriſtianity, whoſe diſtinguiſhing Character is Love and Meekneſs, allows Cutting of Throats for the Propagation of the Goſpel.

A Man in throwing Dirt at his Adverſary, does often beſpatter himſelf. Two Country Fellows quarrel'd in the Field, and one purſu'd the other up to his own Village. When he found himſelf ſafe, Now come on, ſays he, ye Cuckoldly Dog, if you dare; we are four to one of you.

A Woman will ſuffer any Thing, ſooner than to ſee her Huſband beſtow his Kindneſs elſewhere. My Lady

B—— found Sir *John* and her Gentlewoman too familiar together. The very next Moment ſhe turn'd her away. Huſſy, crys ſhe, at Parting, I have no Occaſion for ſuch as you; all the Buſineſs you do here I can as well diſpatch my ſelf.

Selfiſh never ſpeaks well of any one, and never dines at Home. 'Twas juſtly ſaid of him, That he never open'd his Mouth, but at another Man's Expence.

A jealous Man and a Cuckold, ſays Sir *John Sucklin*, differ like Alderman and Mayor; a little Time makes one the other. A common Slanderer wants only an Opportunity to be a Cut-throat.

What greater Torment can there be on this Side Hell, than Deſire and Impotence?

The *Epheſian* Matron, of famous Memory, was an Angel to ſome of our modern Wives: She had the Manners to ſtay 'till her Huſband was cold, before ſhe diſpos'd of herſelf. Ours enter into Articles before the old Bond is cancel'd. Dear *Betty*, ſays a Butcher in *Smithfield*, a little before he dy'd, I am not a Man for this World, therefore I would adviſe you to marry our Man *Jack*; 'tis a clever, well-built, ſtrong Fellow, and our Buſineſs you know, requires ſuch a one. Well, Huſband, anſwers ſhe, and ſo it does; but if that's all, never trouble your ſelf, *John* and I have agreed that Matter already.

'Tis not a fine Show of Books makes a Scholar; and yet, crys the *Fleet-Ditch* Quack, why ſhould not I know as much as any of the College? I'm ſure I have as good a Library. As if ſtaring upon a Parcel of Books neatly bound, or upon a Heap of Guineas thro' a Goldſmith's Glaſs in *Cheapſide*, would either make a Man learned or rich.

Buying of Books is grown into a Faſhion, even with thoſe that can't read them. The aforeſaid Quack hearing a *Buxtorf*'s *Hebrew* Lexicon put up at Auction, cries aloud, I'll have it. When he had look'd upon it a little, he return'd it back to the Auctioneer. Mr. *Millington*, ſays he, you may e'en keep this Book for your own Uſe; I'll have none on't. Why, the damn'd

Book-

Book-binder has ſpoil'd it; he has made it begin at the End.

In ſome Grounds every Thing degenerates. Wheat runs into Barley, Artichokes turn to Thiſtles, Grapes give nothing but Verjuice. And thus the beſt Subject grows flat and inſipid in ſome Hands, that have the Reverſe of *Midas*'s Talent, and turn every Thing into Lead.

He that writes abundance of Books, and gets abundance of Children, may, in ſome Senſe, be ſaid to be a Benefactor to the Publick, becauſe he furniſhes it with Bum-fodder and Soldiers; but 'tis impoſſible he ſhould beſtow enough upon them to make them appear handſomely in the World.

'Tis a Sign of the laſt Neceſſity in an Author, when he is forc'd to ſteal for himſelf. 'Tis worſe than robbing the Spittle.

Mr. *Shadwell*, in one of his laſt Plays, is ſo honeſt as to own, that he had ſtole a few Hints out of a *French* Comedy, but pretends 'twas rather out of Lazineſs than Want. This Confeſſion, inſtead of mending Matters, would have hang'd him at the *Old-Baily*; and why it ſhould ſave him in *Parnaſſus*, I can't tell.

'Tis ſtrange that an Author ſhould have a Gameſter's Fate, and not know when to give over. Had the City Bard ſtopp'd his Hand at *Prince Arthur*, he had miſs'd Knighthood, 'tis true, but he had gone off with ſome Applauſe.

Cleander, don't give your ſelf the Trouble to write againſt *Nævius*; ſtay but a while, and you'll find he'll ſcribble himſelf out of his little Reputation.

One would almoſt ſwear, that ſome Authors had ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip to a Faggot-maker. A ſubſtantial Stick or two on the Outſide, a promiſing Title, a tolerable Preface, and all Rubbiſh within.

Never was there ſuch a Shoal of Verſifiers, and ſo few Poets.

Some Books, like the City of *London*, fare the better for being burnt.

Plays

The Mitred Hog and Ladys

Vol: IV. p 139. E Kirkall Sculp

UNIV. OF MICH.

Plays and Romances ſell as well as Books of Devotion; but with this Difference, more People read the former than buy them; and more buy the latter, than read them.

'Tis natural for every Man to be fond of his own Country, and what it produces. In the Pariſh-Church of *Soeſt*, in *Weſtphalia*, there is a Repreſentation of the Laſt Supper in a Glaſs-Window, where our Saviour and the Apoſtles ſit down before a Gammon of Bacon, the topping Diſh of the Country, inſtead of the Paſcal Lamb. Two hundred Years ago, perhaps in the Days of *Popery*, an *Engliſh* Painter would have made it a Surloin of Beef.

'Tho' Life is ſo ſhort, we ſpend it as unprofitable as if we had *Methuſela*'s Age to ſquander away. How many tireſome *Dutch* Volumes and tedious Nights, has Dr. *B*——*y* gone through, to acquire all that uſeful Learning about *Theriolian* Cups, and *Sicilian* Groats!

'Twas a merry Saying of *Rabelais*, That a Man ought to buy all the bad Books that come out, becauſe they will never be printed again.

Mr.

Mr. BROWN'S

Dialogues of the DEAD.

In Imitation of *LUCIAN.*

The Scene HELL.

The Trial of CUCKOLDS.

Lucifer. HOld! Porter, ſhut the Gates of this our auguſt Court, that we may not be thus throng'd. Let no more come in, 'till we have clear'd the Bench of theſe Numbers we have before us already.

Porter. Mighty Emperor, your Commands ſhall be obey'd.

Lucif. Now, *my noble Lords*, ſet we our ſelves to ſearch and examine what of late Years brings daily ſuch Gluts and Spring-Tides of Souls to our infernal Manſions, 'ſpecially at this Time, when neither War, Famine, nor Plague, are abroad in the upper World, or at leaſt in that Part of it from whence I obſerve moſt of this Gang arrive; *Europe* I mean: If there were War, 'twould be no Wonder ſo many were damn'd; the Liberties of the Sword ſurprize enough in their Sins to throng our Courts of Juſtice: Nor is the *Plague* without

out Advantages for us that Way; the few that have ſpiritual Relief, in ſuch contagious and quickly-deſtroying Diſtempers, encreaſe our Crop: And the general Cruelty of Mankind is ſuch, that in Famine, thoſe that have will keep for themſelves and their Dogs, and let the reſt of their own Species periſh, without ſo much as a pitying Look: And this makes many *Atheiſts* in their Wants, and does that, without our Inſtigation, which we could not perſwade *Job* to do, that is, *Curſe God, and Die.*

But, *my Lords*, when none of theſe, our loyal Vaſſals, are abroad, 'tis not ſtrange that I am to ſeek in the Cauſe of this great Concourſe at our Tribunal; and, therefore, that *Virtue*, for Want of Reward and due Praiſe, may not ſlacken, we will examine to what induſtrious Friend we owe this unexpected Succeſs; Wherefore, you *Minor Devils*, and *Under-Officers*, of our Court, bring them, in Order, to the Bar; and let no Devil of Honour, that has paſt that inferior Office of touching the Uncleanneſs of Humanity, defile himſelf with too near an Approach to any of them.

[*Here ſeveral Lacquey-Devils and Porter-Devils, with the reſt of the Mob of Hell, bring on the firſt Band to the Bar in* Italian *Garbs.*]

Speak, Criminal, whence thou art? Of what Nation, Quality, or Condition in the World? And what's the happy Cauſe of thy coming hither?

Ghoſt. Firſt, *Senior*, adjuſt ſome Points in Diſpute, which highly concern the Honour of our Country, and the Decorum of good Breeding, and I ſhall, for all this noble Train that follow me, anſwer to your Devilſhip's Queries. Coming to the Confines of your flouriſhing Empire, we were met by ſome of the Officers of this honourable Aſſembly, who gave us ſafe Conduct to your Royal Preſence: But juſt now, entring into theſe Liſts, confronted us a Company of paltry Scoundrels, and preſs'd for Precedence, ſwearing, That they were *Engliſhmen*, and ought to take Place of all that were damn'd

damn'd for Cuckolds. We urg'd our Title in Heraldry, That we ought to take Place of all Nations, being the Succeſſors of the once Maſters of the Univerſe; but they were deaf to Reaſon here, as well as in the World, and one ſwore *D—me*, *Bl—d* and *Z—ns*, another, Oaths all round the Compaſs; and in this Volly of Mouth-Grenadoes, one very demure Gentleman preſs'd, by *Yea* and *Nay*, that we were in the wrong; and had it not been for this *Honourable Devil* here, that's a Friend to our Nation, we had been worm'd out of our Birth-right by the *Arſe* and *Refuſe* of the World: *Et penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos*, as our Noble Country-Man has it, Dogs ſhut out of Doors from all the reſt of Mankind. I therefore appeal to this thrice excellent Senate, and you the *Right and moſt Reverend Doge*, to addreſs this Affront.

Lucif. Hey-day! What, has not Hell yet brought you to your Senſes, that you can think we Devils are ſuch Sots to trouble our Heads about the ridiculous *Whims* of *Ceremonious Mankind?* But ſince they were ſo obſtreperous to make a Diſturbance in *Hell*, they ſhall be the laſt heard: Therefore proceed to the Queſtion.

Ghoſt. An't pleaſe your thrice puiſſant Devilſhip, *Noble Senior*, I was coming to that Point: Therefore, to be brief, (for I hate Prolixity) I am, Sir, an *Italian* by *Nation*, and a Noble-Man by Quality. My own Vanity, and ill Chance, gave me a pretty Wife, and my Honour made me chuſe her of an *Illuſtrious Houſe*; but ſhe prov'd *Lewd* and *Prodigal*, the natural Iſſue of *Beauty* and *High Birth*; my Dotage on her Charms hath bred in me ſuch a fond, blind, uxorious Vice, *(which my Country-Men are ſeldom guilty of)* that I was almoſt ruin'd before I found I was betray'd: But travelling towards *Genoua*, I met the Spark, my pretended Friend, on the Road to my Dwelling; I ſeemingly paſs'd on my Way, but in the Night return'd, unexpected, and ſurpriz'd 'em all, and, therefore, as my Honour bid me, I murder'd him, and bak'd him in a Pye, and *(ingeniouſly in my Revenge)* ſwore ſhe ſhould eat no other Food but her Lover: The Cruſt ſhe a while did eat, but one Day, having prepar'd a

Stellato,

Stellato, at Supper she dispatch'd me thus to your thrice *Noble* and *Illustrious Devilship*.

Luc. Very well! and worthy thou art of such a Punishment, that couldst not forgive Beauty a gentle Slip of that Nature thou thy self hadst so often transgress'd. Speak the next.

2 *Ghost.* I am also an *Italian*; and observing a Gentleman often ogling my Wife, which she did not a little encourage, I sent a *Bravo* to dispatch him; (for we *Italians* do not love to look *Revenge* in the Face our selves) but the Rogue of a *Bravo*, won by my Wife, and by a great Sum of Money of my Adverfary's, comes back to me, and cuts my *Throat*. And this, *most noble Senior*, is most of our Cases; our Wives have given us the casting Throw for Damnation.

Luc. You, the rest of the malignant Train, is this true, that your *Wives* have sent you hither?

Omnes. Yes, yes; we have all had Wives.—— All the Plagues of *Egypt* let us undergo, but no Wives, we most humbly beseech your *Most Noble Devilship*.

Luc. Prayers are in vain; Transgressions are to be punish'd by the same Way they are committed; nor must you be your own Carvers here in *Hell*, Gentlemen. Away with 'em, down into Cuckolds-Cave, ten thousand Fathom deeper than the Whore-Masters, and next the Keeping-Cullies, *and let each have two Wives to torment him.*

Omnes. O Wives! Wives!

[*They are remov'd off, and others brought on.*

Luc. Proceed to the next Band. Say, what were you in the World, and what dear Sin brought you to this Place?

Spanish Ghost. Great Prince of *Darkness*, and Lord of the *greatest Part of Mankind*, may it please your *Catholick Majesty*, I was, by my Worldly State and Condition, a *Spanish Grandee*, of the first Magnitude, rich as Fortune and an indulgent Prince well could make me, (for your *Devilship* must know, our King is but a Sheep for us to fleece when we please, which we do in all Places, letting his Soldiers and inferior Servants starve) happy, 'till too

too much Succeſs was my undoing; for by that I gain'd the Lady I lov'd, and ſo in one *unhappy Word* was married. 'Tis tedious to repeat the Injuries I receiv'd from the ungrateful Fair, who, after all, to make Room for another, ſent me away *(like an Italian as ſhe was)* in all my Sins, with a poiſonous Draught.

Luc. Is the ſame your Fate, you, the reſt of this beſotted Crew, that have met with juſt Puniſhment from one Part of your ſelves, for preferring your private Grandeur before the Service of your King and Honour of your Country?

Omnes. Yes, yes; Thirſt of Honour and Wealth made us cheat the King; that drew down the Judgment of Wedlock; and that brought us to this long Home and Fiend of Matrimony.

Luc. Away with theſe, and drive 'em out of their Snails Pace. [*A tatter'd Ghoſt comes forward.*

Ghoſt. Juſt may be their Puniſhment, moſt *noble Devil*; but why ſhould I be condemn'd to *Wincing*, who was ſo far from cheating the King, that I could never get my Due of him, and being a Gentleman born, never did any thing below my Extraction, and have gone without a Meal, many a Time, rather than degrade my ſelf to get one? And tho' I could arrive to it no other ways, yet kept up my Part ſtill in ſtately Walk, and my Wallet, tho' I had no Bread for either, or a Shirt to my Back.

Luc. Since thy own Folly made thee marry, 'tis now too late to prate, you muſt away with the reſt.

[*They are carry'd off, and others brought on.*

Bring the next to the Bar: Declare the Cauſe of your deſerv'd Damnation. My Life on't theſe dapper Sparks are in for Cakes and Ale too; the very Air of their Faces ſpeaks them *Cuckolds.*

French Ghoſt. Sire, may it pleaſe your moſt victorious Majeſty, *Voſtre Eſclavo* is a *French-Man* by Birth, and a Leader of the *Moſt Chriſtian King*'s moſt magnanimous Forces; and whilſt I, with my *Commiſſiones*, was reaping *Lawrels* in the Field of Renown, and engaging the Enemy abroad, my Lady Wife (as moſt of our *French* Wives

Wives will, (for having once tasted the Sweets of Love, they'll ne'er have done 'till they have undone us one way or other) my Lady Wife, I say, was engaging with a Friend at Home, who very genteely gave her the POX, which I, at my Return, like a gay *Cavalier of a Husband*, receiv'd of her as genteely without Rebuke, it being no Matter of Scandal with us. But *Madamoiselle POX* proving a very *Virago*, gave me a damn'd Thrust in *Quarto*, and sent me hither in *Decimo sexto*, *Monseigneur*.

Luc. You, the rest, speak.

Omnes. We are all *French-Men*, and therefore you need not doubt the Cause, the *Pox* and our *Wives*, *Ma foy*.

Luc. Away with them: They'll make a Fire by themselves, or will serve instead of *Small-Coal* to kindle others; for they are half burnt out already. Place 'em next the *Spaniards*. The next there speak.

[*They are carry'd off, more brought on.*

Ger. Ghost. I am, by *Nation*, a *German*, and, by *Damnation*, a *Husband*, a *Cuckold*, or what you please; for I hate to mince the Matter with a long Preamble, when *a Word to the Wise* is enough.

Luc. Very well; you, the rest, speak.

Omnes. Ev'n so, an't please your Imperial *Devilship*; whilst we drank and fought against the *Turks*, our Wives whor'd with the *Christians*. O Wives! Wives!

Luc. Away with these into the hottest, for their Carcasses are so soak'd with Liquor, that they'll put out an ordinary Fire. You, the next, speak.

[*They are carry'd off, others brought on.*

Dutch Ghost. Gads Sacrament, I am a Member, or rather two Members, of the *Hogen-Mogen Common-wealth* of *Europe*. Two Members, I say; for I am a Member *governed*, and a Member *governing*; for the People with us, and in all such Common-wealths, are both Subjects and Masters, govern Laws, and govern'd by the same.

Luc. Your Country's Name then is *Contradiction*. Is it not?

Ghost. Contradiction to *Monarchy*, tho' set up by some Monarchs to spite others. But to your Question, old *Tarpaulin*: Whilst I was getting Money and drinking

Punch

Punch and Brandy, to hearten me for the noble Combats of *Snick* or *Snee*, or ſome illuſtrious Sea-fight, or ſome generous Undertaking at the Iſland of *Formoſa*, (for a true *Dutch-Man* never fights without his Head full of Brandy) my Wife made it fly like *Suterkins* at Home; at laſt ſhe made me turn Bankrupt, and cheat my Creditors, and ſo dying, I came with a full Sail and briſk Gale into *your Port*.

Luc. You, the reſt, ſpeak.

Omnes. For our *Wives*, *O Suterkin Hogan*, our *Wives*, whoſe *broad-built Bulk the' boiſterous Billows bear*.

Luc. Away with them into the Den of Anarchy and Confuſion, below the Founders of *Babel*.

[*They are carry'd off, and abundance of Engliſh Bands come forward.*

Luc. Numerous Crew! anſwer me; What has brought you into this Kingdom; and what were you in the *World?*

[*A Ghoſt of a Beau ſpeaks to another of the ſame Feather.*]

1 *Beau's Gh.* D——me, *Jack*, didſt ever hear ſo ſilly and impertinent a Queſtion? As if *Marriage* was *not* the the only Cauſe of *Damnation*. [*Aſide.*

2 *Beau's Gh.* R——t me, *Ned*, as thou ſay'ſt, I never heard a Country Juſtice aſk more *mal a propos*; but the Devil's an Aſs, and ſo let him paſs.

The firſt of the firſt Band anſwers the Devil.

I am an *Engliſh-Man*, who, after I had been a notorious Cuckold, was perſwaded by my Wife to fight the Man that made me ſo, and was fairly kill'd for Satisfaction, as all this Band that follows me were; and we are damn'd for *Fools* as well as *Cuckolds*.

Omnes. 'Tis true, *Honour* and *Wedlock* have been our Ruin.

Luc. Away with them into *Fools Paradiſe*, below the Keeping-Cullies, as the more *unpardonable Monſters*.

[*They are carry'd off, and as the next come in, the Beaux ſpeak.*

1 *Be. G.* D——me, *Ned*, didſt ever know ſuch Fools as they, that could not be ſatisfy'd to live *Cuckolds*, but muſt die ſo too, with a Witneſs, [*Aſide.*

2 *Be. Gh.*

2 *Be. Gh.* R——t me, *Jack*, if ever I was of that fighting Humour; nor did I ever fight but once, and then forc'd to it; but my *Stays* sav'd my Life, and I wore my Glove that was cut in the Encounter as long as 'twould hang on my Hand: Therefore, tho' I knew Sir *Roger All-fight* kiss'd my *Wife*, yet as long as I could sup at the *Rose*, and break the Drawer's Head if he made not Haste, or brought *bad Wines*, or so, 'gad I let him kiss her and welcome. [*Aside.*

1 *Be. Gh.* S——k me, *Ned*, I was always of thy Mind, as long as I could flutter abroad in my Glass Coach, have my Diamond Snuff-Box full of *Orangeree* or *Roderigo*, *&c.* D——me if I car'd a Rush who rode in my Saddle. But mark that formal Coxcomb is now going to speak: Lord! how fine a Thing it is to be a Man of Wit, and what a singular Figure he makes! but hark, old Grey-Beard begins, [*Aside.*

Luc. Speak you the next.

Ghost. I was a Man of Quality, of the same Country; but my Fortune being, in my Youth, run out, in *France* for Breeding, and in *England* by Keeping, I thought in my riper Years to retrieve all by marrying a *City Heiress*; but she had, by Nature, so much of the Mother in her, that by Intriguing and Equipage she soon brought me into a worse Condition than before: So that, as my last Refuge, I was forc'd to turn *Plotter*, and being discover'd, was lopp'd shorter by the Head, as all this honourable Tribe that follows me were.

Luc. Away with 'em.

—[*They are carry'd off, and, as the next are bringing to the Bar, the Beaus discourse again.*]

1 *Be. Gh.* D——me, *Ned*, this was a worse Fool than t'other.

2 *Be. Gh.* R——t me, *Jack*, *vous avez raison:* For I always lov'd to keep my self out of the *Jeopardy of Action: Jack*, I'd talk Treason, or so; sort my self with the Disaffected, and blow up the Coals of their *Discontent*, or so: But for *Engagements*, *Covenants*, *Conditions*, *and unlawful Assemblies*, 'gad they must pardon me. [*Aside.*

1 *Be. Gh.*

1 *Be. Gh.* Z——ns, *Ned*, thou and I were always one Man; I could rail at the Magistrates, pen a *Lampoon*, or, at least, convey it to *Julian*, give penny Pies to the *Mob* to make a Noise, *ridicule the Transactions of the Government*, and give squinting *Reflections on the King*, that was my *Ne plus ultra*; for all that I can see, we are in the best Case still, *Ned*. But now our Band advances, let us press forward, or our Cause may fail. [*Aside.*

2 *Be. Gh.* Hell and Damnation, all's lost; for look yonder, that conceited Coxcomb, my Lord *Flippant*, presuming on his *Quality*, has taken upon him to be our Chief, and Spokes-Man. [*Aside.*

1 *Be. Gh.* S——nk me, *Ned*, so say I: I never knew a conceited Man, but he was a *Fool*; but let's hear, we may put in an *Appeal*, or a *Writ of Error afterward*, or award *Judgment*, if our Cause be ill handled. [*Aside.*

O! what an admirable Thing it is to be a Man of Parts!

Luc. Speak, thou fluttering Fool, for the rest of this thy *Peacock-Gang*.

L. Flippant's Ghost. D——me, Sir, I have been a Man of the Town, or rather a Man of Wit, and have been confess'd a *Beau*, and admitted into the Family of the *Rakehellonians*: And, D——me, Sir, I think I am much under that *Dilemma* at present.——— I was learn'd in the ingenious Art of *Dumfounding*; a Wit I said, *dear Devil*, I was, and it lay as a Gentlemans shou'd, most in Lewdness and *Atheism*. I married in Jest, or a Frolick, which you please; but as I thought a Fortune, *(gos by Cullies)* I was made a Cuckold in earnest; tho' that was no great Grievance to me, since it only made me in the Mode: Nor cou'd I expect any better, since I knew she was a Whore before I had her; but 'twas with my Betters, and so I was contented her Mony shou'd pass currant with me, where her Reputation would not; But *Sharping* was her best *Quality*, and *Gaming* her greatest *Patrimony*; and she set up a *Basset-Table*, and whilst I was at the *Groom-Porter's*, throwing *a-main*, she wou'd be sure to set me, at Home, a Pair of *Horns*, I seldom coming to my Apartment, but I met some *Cully Nobleman* or other;

other; but that which was worſt, ſhe ſtill had a *Knave* in her Mouth, or an *Aſpue* in her Tail, that carry'd away all the Gain: Whilſt I was at *Will's Coffee-Houſe*, faſt'ned in *Controverſy* or *Poetick Rhapſodies*, though I had neither *Religion* nor *Learning*, ſhe was ſure of me 'till Play-Time, and then too; for at Five, Come, *Dick*, ſays I (to a Brother of the *Orange* and *Cravat-String*) D—me, let's to the Play: R——t me, ſays he, 'tis a dull one: D——me, ſays I, I value not the Play, my Province lies in the Boxes, ogling my Half-Crown away, or running from *Side-Box* to *Side-Box*, to the inviting *Incognito's* in black Faces, or elſe wittily to cry out aloud in the Pit, *&c. Bough*, or *Boyta*, and then be prettily anſwer'd by the reſt of the *Wits* in the ſame *Note*, like Muſical Inſtruments tuned to the ſame Pitch. And whilſt I was thus generouſly employ'd, my Conſort had her Retreat of Quality, to be provided of what I fail'd in. From the Play to the *Roſe*, where we drank 'till Four, or Break of Day; from thence to Bed, where we lay 'till four or five again, ſo in *infinitum*.

1 *Be. Gh.* D——me, *Jack*, did'ſt ever hear a Sot ſpoil a good Tale in the Telling ſo?

2 *Be. Gh.* Z——ns, *Ned*, we're undone through this Scoundrel's Ignorance and Nonſenſe: Shall I ſpeak?

1 *Be. Gh.* R——t me, if thou wilt, thou may'ſt; but I am ſure I could make more of it: For tho' thou art a Man of *Wit*, and a good Judge of *Poetry*, and all that, R——t me, *Jack*, *Oratory* is thy blind Side.

2 *Be. Gh.* D——me, Sir, don't put upon your Friends; for have I been bred at the Univerſity, and think my ſelf as good a Judge as you or any Man alive: And, Sir, were we out of the Court, I believe you would not thus have abus'd me.

1 *Be. Gh.* Nay, D——me, *Ned*, now thou art unjuſt to thy Friend: R——t me, to Quarrel for't, I acknowledg'd thee a Man of Parts, *Ned*, and all that.

Luc. Away with the gay Sots, and becauſe I have no Plagues in Hell equal to their Deſerts, let them be a Torment to one another. Away with them.

[*As they are carrying off, the Beaus diſcourſe.*

1 *Be. Gh.*

1 *Be. Gh.* Well, *Ned*, ſhall I ſpeak before it is too late? You may depend on my Excellence in Oratory, 'tis my Talent; I never writ *Billet-deux* in my Life, but it prevail'd with the cruel Nymph: And do you think I can't with the *Devil*? I'll perſwade him out of his ſeven Senſes, Man? D—me, I'll make it appear to him that he is a God, and all that, Man: R——t me, *Ned*, be not obſtinate.

2 *Be. Gh.* Z——ns, Sir, no more of that Strain. Sir, you're a Coxcomb. What! doubt my univerſal Parts?

[*They are carry'd off.*

Luc. You, with ſuch a buſy Face, ſpeak, What are you?

Here abundance of Cits, in various Dreſſes, come forward.

Cit. Ghoſt. An't pleaſe your infernal Majeſty, I was a Right Worſhipful Citizen of *London*, that famous *Metropolis* of *England*, and I have born all the honourable Employments of the ſame, ev'n to Sheriff and Lord Mayor: I was long of the Court of Aldermen, and one of the chief Spokes-Men of the Common-Council: I made Speeches, and penn'd moſt of the Addreſſes. But 'tis not for being a Cuckold alone, or that I was feign to cheat ſo many to maintain my Wives Pride and Luxury, that I am damn'd with this Right Worſhipful Crew here; for thoſe are Crimes common to the reſt of our Brother-Citizens, as well as us; but we were ſo mad to marry ſecond Wives, and for their Sakes turn our Children out of Doors, (after we had bred them up in all the Eaſe and Luxury of the Age,) to ſeek their Fortunes in the wide World, and left our Eſtates to our Wives at our Death, who will be ſure to beſtow them on ſome ſilly hectoring *Spendthrift Bully* of *Alſatia* or other, and let the Children, begot of our own Bodies, ſtarve.

Luc. Away with that rank Gang of Fools, as well as Knaves, who cou'd ſo much forget Nature and its neceſſary and known Laws, as to caſt off their own Offſpring, to give away their Subſtance to thoſe that will not only miſuſe it, but contemn the Memory of them that were their Benefactors, with ſo great an Injury to Nature.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* May it pleaſe your noble *Devilſhip* to hear me, before you give Judgment upon us, and I don't doubt, but I ſhall ſeriouſly, offer ſuch Reaſons of our Behaviour in that Matter, as ſhall ſufficiently move that Ignominy your *Devilſhip* was pleas'd to caſt upon us. Firſt, then, tho' it be true, that upon my Marriage, I agreed with my ſecond Spouſe to turn all my Children out of Door, yet I did it not 'till ſhe or I had found ſome Cauſe ſo to do; for ſome of them were undutiful, and others put Tricks upon me, (as my good Wife ſaid) and others were lewd and extravagant, and ſome ſelf-will'd; ſo that I deſerted none of 'em without ſome Fault. If they were undutiful, was I to blame to puniſh 'em for it? Or was it my Duty to keep and maintain them, after they were of ſufficient Bigneſs to prog for themſelves? The Birds and Beaſts take Care of their Young no longer, than 'till they are able to care for themſelves; and why ſhould Man be confin'd to more ſevere Laws in that Point than his Vaſſal Creatures? I muſt profeſs, on the Word of a Citizen, that I can ſee no Reaſon why a Man that gets his Eſtate himſelf, may not give it away to whom he pleaſes; and none ſo near and deſerving, as the Wife of one's Boſom. What tho' ſhe may have Slips, the Witcheries and Temptations of Love are great to their ſoft Sex; and if we have been ſo employ'd in geting, that we could not mind that other Buſineſs, why ſhould we blame them for eaſing us by other Supplies, where we wanted Power to give them.

Luc. Thou haſt ſpoken as much to the Purpoſe, as when in the World thou uſed Harangue at the Choice of a Sheriff; and therefore I ſhall proceed to a ſingular Puniſhment for you: Your Argument of puniſhing your Children for their Undutifulneſs, turns here on your own Head; for when they are little, you encourage their Impudence: And that is a witty Child with you, that can prate ſaucily and lewdly before he can read, and ſwear and catch the Maids

by it before seven Years old; and then when you have given them their Head without Controll, during their Childhood and Minority, you punish them for the Fruit of that Tree which your selves have planted, which is in it self the Height of Injustice; but on the contrary, you are condemn'd for breaking the Laws of your Maker, which you were bred in Fear of, and taught to obey; and you that could punish your own Flesh and Blood so for nothing, without relenting, have a just Judgment for being punish'd here without Mercy. And as for their being lewd and extravagant, that is no Plea for you, since that is the Lesson you have taught 'em both by Example and Precept, from the Time of their Birth, 'till their coming to Years of Understanding; for you let a Taylor's Daughter, with you, go in the Garb of the Children of a Duke in the *Country*, and even Miss *Ketch* be call'd away from the Mob: Your Sons must keep their Horses, and their Whores too, before they know the Use of either; and then you punish them for persevering when they are better skill'd. And as for the Birds and Beasts, (Examples I think unworthy to be follow'd by a nobler Being, or quoted as a Precedent) they are so far excelling you in that Point, that they educate their Young in the simple Course of Nature, not elevating them above what's necessary, nor leaving them, 'till they have sufficiently inur'd them to provide for themselves all that Nature requires. But, just contrary to the Example you quote, you, all the Infancy of your Children, keep them from Hardship and knowing how to live and provide for themselves, and then on the sudden cast them out of their Nest unfledg'd, without teaching them to fly. Nor is your proud Supposition, that you may dispose of your own Gettings, more pious or justifiable, unless you will make your selves Gods, and claim the Propriety of that which you cannot carry out of the World with you, no more than you brought it in. 'Twas Heaven that

gave

gave Succeſs to your Endeavours, to provide for thoſe other Bleſſings it beſtow'd upon you, of fine hopeful Children; and you were, in Right, but their Tenant for Life, to improve your Subſtance for their Good. Nor can you in Reaſon imagine any one deſerves it better; for Juſtice and Reaſon both will have it, that you that have begot them into the World without their Seeking or Deſires, to ſatisfy your own Pleaſures, ought to provide all you can for them that you brought thus involuntarily into the Maze of Fortune and the Treachery of Mankind. And of all in the World, you have the leaſt Reaſon to leave it to a Wife, that not only betrays the Rights of your Bed, proſtituting herſelf and your Honour to Raſcals; but ſhew'd at firſt ſo little Reſpect and Love for you, as to deſire ſo unreaſonable a Thing, that you ſhould caſt off all the Bonds of Nature, and forſake your own Children, which ſhe could not but love, if ſhe lov'd you: For you know the Proverb, *Love me, love my Dog.* Having thus therefore ſhewn the Villainy of your Crimes, 'tis fit I proceed to your juſt Puniſhment, for which you are ſent hither. You that have thus more than monſtrouſly prevaricaed againſt Nature, ſhall want all the Benefits of Nature; Fire you ſhall have, but not to give you gentle Warmth from the Cold of the Seaſon, (as when you liv'd and hugg'd your ſelf in all *Epicuriſm*, whilſt your Children ſtarv'd) but to ſcorch your wretched Conſciences; and continual Fears of burning your Goods, Houſes, and Writings, ſhall attend you; to which ſhall be added the piercing Fire of Jealouſy, that ſhall prey upon every Part of you; nor ſhall you be without the Knowledge of your Wives Tranſactions on Earth, and ſee how they mourn in Sack and Claret, and how they marry and whore before you are cold; how they ſpend that profuſely, which you ſcrap'd together to give them, with ſo much Injuſtice to your poor Orphans, whoſe Injuries ſhall never let you reſt, but with all

the Fury of Hell for ever torment you worse than *Onan* or the *Sodomites*: Away with them, whose Villainies raises a Horror, even in the Prince of Hell and great Source of all Wickedness.

[*As they are going off, two Quakers Ghosts speak.*

1 *Quaker's Ghost.* Ah! um! ——— *Josiah!* Verily, who wou'd have thought that *Rebecca* would have fallen with the Ungodly so, or that your *Tabitha* would have let the Spirit move her to play with the Calves of *Bethel*, the Wicked of *Sidon*, or the profane Children of *Moloch?*

2 *Ghost.* By Yea and by Nay, *Abadoniah*, as thou say'st, it was more verily than could enter into the Heart of Man to believe. Why, there was my Neighbour *Sad-Face*, and my Cousin *Goggle*, *Nahu*, *Sneakphir*, and [*The Lord said unto* Moses, *Praise God.*] was his Fore-name; had they not holy Sisters, as to the Appearance of the Flesh, for their Spouses? Yet behold with them, and within the *Tabernacles of their Mansions*, instead of raising up Seed to the Lord among the Chosen and Godly, they did sacrifice to *Baal* with the Giants of *Moab*. Oh *Abadoniah!* what a Falling off was there! What a Backsliding!

1 *Ghost.* Oh, *Josiah!* As thou say'st, Verily, and by Yea and by Nay, that the Spirit should move us to come to the Devil for our *Necessaries*, without a *Convenience*. But our Lord will remember our Captivity in *Babylon*. [*They are carry'd off.*

The Lawyers push forward, and speak very urgently.

Lawyers Ghost. Sure, my Lord, if the *Decorum* of any Place ought to be kept, that of a Court of Justice ought, and not to let a paultry Cit speak before a Man of the Robe. But in these *Popish Times*, all Law is neglected, and all its honourable Professors contemn'd and postpon'd. However, my most honourable Lord and Patron of all that wear Black, I shall humbly move this honourable Court, that I may at length

length be heard, since my Cause is of so great Import and Concern, and in which the Wisdom of this Court will be highly interested, if it should be brought in *Billa Vera*; and it wou'd too much reflect on the Impartiality of this Court of Judicature, to be slack in indagating into a Cause of this Weight and Moment. My Lord, before I open, I shall only premise, that I take this to be the *High Court of Equity*. Which granted, I shall begin to open.

I will confess, that the Statutes in *Banco Regis* may prevail, and Custom in the *Common-Pleas*; but humbly presume, with Submission to your Lordships, that this being a *Court of Equity*, it will give the * Devil his Due. But, my Lord, where a Precedent of the like Nature may happen in a Case decided by the great Council of the Nation, I hope it will not be foreign, if I alledge it here *where it has nothing to do*. The Case is parallel, as I may say, my Lord, considering the Circumstances; that is, in short, *Considerata Considerandis*, in *Primo Henrici Primi*, according to my Lord *Cook* upon *Littleton*; and if your Lordships will let us read, you shall find so many gross Errors in the Bill, and the material Objections so fully answer'd, and Costs, if not Charges and Damages. But, my Lord, I do humbly suppose, that Part of this Bill ought rather to have been put into an *Indictment*, and so falls not under the Cognizance of this Court; and that is, my Lord, that we are made *Felo's de se*, the Causes of our own Damnation, by an Instrument call'd a *Wife*, Value Two-pence. Therefore, my Lord, if you please, let us try it upon a Jury in any County your Lordship shall think fit. Tho', I think, in our Case, your Lordships may decide it without farther Trouble; for thus I prove the † *Negative*, (hoping your Lordships will let me bring in a *Writ of Error*). To deny, my Lord, that we are

* *The Devil laughs every now and then.*

† *The Devils all laugh at his negative Proof.*

damn'd, wou'd be perfect Nonſenſe, and againſt all *Form of Law*; yet that we are damn'd for our Wives, I preſume, does not follow. And I will prove, that it does not, ſo undeniably, to all that have any profound Inſight into the Law, that I queſtion not but your Lordſhips will acquieſce *Nemine Contradicente*; for tho' it be,

Mark, Brothers, how I will puzzle the Devil, and all his learned Bench with one Turn, one notable Quirk; mind it well.

Aſide to the other Lawyers Ghoſts that follow him.

They look on one another, rejoycing, and hugging themſelves.

[*Aloud.*] For tho' I ſay it be true, that our Wives ſpent a great deal of Money on our Clerks, *Et cætera, quæ nunc perſcribere longum eſt*, and cuckolded us as often as they pleas'd, in Spite of our Teeth; and though I will not deny that they were as profuſe as *Heliogabalus*, or *Caligula*, and as proud as *Lucifer*, (with Submiſſion to your Lordſhips) yet (now comes the *Paradox*) yet, I ſay, (pray mind this) *we did not get Money to maintain their* Luxury, *but they maintain'd their* Luxury *out of the Money that we got:* Which, I humbly conceive, falls not under the ſame *Predicament*, but brings us within the Act of *Habeas Corpus*, that we may not be carry'd away into the Den of ordinary *Cuckolds*. For, to give your Lordſhips yet a more lively Repreſentation of this Matter in Queſtion, be pleas'd to reflect on another very pertinent *Precedent* in my Lord *Cook*, where *John-a-Noakes* is Tenant only for *Life*, and *John-a-Stiles* Tenant in *Tail*.——

Luc. Heyday! What, is it *Midſummer-Moon* with Mankind? What have we got here! A Cuckold Hornmad, prating Nonſenſe, and ſalving his Knavery and Folly with a Quirk in Law, a Turn of a Sentence? Thoſe Shams won't take here, where there needs no

Fee

Fee for Counsel, nor Bribe for Judgment. Away with him and his villainous Tribe.

Lawyer's Ghost. Nay but, my Lord, I humbly move your Honour, that we may not be condemn'd, *Causa indicta*, that is not *right* or *equitable*: Wherefore I beseech your Lordships to have some Regard to me, as I am a Barrister of thirty Years standing, and a Serjeant of ten, that you wou'd be pleas'd to reflect, that-tho' I cheated the *Ignorant*, and squeez'd and impos'd on the *Necessitous*.——

Luc. Has not Hell yet brought thee thy Senses? Away with this impertinent Fellow, and all this black Gang, among the rest of the most deprav'd Cuckolds, but in the most deepest Cavern, for whom they shall plead, *in Forma Pauperis*, till their Lungs crack, without *Fees*; let the Writings of their ill-got Estates be for their Food. Scoundrels, that had no more Sense, than after they had cheated so many wife and honest Men, to suffer themselves to be abus'd by Women! Away with them, away with them.

Lawyer. As to that, my Lord, I always fetch'd my Dear Home in her Coach from her Gallant, who had pawn'd her in a Tavern.——

Luc. Away with them, I say.—— What, am I not obey'd!

As they are carry'd off, they cry, O Tempora! O Mores!

Luc. Who art thou, with so precise a Grimace?

A Parson's Ghost. I was in the World above, most mighty King, of the reverend Crew, and having a handsome Wife, as most of us love, who was proud, as they generally are, my Benefice (tho' good) was too small to maintain the Grandeur she affected; but I being of a good comely Port, with a Pair of broad Shoulders, and sufficient Abilities, and the Man of God to boot, (which made an easy and open Way for all the rest) I ventur'd to crack a Commandment with some of my wealthy Parishioners Wives, that they

being so oblig'd, (according to my Text) might prevail with their Husbands to be the more generous to me in *Supererrogatory* Offerings, which flow'd all into the bottomless Bag of my Spouse's Pride and Lust; for that too, must be supply'd. [*They are carry'd off.*

Luc. You, the rest of this mad foolish Crew, what are you? And what the Cause of your Damnation?

Poet's Ghost. *Quis Talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyssi
Temperet à Lacrymis?

Ha! Brothers of the Quill, what Fate for us remains!
But *Death*, or worse than *Death*, in glorious Chains.

Luc. What ragged Regiment are you that lag behind your Fellows? What, are you the Black-Guard of the Cuckolds?

Poet. No, Royal *Pluto*, no, (altho', indeed, we are the poorest Cuckolds that come hither, I believe) we are of the learned Rout.

We have on PARNASSUS *slept,*
And in the Sacred Stream
(*To gild our amorous Theam*)
Of HELICON *our Pens have dipt,*
And thro' AVERNUS *and Black* STYX,
By which to swear
The Gods do fear,
We hither slipt;
And fairly bilk'd old CHARON,
As we were wont to do of Yore
Poor HACK, *or* CHAIR-MAN,
Or our half-starv'd Whore.
Wherefore, O Sir PLUTO,
Since we cannot bilk you too. ——

Luc. Hold, hold, I know your Tribe of old; if you once get to repeating your Works, or into the Jingle

The Poets Hell describ'd.

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Jingle of your Rhimes, youll never have done. Away with them to old *Sternhold* and *Hopkins*, and the reſt of the *Crambo-Sparks*: Ye ſenſeleſs Scoundrels, that make Wives of your Muſes when ſingle, and Whores of your Wives when marry'd.

Poet. *O paſſe Graviora!* ———
Solamen miſeris, ſocios habuiſſe dolorum.

Luc. Clear the Court, and let no more come in: The Fatigue of this Sitting has been enough: For my Part, the Follies of Mankind are ſuch, that the very Hearing of them has quite turn'd my Stomach for this Month at leaſt.

Porter, Great Sir, here is a Throng of *Wild Iriſh*, that will take no Denial, but thruſt in whether we will or no.

Iriſh, Nay, nay, my Deer Joy, Chreeſt bleſs the ſweet Majeſtees Faaſh indeed; poor *Teague* is St. *Patrick*'s own Country-man, be Chreeſt, and poor *Teague* will come into St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory; and if there be no Vacancee, indeed thee muſt make a Vacancee.

Porter. Nay, but this is Hell, and not St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory: Therefore keep back.

Iriſh. Boo! boo, boo, boo, boo, hoo, hoo! Hell indeed! Say'ſt thou mee Deer Joy; be mee Shoul, and bee Chreeſt and St. *Patrick*, ee was think that hee that was in the Highway to Hell, cou'd not miſs St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory, ſince there is but a Wall betwixt them.

Porter, Guns, ſtand back, or I'll ſend you back to the *Boyn*, ye impudent *Pultroons* you.

Iriſh. Boo, hoo, ooo: Bleſs the ſweet Faaſh of thee indeed, poor *Teague* will have Patience 'till his good Grace will let him in indeed. [*A Noiſe without.*

Luc. What Noiſe is that without?

Porter. Here is a Troop of *Scots* that ſwear and ſtare to get in, and beg they may but ſkulk into ſome

cold Corner of Hell, (which they wou'd not know from their own Country above) with their *Ganymeds*, from the Fury of their Wives, whom they hear are just following them at their Heels. And then here is some Thousands more from *Asia*, *Africa*, and *America*, push'd on with the same Fear: But I'll keep them here in the *Lobby*, 'till your infernal Majesty is more at Leisure.

Luc. Do so. ——— For the horrid Nauseousness of these Sots have almost put me into a Fit of Vomiting and Looseness. And now, my Lords and Gentlemen, that have given your Attendance at this Court, you may depart 'till farther Orders; but tendering my Health, both for your Sakes and my own, I shall confer the Office of my Deputy on our Right Reverend and well-belov'd Cousin *Belzebub*, Prince of the *Flies*; for I am unable to undergo this Fatigue any more.

Belzebub. I humbly beg your Majesty wou'd excuse my Age, and give me my *Quietus*. Here is Prince *Satan*, an able and active Devil, and worthy your Choice.

Satan. Good Prince *Belzebub*, you might have spar'd your good Word; for I shall beg to be excus'd, if my former Services may be respected; for I had enough of Mankind when I tempted *Eve*, she foil'd me so at my own Weapon; therefore I hope your Majesty will confer that troublesome Employment on some Devil of less Quality than my self.

Lucifer. So be it then, and let the Mob of Hell make Choice of one, for I am resolv'd to trouble my self no more about them. But before we rise, let Proclamation be made of a general *Play-day* and *Jubilee* for all the lesser and laborious Rank of Devils, who have been thus long continually employ'd in damning Mankind; let them take their Ease as long as *Matrimony* prevails above; for now our Business is much better done by Woman to our Hands: Or if any are so zealously inclin'd to be still busy for the

Good

Good of their Country, let them employ their Time and Talents to better Purpose than formerly, in perswading the easy World against Cœlibacy, by stigmatizing all that affect it with the Names of *Whores*, *Rogues*, and *Hypocrites*; and if that prevails, we gain our Point, and *Widow'd Heaven* may bid Good-night to Mankind. For if we get them into our Noose, we may be sure of our Purchase. Let none therefore loyter away his Time in tempting the Marry'd; for one Woman will out-do a Legion of you.

For since their Grandame Eve *in* Eden *fell*,
The Sex *has learnt the Damning Trade so well*,
Where e'er that rules, there's little Need of Hell.

A DIA-

A

DIALOGUE

IN THE

Elizium Fields,

BETWEEN

LÆLIUS *and* TIMON.

In Imitation of LUCIAN.

Of FRIENDSHIP.

Timon. SO, ſo.—Thanks, ye gracious Powers! that have once more free'd me from that ſordid Carcaſs of Mortality, in which I was juſt now coop'd up, and ſet me at Liberty, again to breathe at large in theſe happy *Elizium Fields*, where Nature appears to the clear Sight of new unclouded Reaſon, in all her eaſy Plainneſs, diveſted of that Jargon

Jargon of Words, and those gaudy *Robes* and *Trappings*, which the weak Brains and contradictory Guesses of the fond Philosophers have hid in it above. Hail! happy Shades, secure and free from Ambush and Design, where Villainy, Usury, and Treason, and the false Train of inconstant Parasites above, so miscall'd *Friends*, dare ne'er approach, and nothing but what's generous, compassionate, and just, is e'er admitted! all hail! But what noble Man's this comes skimming by? —— Those glorious Wreaths that circle on his sacred Head, declare him a true, persevering, and faithful Friend. I see now, 'tis the fam'd *Lælius*; I'll accost him. —— Generous *Lælius*, have you forgot your old Acquaintance in these happy Fields?

Lælius. Who? ———— Thrice noble *Timon!* how come you thus soon to us again? You've taken but a short Turn in the frail Walk of Life above.

Timon. Not by much so short as I desir'd, I assure you; tho' I rejoyce the damn'd Fatigue is over, and that it will not come to my Lot again this good while. But when, dear *Lælius*, are you for those upper Regions? ———— If you can perswade your old Friend *Scipio* to accompany you, you'll make a pleasanter Voyage than I did, who cou'd not meet with that divine *Idea*, a Friend, in either of my Visits to Mortality. Nor will you, unless you carry him with you from hence.

Lælius. I know not how far the Charms of Friendship might engage me, were my dear *Scipio* to return thither, else I find no great Inclination to quit these calm Retreats, these bless'd Abodes, for the tempestuous Ocean of the World: I lik'd it not so well when I was last there, where every Thing is subject to the blind Governance of Chance, which rarely favours the nobler Beings, but makes the brave Man truckle to the Villain, the Wise and Honest to the Fool or Knave; where none enjoy the Benefits of Life, but such as are not fit to live. If the base World be alter'd for the better, pray inform me.

Timon.

Timon. Oh! *Lelius*, I find you baulk'd your Glass at *Lethe Lake*, you wou'd not else have remember'd these Inconveniencies of human Life, but have been thronging for a new Birth into some of those numerous Bodies, which Mankind Above beget Day and Night, without any Fear or Consideration. But to answer your Query: I must confess the World is indeed alter'd, but, by vast and incredible Degrees, for the worse. For if Villainy were sometimes successful in your Age, in this nothing else is. If Honesty and Wisdom were in little Esteem then, now they are in none. If Virtue was then less sought after, 'tis now grown the greatest Scandal. Now, from the Crown to the Cot, from the Peasant to the Prince, there are not the least Foot-steps of Honour, Justice, or moral Honesty. Nay, every individual Man has more Subtilty and designing Cunning in his own private Affairs, than the greatest Tyrant, or the most famous for Dissimulation, (in which there's not a Farmer but excels a *Claudius*) if you're ever understood in administring of the Publick. Stedfast Honour (that generous Idol of Antiquity) veers now with every Wind of Interest or Ambition, as changeable as the *Chameleon*, or the Poetick *Proteus*; and there are as many differing Notions of this plain, this well-known Excellence, as of Religion.

Lelius. I fear the unparalell'd Injuries you receiv'd from the old *Athenians*, makes you speak thus of all Mankind.

Timon. No, upon my Word, *Lelius*, (for in these Fields you may believe one on one's Word) my Account reaches not to half the Reality and Truth of the present Villainy of Mankind. No, no: Were *Athens*, with all its Ingratitude, now in Being, 'twould be such a Pattern and inimitable Example of Honour and Gratitude, that the present World would never arrive at it. I tell thee, *Lelius*, I cannot give so refin'd a Spirit as thou art, who knew not half the less

leſs criminal Vices of your own Age, any tolerable Idea of this, where *Murder*, *Treaſon*, and *Parricide*, find an *Apoſeoſis*, and whoſe greateſt Virtues arrive not at an Excellence of the greateſt Vices of Old *Rome*.

Lelius. Where's Religion then, that ſacred Tye that bound the World to Virtue? What's become of that?

Timon. That ſacred Name ſtill remains in the World, and nothing but the Name, which makes a mighty Noiſe and Buſtle, and affords us ſolemn and pompous Shew, as the Anti-Feaſts of Old, and has no more of Subſtance.

Lelius. Does the old Opinion of the Plurality of Gods prevail with the Vulgar ſtill? The Vulgar, I ſay, for it never did with the wiſer Sort.

Timon. That Opinion, however irrational, prevails very far to this Day; for if we conſider the whole Circumference of the Earth, and all the numerous Nations that dwell on the Surface of it, the old Opinion of Plurality of Gods takes up the largeſt Extent; but if we conſider only thoſe Parts where the *Roman Eagles* were known, they are quite of another Opinion, generally all admitting of one only God. But then, they differ again ſo in Point of Worſhip, that they make more various Religions for that one God, than we had different Gods for one religious Worſhip; and, indeed, they make Gods of their own Opinion, every one being ready to ſpend his Subſtance, nay, Life and all, to force his Neighbour to be of his Mind. They are divided into three Sorts, *Turks*, *Jews*, and *Chriſtians*. The *Jews* you heard of in your Time.

Lelius. An imperfect Account we had of them.

Timon. Why, they are the moſt ancient of theſe three great Bodies, and draw, as they ſay, their Original from the firſt Man, never altering their Opininion of the Unity of the God-head, with whom they us'd to have frequent Converſe, and by whom they

they were promis'd a great *Theanthropos*, that should deliver them from Thraldom, not of Princes, but of their own deprav'd Appetites, their Avarice, Treachery, Pride, and Sedition. And when this great Deliverer came, they very fairly murder'd him; and from this *Theanthropos* it is that the *Christians* derive themselves, I mean, their Religion, which is not only compos'd of all the excellent Morals which the old Philosophers found out in the Laws and Dictates of Nature, but several wonderful Mysteries that pass'd my Understanding there, and must my Narration here. These *Christians* now possess old *Rome*, and great Part of *Europe*, tho' cut and rent into a thousand Sub-divisions, which are more averse to one another, than to the common Enemy of the whole. But notwithstanding all these elevated Precepts of Morality, which they boast are so much improv'd above ours of old, you shan't find one of theirs arrive to the Practice of the worst of us; if indeed they were follow'd, the Life of Man would be so happy above, that all our bless'd *Elizium Shades* below would be deserted for it; for it would make a large and general Amity betwixt Mankind, banishing all Causes of Strife, diffusing an Epidemick Love through the whole Creation; and whereas you formerly confin'd Friendship to the narrow Compass of two, or a few, this has made it appear it would, if practis'd, unite the whole World in the strictest Bond of Alliance and Friendship. But as it is, it proves but a Pearl cast before Swine, which no Body values or takes Notice of, unless to deceive another.

Lelius. Have they no Philosophers and Instructors in this admirable Law, whose excellent Example of the Contempt of the World, Honours, Interests, Strife, and Enmity, transcend Antiquity, and are a living Lesson of the Good and Advantage of these wise Institutions?

Timon.

Timon. O, yes; they have numerous Inſtructors, but ſuch as leaſt of all follow what they teach; to hear them, would cauſe a Veneration for them next to a Divinity; but to ſee their Practice, would breed a Contempt beyond all Expreſſion. There is no Villainy forbid, but they will greedily embrace, if Intereſt perſwade; and no Good commanded, but they will more readily abandon, to gratify their brutal Pride, Luxury, and Revenge. They extol Humility in their Pulpits, but know it not in their Behaviour. They perſwade Commiſeration for the Misfortunes and Miſeries of their Fellow-Creature, as a Duty commanded, and not to be diſpens'd withal; but are themſelves inexorable to the moſt moving Object. They defy Obedience in their numerous Elogiums of it, but if it ſuit not their Ambition and Violence, they run it into endleſs Diſtinctions, 'till they have loſt it. They inculcate mutual Love and Amity, as the neceſſary and characteriſtical Mark of their Profeſſion, yet are the moſt violent *Routefeu's*. They enjoin Forgiveneſs of one anothers Injuries as an indiſpenſible Precept, and arraign Revenge as unpardonable, and an Uſurpation on the Providence of the Deity, yet never forget the leaſt Offence againſt themſelves, but proſecute an accidental Error with all the Malice of an inrag'd Revenge. † Prudence they have none, aiming only at Cunning, under that Name. Juſtice they think Folly to practiſe in any Concern where they have any Profit: Fortitude is an antiquated Virtue, which they tell of primitive Gentlemen that were ſtock'd with it, ſo as to contemn Life and Torments, rather than to forſake their receiv'd Opinion of Truth; but the Examples are ſo old, that they look almoſt like our Golden Age, and are quite out of Uſe; there being no greater Cowards in Nature,

† *Qui ſummum credere nefas, Animam præferre pudori, Et propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.*

ture, as to paſſive Fortitude, and will rather veer with every Wind that blows, than let their Spouſes have a Knot leſs on their Commodes. And as for Temperance, *Epicurus* was a Stoic to the moſt moderate; in their Diet and Eaſe they tranſcend, in Proportion to their Capacities, even *Heliogabala*'s, or the greateſt Gluttons of the old or new World. Thus you ſee they have no one of thoſe Virtues that were known to the Antients; nor are they more ſtock'd with thoſe peculiar to themſelves, which they call Theological; as Faith, Hope, and Charity, Words which neither you nor I can underſtand no more than they poſſeſs.

Lælius. If their Teachers are thus, ſure their Followers muſt think their whole Pretence a Farce or Cheat.

Timon. Truly they generally are of that Opinion, and therefore the greateſt Pretenders to it are moſt commonly the greateſt Villains. For I know not by what Witchery it comes to paſs, that none of all the Race, either Hearer or Teacher, have or believe any Thing of the Matter; yet the major Part of thoſe ſame People ſhall be gull'd with a pious Cant, a preciſe Look, or any other religious Viſor.

Lælius. Dear *Timon*, we have had enough of theſe Chriſtians; and ſure there can be no worſe among the other Sex of Mankind?

Timon. You are in the Right. For the *Turk*, if his moral Precepts are not ſo refin'd and excellent, yet he practiſes abundantly more; and I am perſwaded, if they had the Doctrine of the other, without their Commerce, (for that does corrupt wherever it comes) they would arrive to a Pitch of Happineſs.

Lælius. But I have neglected one Queſtion, which more nearly hits my Humour: Is there no Friendſhip among any there? Are there no *Pylades* and *Oreſtes*, no *Theſeus* and *Perithous*, no *Achilles* and *Patroclus*, no *Damon* and *Pythias*? Or, in ſhort, no *Scipio* and

and *Lælius*, famous for their Faith and Loyalty to one another, which no Fortune nor Diſtreſs could ſeparate or deſtroy?

Timon. O, yes, Sir, there are abundance of Friendſhips in the preſent World betwixt all Sexes: The Men have their Friends, Male and Female, but with this Difference, they keep neither any longer than their Pleaſure or Profit prevails, which is ſeldom long. If you have Plenty, you ſhall not want Friends that ſhall careſs and admire you above all Mankind; but then they are like Shadows, they all vaniſh at the firſt Cloud that obſcures the Sun of your good Fortune; or if any ſtick to you, 'tis no longer than there is ſome Hopes that you may once retrieve your loſt Glory: Nay, if you raiſe a Worm, a little reptile Animal, that us'd, like the Serpent, to eat the Duſt of the Ground; if (I ſay) you ſhould raiſe ſuch an Out-caſt to be your Boſom-Friend, and give him all that is delightful or deſirable to Mankind, yet, if the leaſt Storm threatens you, he ſhall betray you to your Ruin. So that though you have never ſo nice an Idea of Friendſhip, and reduce it to Practice, either with the Illuſtrious or Ignoble, with thoſe that Birth and Education ſhould have taught the noble Principles of *Honour*, or thoſe that have not had the Advantage of great Parents, but might be thought, thro' the Dictates of Nature, to be won by the higheſt Obligations, you will find there is ſcarce one in a thouſand Millions that is worthy your Love.

Lælius. You give me a Character of the preſent World from the paſt Injuries you receiv'd, and the villainous Returns the *Athenians* made you for all thoſe generous Services you did them and your Country. But, I hope, in this Turn into the World, you avoided thoſe Inconveniencies which you knew before proceeded from too noble a Temper and too exceſſive a Liberality.

Timon.

Timon. Tho' those incredible Ingratitudes of my old Country-Men of *Greece*, might perhaps prevail with another less generous and brave, to condemn all Mankind for ever for their Sakes, as I did in my angry Mood, in my Epitaph; yet, I do assure you, that I represent them very short of their Deserts; and the *Athenians* were but Dwarfs, in Ingratitude and Selfishness, to the present World. Though the Memory of their Villainies to me render'd my Abode here very uneasy for many Centuries, which made me at last resolve to drink of *Lethe-Lake*, to forget them, that I might not disquiet my self any more about them; but as I had the Water in my Mouth, I began to reflect, that if I should wholly forget them, I might, in my Return to the World, incur the same Misfortunes again, and therefore I let but a Drop or two go down, and spurted out the rest again. So, keeping my Resolution to be as selfish as any, and to give nothing, unless I had almost a Certainty of getting twice as much by it, I enter'd at last into a Body that was just come to a Ripeness to receive a Soul; and as 'tis a Lottery to us, you know what Body we are convey'd into, so I found too late that I was born an *English-Man*; and as I grew up, I found that Opinion by Experience verify'd, *That the Organs and Constitutions of the Body form the Inclinations of the Mind*: For, spight of all my former Resolutions, I began to imbibe the pernicious Opinion, That none was born for himself only, and that there was nothing more worthy a Man, or indeed made nearer Approaches to *Divinity*, than to redress the Misfortunes of my Fellow-Creatures, shielding off Ruin from those in Distress.

Among the rest of my belov'd Follies, reading your Examples, and those of old *Greece*, fam'd in the Schools for Friendship, I fell into a ridiculous Opinion, That it was possible for me to cull out some dear *Pylades* or *Scipio*, to build up that Chimera of

of a Pleaſure call'd Friendſhip. Nor could I then imagine I could purſue a ſurer Tract to find that noble *Phœnix*, then in the Circle of their Sciences, which generally inform'd the Minds of the Adorers with more refin'd and generous Principles than the groveling Souls of the ignorant Part of Mankind ever riſe to, believing their elevated Beings to be above thoſe little ſelfiſh Tricks of the crafty deſigning Part of the human Emmets. But in ſuch a one, to ſhew you the Extremity of the leſs perfect, I'll give you a ſhort Touch of his Prevarications.

The Agreeableneſs of our Inclinations I laid for the Baſis of our Amity, you allowing no Proſpect of Advantage and Intereſt in theſe Aſſociations; and, as I deſir'd and expected, he firſt ſtood in Need of me. Liberty is the Idol of all Men; that I gave him with the Hazard of my own; and Life it ſelf he ow'd to my Sword and Purſe: Nor could Fortune (envious as ſhe is at the Succeſs of the Ingenious) caſt more Diſtreſſes on him, than my Friendſhip did (unaſk'd) endeavour to hinder him from, as long as my Abilities remain'd: But no ſooner had my Generoſity to others reduc'd me to want the Returns of a Friend, but he grew faint in the noble Courſe, and repay'd my paſt Services with odd, long, ſtrange, needleſs, baſe Put-offs, monſtrous Proteſtations without any Effect, and Promiſes without any Performance. Extravagantly kind in Words when I aſk'd nothing, but wretchedly and beyond Meaſure penurious in Action when entreated. An inferior and impudent Fellow ſhould ſucceed, when the modeſt Importunities of his Friend were fruitleſs. Behold, in a Word, the Difference betwixt us: The leaſt Occaſion was ſufficient for me to throw my Favours without being aſk'd, (as you in your divine Rules preſcribe) and the greateſt and moſt extraordinary Emergency too little to make him remember a Promiſe.

Lælius

Lælius. By this Account, I find the World is indeed much alter'd for the worſe; for in *Athens* of old, the Senate and People had ruin'd and condemn'd *Calicias*, for not aſſiſting his poor Friend *Ariſtides*, if by the Teſtimony of him he had not ſatisfy'd the Publick, that *Ariſtides*'s Poverty was owing to his own abſtemious Inclinations, not his baſe deſerting him in his Diſtreſs.

Timon. Ah! if *Athens* had been always of that Mind, how many of my *quondam* Paraſites had been hang'd?

Lælius. But perhaps, good *Timon*, you weigh'd not well your Man before you made your Choice. For as the Offices of Friendſhip are reciprocal, ſo Neglect ſhewing the want of Love, was a juſt Cauſe of a Change, without that ignominious Imputation of Levity. For, as I aſſerted, 'tis no eaſy Matter to find out one that is fit Matter to make a Friend of.

Timon. Oh! during my better Days, none more ready in returning all the ſuperficial and little Offices that coſt nothing, or at leaſt no more than he was ſure of again; but when Fortune had cut off preſent Hopes, all his Kindneſſes were procraſtinated 'till a more lucky Hour; nor would he part even with Words to raiſe me from Diſtreſs.

Theſe Faults may perhaps, *Lælius*, ſeem villainous enough to you, yet, compar'd with others, the Dog was a *Cherubim*. For tho' he aſſiſted me not, he would not depreſs me farther; tho' he prefer'd not my obliging Love and generous Services to a Whore and a Bottle, yet he betray'd me not; and tho' he'd rather let me periſh than ſpeak for me, yet he would not cut my Throat himſelf. Thus, noble *Lælius*, you have ſeen the *Mirrour* of Friendſhip in the preſent World above; I deſire you would give me ſome Idea of it, as in your Time, ſince both my Viſits thither have never given me the Delight of half a Friend. I have, indeed, read fine Stories of them

them in *Romances* and the Hiſtories of the old *Romans* and *Grecians*; but at laſt concluded them to be only the gay Children of Imagination, pleaſant in Speculation, but never to be brought to Uſe.

Lelius. But is the Iron Age ſo eſtabliſh'd, that there is no Remains of Friendſhip, no Acts of Kindneſs from one to another?

Timon. Yes, yes, there is a temporary Friendſhip yet in the World that laſts as long as the hot Blood of Youth continues; but then it conſiſts not in Vertue, nor among vertuous Perſons, as you require, but in Pimping for one another, in being in rake-hell Exploits together, in ſpending the Day in Gaming and Intrigues, and the Night in Lewdneſs, and drinking together 'till both are drunk. You may pimp for a Friend, nay, and fight for him; but where it comes to pinch upon your Pocket, there the greateſt Friend, Money, is prefer'd to the other call'd Man: So that your Sentiment, that Friendſhip could be among none but the Vertuous, is now quite inverted; for they ceaſe to be Friends, as ſoon as either takes to Sobriety and Vertue. Of theſe Friends every Place ſwarms; not a Tavern, Coffee-houſe, or Stews, but is full of them. Nay, there are another Sort of Friends too, that if you have a pretty Wife, ſhall endear themſelves to you, to have the better Admittance to her, to make you a Cuckold; or, if you have a fine Daughter, ſhall omit nothing of the Formalities of a real Friend, 'till he has debauch'd her: If you have a She-Relation that is a Fortune, you will not want Friends that will buy her of you, and ſtand by you with their Life and Fortune, 'till the Jobb is done. If you are a young Heir, you will not be deſtitute of the deareſt proteſting Creatures, that ſeem to have learn'd the Diſſimulation and Deceit of Harlots, who will never forſake you; and if ſhort kept by the Avarice of a Father, will not let you want Money, if you will but pay them for their Kindneſs in a ſtifled Obligation. So that, dear *Lelius*, you

muſt

muſt not miſtake me, for the World was never ſtock'd better with Friends; but thoſe Friends are all Villains, all Sycophants, Cheats, Pimps, and Uſurers. Generoſity and Honour they underſtand no more than Arts and Sciences.

Lelius. Your Account of the preſent State of the World, proves evidently what I formerly thought was not without great Reaſon, that *there can be no true Friendſhip where Vertue is wanting.* For you give an Account to me of a meer Chaos of Confuſion and Villainy, and not of a World, where Men with immortal Souls, and the Light of Nature, improv'd, as they pretend, in Habit; and *Greece*, with all the Puniſhments it has plac'd in Hell, has not provided ſufficient for the Luxuriancy of the Villainies of this latter World, where Faith, Integrity, and Liberality, void of Avarice and Luſt, the ſolid Baſis and Foundation of that Cœleſtial Prerogative of a rational Being, *Friendſhip*, are no where to be found; but Pride and rapacious Deſire generates continual Feuds and Anarchical Confuſion. No, my unfortunate *Timon*, I'll ne'er forſake theſe dear Shades, bleſs'd with the Preſence of my noble and generous *Scipio*, for ſo baſe and ſervile a World. But if Strangers have no Friendſhip for one another, I mean ſuch as are not related by Blood, I preſume, among Kindred, there may be found ſome Pairs of Friends: For Nature, the beſt Directrix of human Life, has eſtabliſh'd in her ſacred Laws a Friendſhip among them, as ſhe has in ſeveral Degrees among all Mankind. For our Country-men are nearer to us than Foreigners, our Fellow-Citizens yet nearer, and Relations neareſt of all, according to their ſeveral Degrees of Alliance.

Timon. Perhaps theſe might be the Sentiments of yours; but now I aſſure you, the Opinion, (or at leaſt Practice) of the World is quite contrary; for you are ſo much the farther from a Friend, as you are nearer a-kin; and a Stranger ſhall find Succeſs, when a near

a near Relation shall be deny'd: A Foreigner be courted, admir'd, and caress'd, when a Country-Man, or Fellow-Citizen, shall starve with twice his Merits: A Child be turn'd out of Door, for an unknown Vassal to take his Place, and starve, whilst his Father's Servants live like Princes; and *rara est concordia fratrum*, your Brother shall be sure to ruin or destroy you, to make himself: Nay, the Child shall betray his own Father, if he can but get by it; and Mothers, that us'd to dote upon what they bore, and have a tender Regard to their own Off-spring, shall cast them off without the least Compassion, to receive an Address and Gallant. You would imagine, if you beheld the Transactions of every Family, it were a *Bedlam*, or rather a more criminal Place, where every one is catching and progging for himself, with continual Feuds, and eternal Quarrels; and this is that Friendship which you say Nature herself establishes. I pray you therefore, generous *Lælius*, to tell me what Friendship is in your Opinion.

Lælius. Friendship I always took to be as I ever practis'd it with *Scipio*; a firm and absolute Consent and Agreement in all Things, both divine and humane, join'd with the greatest Charity or Love, and Benevolence or Good-Will, demonstrated in frequent and generous Offices to one another; nor do I think Heaven itself has bestow'd any greater Blessing on Mankind, excepting Wisdom.

Timon. That was just the Idea I fram'd of it; but I find by Experience, there is never two in one Age to make up one Pair of such Friends, which if there were, nothing certainly were to be preferr'd to them.

Lælius. There were those in my Time too, that did prefer Riches, Health, Power, and Honour to it; nor were we without some brutal Minds, that thought Pleasures more desirable. But certainly, they were not a little in the Wrong; for the first were the Proprieties of Fortune, more than of our

own Industry, and of a frail and fading Nature; and as for the last, they were only Emulators of the Beasts, who enjoy'd those Delights in a more elevated Manner than any of them; not considering that Friendship afforded the most solid and lasting Pleasure. Nor were we without some sceptical Gentlemen, who, for a Cloak to love none but themselves, plac'd all their Delight (as they pretended) in Vertue, as their *Summum Bonum*: Whereas that very Vertue they idoliz'd, is the Mother of the Friendship I contend for, since I have laid it for a fundamental Maxim, That none but the Vertuous can be true Friends; nor am I able to set forth the incredible Advantages Friendship has among such Men. For what Man living is there, that cannot repose himself in the mutual Good-will of his Friend? What is there so delightful, what so charming, as to have one with whom you can as freely discourse all your Concerns, as in your own Thoughts? Where would be the mighty Fruit of Prosperity, if you had not one that should rejoyce with you, and take as much Satisfaction in it as your self? And Misfortunes would be almost insupportable, if we had not a Friend that should bear them with greater Regret than one's self. In short, all other Goods which we hunt after and desire are stinted to their several particular Advantages; Riches for Use; Power, that you may be fear'd or courted; Honour, that you may have the Applauses of the Vulgar; Pleasure, that you may rejoyce; and Health, that you may be free from Grief, and perform the Functions of your Body; but Friendship is of general Use; nor can you turn your Thought to any Thing where you will not find it necessary; 'tis never out of Season, nor ever impertinent and troublesome; nor is Water, Air, or Fire, of greater Necessity than Friendship in all Places, and in all Times; for it heightens good Fortune, and alleviates bad, by Communication with a Partner. Whoever beholds a true Friend, receives as it were another

another Self, and is present with the Absent, has Plenty in Distress, and Health in Sickness; and that which is most surprizing, survives his own Funeral. This was the Blessing that made me value Life, nor without it, do I think, should the golden Age return, and the Innocence of Mankind with it, and *Astræa* once more visit the Earth, I should desire to live again, unless *Scipio*, my *Scipio*, were to be with me in the same noble Bond of Friendship.

Timon. As there is little Hopes of the Return of Justice and Peace to the World, so I conclude you will endeavour to remain where you are; and behold, yonder approaches, on all the Wings of generous Love, your illustrious *Scipio*.

Lelius. Whom with as much Eagerness I will meet, while the mad senseless World above, are ignorant of our Bliss, and continue their incorrigible Follies.

Timon. He's gone, and now nothing is wanting to compleat my Happiness, but such a Friend; but yonder I see the Ghost of my honest old Steward who serv'd me at *Athens*, nor forsook me with the rest; him I will select for my Companion, to wear out Eternity with, without adventuring any more into the World.

THE *Belgic* HERO *Unmask'd*: IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Sir *Walter Raleigh* AND *Aaron Smith*.

By Mr. BROWN.

Sir *W. Raleigh.*

HOLD thy impertinent Tongue, I say, thou everlasting Babbler, or——

A. Smith. Come, come, we Lawyers are not so easily silenc'd as you think. Liberty of Speech is one of the eldest Branches of *Magna Charta*; therefore I will once more maintain it, before all the World, that

that the Reign of my late *Batavian* Master, was in every Respect equal to that of the famous *Elizabeth*.

Sir *W. Ral.* Not that it's worth my while to enter the Lists with such a petty-fogging Dog as thou art, or the Cause in Debate admits any Manner of Parallel: But since thou hast the Impudence to defend so monsterous a Paradox before all this Company, inform us what noble Things this Hero has perform'd, to deserve all that nauseous idle Flattery, which hardly none but *Sectaries*, *Deists*, *Republicans*, and particularly the Rascals of thy Kidney, when he was alive, conspir'd to give him.

A. Smith. Why, in the first Place, he deliver'd *England*, then just upon the Brink of being devour'd by *Arbitrary Power* and *Popery*. He won the noble Battel of the *Boyn*, reduc'd *Ireland*, appeas'd the Disorders of *Scotland*, reap'd a new Harvest of Glory every Campaign in *Flanders*, and at last, after an obstinate expensive War, forc'd a haughty Tyrant, who had insulted and bully'd the whole Christian World for almost forty Years, to clap up a Peace with him upon his own Terms at *Ryswick*, by which he was oblig'd to vomit up numberless Provinces and Towns, which he had dishonourably stollen from their true Proprietors.

Sir *W. Ral.* And as for his personal Qualities, what have you to say of them?

A. Smith. Whether you behold him at Home or Abroad, in the Cabinet or the Field; in fine, whether you consider him as a King, a General, a Statesman, a Husband, or as a Master, you'll find his Character uniformly bright in all these relative Stations: Affectionate to his Queen, merciful to his Subjects, liberal to his Servants, careful of his Soldiers, and providing, by his great Wisdom, against all future Contingencies that might hereafter disturb the Tranquility of *Europe*. But as for his Munificence to his Servants and Favourites, I may venture to say, that few Princes in History ever went so far as he.

Sir *W. Ral.* This laſt Clauſe is not ſo great a Commendation to him as you imagine. ——— Well, and is this all, for I wou'd not willingly interrupt you, 'till you have gone the full Length of your Panegyrick?

A. Smith. 'Tis all I think needful to ſay upon the Occaſion, and enough, in my Opinion, to eſtabliſh his Reputation to all ſucceeding Ages.

Sir *W. Ral.* Let us carefully examine the ſeveral Particulars; and when we have ſo done, we ſhall be able to determine on what Side the Truth lies.——*Imprimis*, You tell me he deliver'd *England* from Tyranny and Popiſh Superſtition: But was there no other Way of accompliſhing his Deliverance, but by ſending a certain Relation to Graſs, and wounding the Monarchy in ſo tender a Part, which had ſuffer'd ſo terribly in the late unnatural Rebellion of 41? If what one of the ancient Fathers ſays, be true, That the whole World is not worth the ſaving, at the Expence of a ſingle Lye, ſurely *Great Britain*, which makes ſo ſmall a Part of the Univerſe, hardly deſerv'd to be deliver'd from an imaginary Ruin with ſo much Perjury, Infidelity, and Ingratitude. Beſides, he ſolemnly proteſted in his Declaration, That he had no Intention to make himſelf King, yea he exercis'd the Regal Power, the very Moment he landed: So that unleſs there had been a Crown in the Caſe, I am afraid he would hardly have croſs'd the Water to reſcue the *Church of England*.

A. Smith. This is indeed what his Enemies and ſome envious People have objected to him.

Sir *W. Ral.* Nothing of that can be laid to my Charge, who was never known to your Hero either *Beneficio* or *Injuria*; but as I ſtill preſerve an invincible Affection for my native Country, my Zeal for the Welfare of that, makes me aſſume this Freedom. To be plain with you then, I can hardly believe he had any extraordinary Concern for the Proſperity of *England*, upon whom he threw the greateſt Burden of the

the War; whose Troops he suffer'd to fight without their Pay, in *Flanders*, at the same Time when a Parcel of unworthy Foreigners had Store of Gold and Silver in their Pockets. Neither can any Man perswade me he had the least Affection for the *Royal Family*, from which he was descended, who suffer'd such numberless Invectives and Libels to be publish'd against his Royal Grandfather, both his Uncles, and, in short, the whole Family of the *Stuarts*, yet never call'd any of the Authors or Printers to an Account for't, during the whole Course of his Reign.

A. Smith. Aye, but a Hero, you know, has other Business to Mind, than the *Bagatelles* of the Press.

Sir *W. Ral.* And yet this Hero could condescend to mind these *Bagatelles*, as you call them, with a Witness, whenever they were level'd against himself or his Favourites. But to proceed, —— Can any one in his Senses believe, that this Deliverer ever set the Monarchy and true Constitution of *England* to Heart, under whose Reign all the Democratical Treaties, both of this and the last Age, were not only publish'd with Impunity, but the Abettors of such villainous Doctrine, thought the only Persons that were in the true Interest of the Nation, and deserving to be preferr'd? Was *England* so utterly destitute of able Generals, that a Regicide, proscrib'd by Act of Parliament, must be sent for over to head our Forces in *Ireland*?

A. Smith. You'll never leave off harping upon this String.

Sir *W. Ral.* And lastly, Have we not very violent Reasons to suspect, that he never had any true hearty Concern for the Protestant Interest, whatever he pretended to the contrary, who so notoriously sacrific'd it at the Treaty of *Ryswick*; who, to enable him to carry on the late Revolution against his Uncle and Father-in-Law, enter'd into a League; one of the first Articles of which, was, to oblige the King of *France* to do Justice to the Usurpations of the *Roman* See? And lastly, Who, if he had no Aversion, had

certainly no Affection for the Church of *England*, the Support, as well as Ornament of the whole Reformation, which evidently appear'd by his beſtowing its beſt Preferments upon *illos quos pingere nolo*, a Sort of moderate lukewarm Gentlemen, that were willing (good Men) to throw up the Conſtitution, whenever their Enemies ſhould aſk them the Queſtion. What ſhall I ſay of others, that were advanc'd for no other Merit, but becauſe they had been juſtly puniſh'd in former Reigns for their ſeditious Practices, or deſcended from *Oliverian* Parents; or laſtly, becauſe they held Antimonarchical and Antihierarchical Doctrines, both in Pulpit and Preſs, which they honeſtly call'd *Free-Thinking*?

A. Smith. Nay, this is mere Calumny; for, can any Thing but the blackeſt Envy preſume to attack him upon the Score of Religion?

Sir *W. Ral.* For once, I'll ſpare his Religion, yet 'tis certain his Miniſters had not the leaſt Tincture of it. To the eternal Honour of his Reign, be it obſerv'd, all the *Socinian* Treatiſes that ſtole into the World in the late accurſed Times of Licentiouſneſs and Diſorder, were fairly reprinted, and theſe, together with the modern Improvements of *Deiſm*, ſold in the Face of the Sun, without the leaſt Check or Diſcountenance from any at the Helm: 'Twas come to that Pitch at laſt, that a Man might better call the Divinity of our Saviour into Queſtion, than the Legality of that Revolution; and ſafer inſult the Aſhes of King *James* the Iſt, *Charles* the Martyr, and the whole Royal Line, than attack ſuch a lewd, perjur'd, infamous Scoundrel as *Oats*. 'Tis a general Maxim, That the Court always ſteers its Courſe *ad Exemplum Cæſaris*; and that a ſhrewd Gueſs may be made of a Prince's Morals, by thoſe of his Miniſters. If this Obſervation holds good, a Man would find himſelf ſtrangely tempted to ſay ſome harſh Things of your Monarch, which good Manners and Decency oblige me to paſs over in Silence.

A. Smith.

A. Smith. But still you say nothing of *Ireland*.

Sir *W. Ral.* Far be it from me to detract in the least from any Man's Actions: But this, I think, I may affirm, without the least Suspicion of Malice, That the Exploit of the *Boyne*, every Thing consider'd, is not altogether so miraculous as his flattering Divines and Courtiers would represent it; for, after all, where was the Wonder, that a well-disciplin'd regular Army should defeat an unfortunate dispirited Monarch, with none but a few raw, unpractis'd, naked Troops about him? And then his giving the forfeited Estates there to his Minions, in open Contradiction to what he had promis'd the Parliament, does not seem to argue so great a Concern for keeping his Word. As for *Scotland*, the Subversion of Episcopacy, and Murder of the *Glencow-men*, (not to mention the perpetuating of the Convention, during his whole Reign, and by that Means depriving the Country of electing proper Members) will, I believe, look so frightful in future Story, that few of your Hero's Flatterers will mention the Administration of that Kingdom to his Credit.

A. Smith. Well then, but *Flanders*?

Sir *W. Ral.* I thank you for reminding me of it. I am of Opinion then, that, barring *Namur*, he might have put all the glorious Harvests he yearly reap'd there, into his Eye, and not have prejudic'd his Royal Sight in the least. However, as I know full well what a mighty Advantage one powerful Prince, that commands by his own single Authority, has over a many-headed Confederacy, where all are Commanders, I scorn to insist upon this Point. For this Reason I will not enumerate, nor enlarge upon the constant ill Success that everlastingly attended him in *Flanders*, but come to the Peace of *Ryswick*, which was his own proper Act and Deed. And here 'tis worth our observing, that by his leaving the poor Emperor in the Lurch, the City of *Strasburg* unluckily continu'd in the *French* Hands; and that either

out of want of Politicks, or a Zeal for their Religion, he made no Stipulations for the *German Proteſtants*, nor took the leaſt Care to have them reſtor'd to thoſe Churches, of which they had been unjuſtly diſpoſſeſs'd in the War.

A. Smith. Well, but Neceſſity, you know, may make a Man ſometimes act contrary to his Inclination.

Sir *W. Ral.* Why then did his Parаſites give out, That he was the Controller of the Peace, and forc'd the *French* King to accept of it upon his own Terms. ——But not to mention a thouſand other Things that might be ſaid upon this Occaſion, for I begin to grow weary of the Subject, to ſtop my Mouth for good and all, and convince thee how far ſuperior in all the Arts of Governing the immortal *Elizabeth* was to thy *taciturn Hero*, I'll firſt give thee a ſhort Sketch of her golden Reign, and afterwards honeſtly and impartially ſhew thee a Proſpect of the other.

A. Smith, With all my Heart, proceed.

Sir *W. Ral.* As my Miſtreſs had a true *Engliſh* Heart, and made the Proſperity of her People the only Buſineſs of her Life, ſhe ſuffer'd none of her Miniſters to crave to themſelves extravagant Fortunes out of the publick Purſe. Tho' Foreigners flock'd into her Dominions as a certain Aſylum, yet ſhe never encourag'd them to the Detriment of her native Subjects, nor employ'd them in foreign Embaſſies, nor admitted them into her Councils: Her Affairs being manag'd with equal Prudence and Integrity, and Encouragements properly diſtributed, no wonder ſhe was ſo fortunate in all her Attempts. Thus we find ſhe ſupported the Proteſtants in *France* againſt the Oppreſſion of the *Guiſes*, and ſo well aſſiſted the *Dutch* in the Infancy of their Republick, that *Philip* II of *Spain*, with all his Forces, was not able to reduce them. She was ſo far from beſtowing her Royal Favours upon the Sectaries, that ſhe ſuppreſs'd their growing Inſolence with wholeſome Laws, and was as careful to ſee

see them put in Execution. She could display all her Father's Magnificence, when there was a proper Occasion to exert it; at other Times, she observ'd a strict Parsimony, equally advantageous to her own Subjects, and easy to her self. The establish'd Church flourish'd so well under her auspicious Administration, that *England* never saw so glorious a Constellation of Reverend Bishops and learned Divines, as in her Reign. She retriev'd the Honour of the *Exchequer*, and manag'd her Payments so wisely, that her People thought their Money as safe in her Coffers as in their own. ——— Now, your Deliverer's Reign was the exact Reverse of this happy Scene. Schism and Faction advanc'd, Hypocrisy and Dulness, under the Disguise of Reformation, promoted to the highest Honours, Deism propagated, the true genuine Sons of the Church discourag'd, Foreigners admitted into our private Councils, Trade neglected, our narrow Seas daily insulted, the Publick impoverish'd, the Treasury exhausted and pillag'd by insatiable Cormorants, the Reputation of our Arms decay'd and sunk, the Sea-men starv'd, the Soldiers paid with Paper; in short, nothing but ill Management and Poverty at Home, and Infamy Abroad. ——— And this I think is sufficient to shew you, that you were mightily mistaken, when you compar'd you know who to the immortal *Elizabeth*.

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TIMOTHY and FREEMAN.

Being the *Non-Juror*'s Reasons for taking the OATHS.

Tim. WHO's that, my old Friend Mr. *Freeman è Comitatu Bucks*? 'Tis the very same; I'll e'en go and renew my Acquaintance with him. Dear Sir, your humble Servant; how have you done this many a fair Day? And how long have you been in Town?

Freem. But just come out of the Coach, as you may perceive, where it has been my Misfortune to do Penance all the Way, in such intolerable Company as never any Man was plagu'd with; Men of no Sense or Reason, yet mighty Politicians, and ten times more troublesome.

Tim. Than Damnation-*Burgess*, when he's answering Cases of Conscience, or *Millington* at a Auction, or a *Scots*-Man upon an occasional Sermon: But prithee who had you got with you?

Freem. There was a venerable old Gentleman, that by the Courtesy of the late Reign was made a Justice of Peace; and he was declaiming perpetually upon the Puissance and heroical Vertues of *Louis le Grand*, whom

whom he fancy'd to be as irresistable as the *Calvinist* Divines make God's Grace. Then there was a Leash of Country Attorneys, who took a great deal of Care, I heartily thank them, to stun me all the Way with their damn'd unintelligible Law-Cases, which I had no more a Mind to understand, than I have to learn either the modern Notions of Government, or the modern Systems of Theology. *Lastly*, To compleat my Misery, we had an ancient sage Matron in the Coach, and she, with Tears in her Eyes, rail'd very devoutly at the Lewdness of the present Age, occasion'd by the Non-Resistance Doctrine of some Divines: I thank God, says she, I never practis'd it since I was Fourteen: And then she fell as severely upon the Miscarriages of the late fornicating Admiral, (as she call'd him) as a She-Tarpaulin, who has lost her only Husband in the Engagement.

Tim. A very pretty Comfort, I'faith! So I don't doubt, but what between the Politicks of the Justice, and the Impertinence of your Lawyers, and the pious Ejaculations of your Female Companion, you found your self as uneasy as a blundering Cit amongst the Verse-repeating *Beaux* of *Will*'s Coffee-house, or the Chair-man of a Committe amongst his Herd of Country-Petitioners. But setting this Business aside, prithee tell me how thou hast done this long while; for, unless I am mistaken, 'tis above three Years since we saw you last in Town.

Freem. Why truly, *Tim*, I live after my old laudable Custom still; sometimes I divert my self with a chearful Bottle, and sometimes pass away an Hour or two with an honest old Author; for, to say the Truth, your new-Gentlemen scarce deserve a Reading. I pay my Taxes without repining, and do what Good I can amongst my Neighbours; never trouble my self with other Mens Business; and tho' the Duty I owe to their present Majesties, will not permit me to talk so scandalously and disrespectfully of the two late Reigns, as some hot-headed Sots have done, yet I am

I am as well satisfy'd with the present Establishment, and as zealous for the Prosperity of old *England*, as the forwardest Courtier; who has made his Fortune by the Revolution, and consequently is oblig'd to stand up for it, as well upon the Score of his Interest, as his Choice. Thus I have answer'd your Question; and now prithee let me know what News you have in Town?

Tim. A right Country Gentleman's Question, I 'faith, for the first Thing he generally asks you, is, *What is the News?* As the Country-Ladies, when they come up to Town, enquire in the first Place, *Which is the newest Play or Lampoon? Which is the topping Mistress of the Court? Or the most fashionable Suit of Ribbons at the Exchange?* Well then, to satisfy your Curiosity, you must know, that there has lately happen'd a very remarkable Change or Conversion, (call it which you please) of a certain Person here in Town, which no Body could ever have imagin'd or expected; and now I leave it to you, to conjecture what it is.

Freem. A Conversion, and that a very remarkable one too! Why then I fancy *Tim*, that your Friend Mr. *Bays* is return'd to his Primitive Church.

Tim. Nay, the Lord knows which is Mr. *Bays*'s Primitive Church; but prithee why dost thou trouble thy Head about a Poet's Religion? For, as we say, a Beggar is never out of his Way, so a Poet is never out of his Religion.

Freem. Well then, a discarded *Jacobite* Captain turn'd an humble Retailer of wicked Bottle-Ale and Brandy? The discarded Rector of *Exeter* turn'd a Friend of *Athanasius*? Or the never to be forgotten Apostate turn'd a Defender of Passive-Obedience?

Tim. No.

Tim. A Physician turn'd a zealous Expounder of the Bible? Or a sworn Friend to *Scotch Cloth* reconcil'd to Lawn-Sleeves? Or a City Usurer turn'd a Refunder of his ill-gotten Estate?

Tim.

Tim. No.

Freem. A Son of Slaughter at *White-Chapel* converted to the Observation of Fish-days? Or an old inveterate Republican turn'd a stiff Assertor of Monarchy?

Tim. No, but you had best consult Mr. *Ferguson*, to resolve your last Question.

Freem. Is Dr. *Oates* reform'd from his usual Way of rascalling People, and return'd to the Use of his Memory and good Manners on the sudden? Or has that bloody Swearer refus'd to take the new Oaths?

Tim. Why don't you know, that in a late Auction of Paintings, there was a Picture of the Doctor's to be seen, where he was represented like a *Blackamoor*, with a *Gloucestershire* Parliament-Man washing him, in order to make him *rectus in Curia*, by the same Token that it was call'd, *The Labour in Vain?*

Freem. Is the red-fac'd Chaplain-maker of *White-hall* reconcil'd to the Choice of honest Divines, and renounc'd taking Money for Places? Or have any of the topping Sons of Schism, by the Bribe of a good Deanry or Bishoprick, been converted to the Liturgy?

Tim. No, no; but hark you, Friend of mine, you had best have a Care what you say. Sons of Schism! Why, I tell you every Man amongst them disowns the Word, and say, that, Thanks to the new Laws, they are as much an establish'd Church, as you know which was.

Freem. Is there then no Difference between Tolerating and Establishing? After this Rate, the Bear-Garden and the Play-house may all, in good Time, pretend to be establish'd Parliamentary Assemblies. — But to go on: Is there any of the new Interpreters of *Daniel* and the *Apocalyps* converted to Sense and Reason? Or any of the modern Comprehension-men converted to a good Opinion of the poor suffering Ceremonies of the Church?

Tim. No, not a single Man among them, as far as I can hear.

Freem.

Freem. To conclude then: Is the Vicar near *Charing-Cross* convinc'd there's not so much Bawdry in the Service of Matrimony, as without it? Is any noted *Socinian* turn'd a Friend to Faith? Or any of the good People of *Doctors-Commons* to unlicens'd Marriages? Is any Fanatick Parson turn'd a Friend to Cleanliness? Any Court-Lady to plain Linnen, and no Back-biting? Any litigious Attorney to References and Arbitrations? Any thrice-marry'd Widow to Impotence? Any of the Town Criticks to Modesty? Or lastly, any Alderman that was begotten on a Bulk, to Heraldry and Pedigrees?

Tim. No, you have not hit the Point after all.

Freem. Why, then the Devil take me if I am able to guess what is the Matter. To pursue this Point any farther, I find would be as endless a Piece of Trouble, as to reckon up all the dull, stupid, senseless Passages on the Conference at the Brasier's Shop in *Long-Acre*, or in *Sh——dwel*'s Panegyricks; or to give you a List of all Dr. *Pain*'s pretended Reasons for Alterations, or all the Similes in the *Plain-Dealer*. Therefore let me, once for all, intreat you, dear *Tim*, to put me out of my Pain, and let me know what mighty Business it is you have to communicate.

Tim. Prepare then with Reverence and Attention to receive what I am going about to deliver; for, give me Leave to tell you, Sir, now we are *nos inter nos*, as the Saying is, 'tis the most surprizing, unexpected Piece of News you ever heard in all your Life.

Freem. Lord! what a deal of insignificant Flourish and Preparation is here, to usher in, it may be, but a foolish Story at last? Why, by and by thou wilt perswade me, that the Monument last Week took a Pair of Oars to go and plead the City-Cause against the Orphans at the *King's-Bench*, or, that the two old Pasteboard-Giants at *Guild-hall* have laid their Heads together, to confute *Baker*'s Chronicle, or *Wood*'s *Oxford*-Antiquities.

Tim.

Tim. Nay, Sir, since I find you begin to be somewhat musty, and all that, like Father *Teague* in the Play, when the Outside of the Door was put upon him, I am resolv'd to ease you of your Trouble immediately. Know then, for a certain Truth, that one of the most celebrated Divines we have in Town, (I must not give my self the Trouble to name him to you) who has silenc'd the Papists, confounded the Independants, lately maul'd the Anti-Trinitarians, and, by his zealous Performances for Passive-Obedience has made little *Atwood* pass for a great Author; has at last, upon mature Consideration, and after a Year and a half's chewing the Cud upon the Matter, ———

Freem. Done what, I prithee?

Tim. Why, fac'd about to the Right, and taken the Swear.

Freem. And is all your mighty News, which you prefac'd with so much Shew and Ceremony, come to this sorry Issue at last? *Parturiunt Montes, nascetur ridiculus Mus.* To be plain with you, I am not at all surpriz'd with what you have told me; I have heard of it before; but because I hate to be behind-hand with you, or any Body else, in Lieu of your domestick News, I'll acquaint you with a very remarkable foreign Story.

Tim. With all my Heart; begin as soon as you please.

Freem. A certain *Dutch* Grammarian, (no Matter for his Name, or Place of Abode) in his Commentaries upon *Suetonius*'s Lives of the twelve *Cæsars*, when he comes to take the Emperor *Domitian* to Task, who, you know, took a strange Pleasure in dragooning Prince *Belzebub*'s Subjects (the Flies) out of their Lives and Fortunes, with his Royal Needle, ———

Tim. Very well, I understand you.

Freem.

Freem. Wonders, in the Name of God! how the Emperor could ever find in his Heart to butcher the poor Flies (in the *Pedant's Dutch Latin*, call'd *Vespas*) after so barbarous a Manner, since his own natural Father's Name was *Vespasian.*

Tim. A very pretty edifying Story this, as I take it.

Freem. At last he concludes with this observable Sentence; *Ingens est hoc profectò Mysterium, nec facilè explicandum.*

Tim. So, Sir, I am your very humble Servant; but you'll infinitely oblige me, however, if you'll be pleas'd to think of making an Application to your Story.

Freem. Why, then I must tell thee, *Tim*, in plain downright *English*, that I wonder full as much as the *Dutch*-Man did at the above-mention'd Passage, that thou should'st ever have the Assurance to palm the Doctor's Conversion, as thou call'st it, upon me for such a strange Piece of News: For to give you my Sentiments once for all upon this Occasion, I rather wonder that he was so late before he reconcil'd himself to the Government, than that he was prevail'd with to do it all.

Tim. Nay, now I perceive you are in the Humour of maintaining Paradoxes; for though you seem to make so Slight of this News, yet, give me Leave to tell you, it has been Matter of Astonishment almost to every Body here about the Town. But may a Man be so happy as to hear you produce any Reasons for what you have said?

Freem. Aye, with all my Heart. You must know then, that several worthy Persons, whom I could name to you, if there were any Necessity for it, came immediately after the Revolution, to advise with the Doctor in that Exigence of Affairs. Some of them he dissuaded from taking the Oaths, and, without Question, furnish'd them with his own Reasons for his dissenting from the Government in that Particular, and

and I don't hear that he ever ſent for them to come in with him: But when others came to conſult him about the very ſame Buſineſs, he was pleas'd to ſay, he would preſcribe to no Body's Conſcience but his own; and ſo diſmiſs'd them, with bidding them uſe their own Diſcretion in the Matter.

Tim. Well, and what of all this?

Freem. Why, ſay I, any Man who could deliver himſelf ſo ambiguouſly upon a Queſtion that ſo nearly concern'd the Security of the Government, and the Welfare as well as the Honour of the eſtabliſh'd Church, either look'd upon it not to be a Thing of that Importance as it really is, or elſe had not fully determin'd his Sentiments, either to the Lawfulneſs or Unlawfulneſs of it. I am of Opinion, that nothing but the Fear of incurring the Guilt of Perjury, could excuſe any Man from giving the Government ſo reaſonable a Satisfaction as the taking the Oaths amounted to. Now, that the Doctor was not fully perſwaded in his Conſcience, that there was any Perjury in ſuch a Compliance, is very apparent, as I think, from his adviſing the Gentlemen to make Uſe of their own Diſcretion; which he would never have done, if he had really believ'd that ſo black and ſcandalous and cowardly a Sin would be the neceſſary Conſequence of it.

Tim. Well then, granting all you have ſaid to be true, what Advantage do you intend to make of it?

Freem. That the Doctor conſider'd the taking of the Oaths to be only an indifferent Thing, and no more; which a Man might either do or not do, at his own Pleaſure; for otherwiſe, it had been his Duty to diſſwade all Perſons who came to be advis'd by him, from Swearing. Now, *Tim*, pray tell me, what Miracle is it for a Man to part with his Opinion about an indifferent Thing, when there's nothing but Scandal and Poverty to be had in maintaining it ſtill, and ſo much Intereſt and Advantage to balance him to the contrary Side?

Tim.

Tim. To say the Truth, there's no such extraordinary Miracle in such a Case. But then I would have you consider, dear Friend of mine, that the Doctor's Circumstances were perhaps clearly different from the Gentlemen that came to consult him; and consequently, what might be either lawful or expedient for them to do, might not be so lawful, at least so reputable, for himself.

Freem. Let me desire thee, honest *Tim*, to explain thy self a little farther about this same Business.

Tim. You know to what Heights, or rather Extremities, the Doctor has all along carry'd the Doctrine of Passive-Obedience; you know how stiffly and zealously he has asserted the *Jus Divinum* of Monarchy; and with what Assiduity and Pains he has combated the other Party, who fell upon different Schemes and Notions of Government. And therefore, imagining that several Passages in the late Revolution could not be well reconcil'd to what he had formerly preach'd, what Wonder is it, if he could not at the same Time prevail'd with himself to give his Assent?

Freem. Nay, if that Reason is worth a Farthing, it holds as well now as it did the last Year.

Tim. Prithee let me alone for a while, and afterwards say what you please. ——— But then this Case, as I told you before, seems only particular to the Doctor; for the other Gentlemen perhaps never preach'd or printed those Doctrines which the Doctor has, or perhaps never believ'd a Syllable of them, as is evident some of their Brethren never did; who, in several Treatises and Sermons that have been publish'd since the Abdication, pretend to assert abundance of Things that were not so very current Doctrine in the two late Reigns; and so the Doctor might excusably enough leave them to use their own Discretion in the Matter, since if they comply'd with the Government, it would contradict nothing which they formerly preach'd and believ'd. What may be the Reason, do you think, why the Fanaticks

were

were so loyally affected to their late Majesties, and were so easily brought over to renounce the last? All the World knows what a great deal of dutiful Care they took to lull asleep the late King, with their addressing Opiates, and sacrificing their Lives and Fortunes to him, whenever he should have an Occasion to make Use of them. And yet among so numerous a Herd, unless a very few, and those *incognito*, none have scrupled to take the Oaths, altho' you know they are a People that understand how to make the best of a Scruple, of any Men breathing. Their *Democratick* Principles are still the same, and their Sincerity to this Government, has no better a Foundation, than what they pretended for the last. Therefore, in short, the Business is this; besides the Interest they perceiv'd in crying up their Loyalty now, our last Turn of Affairs could not but be very acceptable to those Persons, who all along plac'd the Sovereign Power in the Multitude, and made their Princes, upon every Transgression and Male-Administration in the State, accountable to the People.

Freem. As for what concerns the Fanaticks, I readily own. But then, the other Part of your Discourse, *Tim.* is not so well grounded as it ought to be. You say, the Doctor might refuse to take the Oaths, because, in doing so, he must run counter to several Principles which he had formerly justify'd and asserted. Now, if this be true, he's as much oblig'd at this present Moment to dissent from the Government as at first. You say, likewise, that the Case of those Gentlemen, who consulted him about taking the Oaths, is very different from his; but this I take neither to be satisfactory nor solid. The Question is, whether what the Doctor has formerly preach'd or written, is the true Doctrine of the Church of *England*, or no? If it is not, I am of Opinion he's bound to make a solemn Retraction of it; and if it is, it oblig'd his Brethren, who came to advise him, equally with himself, altho' they never preach'd

preach'd it, or publickly juſtify'd it in Print. For Inſtance, here are two Clergy-men; one of them preaches againſt Oppreſſion and Covetouſneſs once a Month at leaſt, and perhaps has appear'd in a Term-Catalogue upon that Subject; the other, we'll ſay, never medled with the Point in all his Life; and yet you'll never conclude, I ſuppoſe, that the latter has more Pretence and Plea to cheat the Poor, and trouble his Pariſh for a ſingle Tythe-Pig, than the former. After all, *Tim*, you ſeem to make the Doctor's Diſſent rather to proceed from a Nicety of Honour, than a Principle of Conſcience; for which Piece of Service, I believe, he'll never return you his Thanks. Now, I wonder in my Heart, that you ſhould lay ſo great a Streſs upon that Point, or admire to ſee one ſingle Man be-prevail'd, with at laſt, to make a Sacrifice of his Honour, (if even ſo much as his Honour be concern'd) when you ſee ſo many thouſand People in the World, that make no Scruple at all of ſacrificing their Conſcience!

Tim. But prithee, wou'd not you have a Man be careful to preſerve his Character and Reputation in the World, and ſtudy to give as little Scandal as may be?

Freem. Ay, without Queſtion; tho', as the World goes, I don't think a Man's Honour and Reputation are worth the while to be maintain'd at the Expence of ſtarving for them; and ſome People I could name to you, would ſcarce put that dangerous Compliment upon their Religion, as to ſuffer any ſevere Extremities for its ſake. Beſides, now you talk of Scandal, I queſtion whether the Doctor has not given a great deal more Scandal by his late Compliance with the Oaths, than his former diſſenting from them. Before, he was generally conſider'd as a Perſon of Conſcience and Honour, and now perhaps abundance of ill-natur'd People will allow him a Share of neither. And what may ſerve to confirm them in ſuch an Opinion, is, the Doctor's Conſcience, which has, for this

long

long while liv'd among the Lawyers, has not been ſo uniform (If I may uſe the Expreſſion) as you imagine it at firſt Sight to be, or I cou'd have wiſh'd it had been.

Tim. I would deſire to know how you make that out, noble Sir?

Freem. I call that an uniform Conſcience, *Tim*, which proceeds regularly in all its Actions, and never does any Thing in Contradiction to its own Principles. Now, let us ſee whether the Doctor's Conduct, ſince our new Eſtabliſhment of Affairs, can endure the Teſt of this Definition. Moſt Men will agree, that the Reaſon why the Doctor refus'd the Oaths, muſt be becauſe he apprehended it was ſinful to take them; ſo then, if the Doctor, at the ſame Time when he judg'd the taking the Oaths to be ſinful, nevertheleſs ſubmitted to do another Thing, which was tantamount to taking them, how can you, or any Man elſe, excuſe him from acting quite contrary to his own Principle?

Tim. This is very true, I own; but however, it is not enough to ſay ſo, unleſs you could prove it.

Freem. I was in good Hopes you would never give me the Trouble to prove ſo plain a Point. Did you never hear then, that when ſome of the Doctor's Council had found out a Loop-hole for him in the Act of Parliament, to enable him to preach at his Lecture in St. *Dunſtan*'s, how he pray'd very heartily for both their Majeſties by Name, when at the ſame Time he could not prevail with his Conſcience to ſwear to them?

Tim. Why, prithee Man, every Body in the Town knows that. The Truth on't is, People diſcours'd very indifferently upon that Occaſion; but all his Friends, who at that Time ſeem'd to juſtify his Proceedings, were agreed, that it was a different Thing to pray for a Perſon, and ſwear Allegiance to a Perſon; for you know the Apoſtle commands us to pray

for

for all Men, but he no where commands us to ſwear to all Men.

Freem. This is a very miſerable pitiful Shift, as I take it, when it comes to be narrowly examin'd; for prithee tell me, honeſt *Tim*, what is it to ſwear Allegiance to any Prince?

Tim. To acknowledge, in the Preſence of God Almighty, that the Prince to whom I ſwear, has a lawful Title to the Throne he poſſeſſes, and conſequently to my Fidelity and Service, as far as the reſpective Conſtitution of the Government where I live commands it.

Freem. Well then, and is not praying for a Prince, and recommending him in all his acknowledg'd Titles to the Protection of God Almighty, the very ſame Thing in Effect with ſwearing to him? I am ſure it is, if your Heart goes along with your Words; and a Church, as far as I underſtood of the Matter, is none of the fitteſt Places in the World for a Man to prevaricate in. Beſides, *Tim*, there's this remarkable Difference between ſwearing to a Prince, and praying for him, that you may perhaps have Occaſion to ſwear to him but once in your Life, and that before very few Witneſſes; whereas you are oblig'd to do the other once a Week at leaſt in the Face of a very numerous and ſolemn Aſſembly.

Tim. But how do you know, dear Friend, but this very ſame Caſe, which looks ſo intricate and perplex'd at firſt Sight, may be made to appear plauſible enough with the Help of two or three of the Doctor's Diſtinctions?

Freem. Nay, let me conjure you, *Tim*, to overwhelm me with no Diſtinctions, as you love me; for the Caſe is ſo very plain and obvious, that it will not admit of any. I am certain, that where there are two controverted Titles, if my Conſcience would not give me Leave to ſwear to a Prince, my Conſcience would never permit me to pray for him publickly; and I am as ſure, that if I could prevail with

with my Conscience to pray for him under the Title he assumes, and which this Person once controverted, I should never make any Scruple of swearing to him. The Apostle, you tell me, commands us to pray for all Men. So we do; and, for my own Part, I can pray very heartily for the *Grand Seignior*, the Cham of *Tartary*, or the *Great Mogul*, without any Remorse; but, at the same Time, I can never pray for any of the aforesaid Monarchs, as King of *England*, and so forth; or if I could, why then, as I told you before, *Tim*, I should make no Question of testifying my Acknowledgment of them by an Oath.

Tim. That may be your Conscience, perhaps; but it were as unreasonable to think that all People are actuated by the same Conscience, as to imagine that all People pursue the same End, or think the same Things are influenc'd by the same Motives You see several hundreds of Men flock every *Sunday* to Church, yet one Man goes there to pick a Pocket, a second to make an Assignation with a Girl, a third to take a comfortable Nap, and a fourth, perhaps, to hear Dr. *Sh*——— contradict himself; thus every Man has his particular Aim or Design. And so it is in the Business of Conscience; a thousand Men may do the same Thing, and pretend their Conscience is interested in the doing of it, and yet every particular Man's Conscience may proceed upon a different Motive or *Salvo*. As for an Instance, let us examine the Case of Swearing to this present Government: The Dissenters, of all Sects and Denominations, do it to be reveng'd on the Monarchy and Passive-Obedience; for, tho' the Protestant Religion is the Word with them now, it is not to be imagin'd that those People, who shew'd so small a Concern for it in the late Reign, should heartily entertain any affectionate Regard for its Welfare in this. It would be too tedious a Business to examine the Grounds upon which all the rest have gone; yet you may be pleas'd to ob-

ſerve, that as all of them have embark'd their Conſcience more or leſs in this Affair, ſo, generally ſpeaking, every Man's Conſcience goes a different Way to Work; for Conſcience is a very intricate Thing, and oftentimes is influenc'd by very unaccountable Conſiderations.

Freem. That Obſervation of yours is very true; and I could cite ſeveral famous modern Examples to prove the Truth of it, but ſhall at preſent only content my ſelf with one of ancient Standing. Is it not a ſtrange Thing, that *Pythagoras*, who had the Reputation of a wiſe and learned Philoſopher, ſhould ever make it a Matter of Conſcience to refuſe the eating of Beans? Or that any of his Diſciples ſhould arrive to that prodigious Degree of Stupidity, as to be Confeſſors for that ſottiſh, unthinking, Bean-renouncing Doctrine? And yet we have one of their Names upon Record, who choſe to undergo the Puniſhment of the Rack, rather than gratify the Curioſity of a certain Tyrant ſo far, as to acquaint him with the true Reaſon why *Pythagoras* forbad ſo innocent a Food; and, at laſt, very heroically bit off his Tongue, leſt the Extremity of his Torment ſhould oblige him to part with ſo profound a Secret. Here was an odd whimſical Sort of a Conſcience, with a Witneſs; and I believe you'll find it a hard Taſk to meet with a Conſcience in any of the Conventicles about the Town, that would ſuffer ſo much for its lawful Prince, as this poor Fellow ſuffer'd for a Bean; and is very like the Conſcience of a certain Perſon, who never ſaw his Cathedral, and yet took that Care of his Dioceſs, as to prohibit them the eating of Blank Puddings, becauſe it ſeem'd to contradict *St. Paul's* Admonition about Blood. But all this while, honeſt *Tim*, as I take it, we have diſcours'd beſides our Matter; therefore, to return to our firſt Subject again, prithee tell me, how the Doctor's Converſion reliſhes with you here in the City.

Tim.

Tim. Why, you know there are Store of malicious People in all Communities in the World, and theſe are hardly to be pleas'd. Indeed, as for the Generality of the eſtabliſh'd Church, they are well enough ſatisfy'd with his new Acquaintance with the Oaths, and don't at all queſtion, but that as he had Leiſure and Retirement enough to ſtudy the Point, ſo he has, at laſt, comply'd upon very ſolid ſubſtantial Grounds.

Freem. Well, but the Diſſenters, I hope, are very well ſatisfy'd with his coming over to us. They ſeem, you know, upon all Occaſions, to be very zealous and affectionate to their late Majeſties, by the ſame Token, that by their Good-will they could be content to have all the Gentlemen in the Kingdom hang'd out of the Way, or *De-witted*, who refuſe to acknowledge them by taking the Oaths. Therefore, I ſhould think it muſt needs rejoyce the Hearts of all theſe worthy Patriots, to ſee a Perſon of the Doctor's Learning and Character, lay aſide his former Prejudices to our Settlement, and voluntarily own it.

Tim. No, no, you are quite miſtaken; the Diſſenters are Maſters of too good Memories, to be ever guilty of any Charity towards a Man who had the Boldneſs to touch the Copyhold of Schiſm. They rail at him ten times more furiouſly than ever they did, and challenge him, if he dares, to reconcile his preſent Compliance with his old muſty Notions of Paſſive-Obedience; and then they ſay, they'll get *Excrocloydon Baxter*, or one of the *Poultry* Divines, to reconcile *Tranſubſtantiation* to his *Preſervative againſt Popery*.

Freem. But are they all ſo inveterate? What, not one ſingle Man amongſt the whole Herd, that congratulates the Government for the great Happineſs of his Reduction!

Tim. The only Man I hear of, who has been pleas'd to teſtify his Joy for this Occaſion, is that

learned Son of *Socinus*, Mr. *Thomas F——rm——n* by Name: He pretends, that the Doctor has effectually answer'd all his other Treatises, by taking the Oaths, excepting his late Book against the *Anti-Trinitarians*; and he comforts himself, that the Doctor will, all in due Time, ruin the Reputation of that Piece; for, says he, the Doctor has got such a pretty Way of answering his own Books, that 'tis a thousand Pities any one else should take the Trouble out of his Hands. Nay, I am inform'd, (continues he) that when he took the Oaths, he desir'd to be sworn upon the naked Gospel.

Freem. 'Tis strange, methinks, that the Dissenters should be angry with the Doctor for what he has done: If their Zeal for the Government is real and sincere, which 'tis a Sin for us in the Country to question, I wonder why they should quarrel with him upon this Score, since the Influence of his Example, for all they know, may be serviceable to reduce the rest of his Brethren, who at present dissent from us.

Tim. That does not signify a Farthing; for, besides their particular Pique against the Doctor, as he is a Member of the establish'd Church, they would have neither him, nor any one else, who is not of their Party, be thought loyal: For all their former Bellowings and Cries against the Illegality of Monopolies, yet at present they would willingly engross all the little Honesty and Loyalty that is left in the Nation into their own Hands; though, by the By, their Loyalty is compounded of such cross, surly, ill-natur'd Ingredients, and is such an odd, awkward Sort of Loyalty, that, for all I can see to the contrary, no Prince in *Christendom* is likely to be the better for it.

Freem. A Dissenter's Loyalty is like the Officiousness of a Rook at Play, who only lends you Money in order to your Ruin. I pray Heaven it proves of long Continuance; but, for my Part, I am afraid it will last

last no longer than they find their Religion (I mean their Interest) concern'd in it.

Tim. More than all this, they'll tell you, that we owe the Sun-shine of the Gospel, and all the other Blessings of the late Revolution, entirely to their Discretion and State-Principles; and, that if these impracticable Doctrines of the Church of *England*, concerning the Civil Magistrate, had taken Place, we had, by this Time, been utterly overwhelm'd with Popery and Slavery.

Freem. Why, this is ten times over a more fulsome Plea than their Pretensions to Loyalty. They preserve the Protestant Religion! Where, or how, or in what Reign, that we may see it registerd in our Almanacks? I am sure they have contributed, in all their pious Endeavours, to make the Reformation as scandalous and despicable as any of the Fathers of the Society could have done. They preserv'd it after a fine Rate, by their universal Silence in the late Reign, and their little, low, abject Applications to Popery; and now, when the Enemy is beaten out of the Field, they make a great Pother with a few Gleanings out of our own Authors, and pretend the Victory is owing to their Assistance and Conduct.

Tim. Nay, the Dissenters have not been wanting even in this Reign, to do the Protestant Religion all the good Service they can. One of the Tribe, in his *Modest Enquiry*, as he call'd it, very modestly advis'd the Rabble to knock all the Clergy-men on the Head. And another nameless Rascal, in his *Reflections* upon the Miscarriages of our Navy, that are printed by one of those godly Wholesale-Dealers in Scandal, those Scruple-selling Vermin of the *Poultry*, has this remarkable Passage. *viz.* That there's more Vertue and Honour to be found among the Rabble, than the Gentry. *Rabble* is likewise the Word with their dear Brethren in *Scotland*; and you may guess what a brave Religion we shall have of it at last, if we follow these blessed Methods, and suffer it to

be model'd and fitted to the Inclinations of our judicious Rabble.

Freem. Why prithee, *Tim*, you need not give your self the Trouble, at this Time of Day, to acquaint me with any of the laudable Qualities of the Diſſenters, and eſpecially of their *Levites*; as for Inſtance, either with their Wit, which never appears but in their Similes, and in interpreting the Prophets; or with their Charity, which is never extended beyond their own Party; or with their Modeſty, which is never viſible, but when they wink in the Pulpit; or with their Sincerity, which never appears, but when they own themſelves in their Prayers to be a Pack of the damned'ſt Rogues in the World; or with their Learning, which never goes beyond a *Dutch* Syſtem, and a little Heraldry; or with their Sobriety, which is never admitted to keep them Company at their pious *Friday* Entertainments; or with their Loyalty, which was never ſhewn, but by their promiſing to lend this King more Money than they could raiſe, and abuſing the two laſt Reign; or, laſtly, with their Zeal againſt Popery, which is never to be prov'd, but by their continual Endeavours to undermine the eſtabliſh'd Church. ——— But let me conjure you, dear *Tim*, to drop this nauſeous fulſome Subject; for, as I hope for Mercy, I am as weary of it, as a Preſbyterian Splitter of Caſes is weary of a poor Brother, that conſtantly comes every *Sunday* with his dozen troubleſome Scruples, to be reſolv'd, *ſub forma pauperis*.

Tim. Thus you ſee, Sir, with what Contempt and Averſion the Diſſenters in Town entertain the Story of the Doctor's Converſion. Now give me Leave to add a Word or two more concerning them, and then I'll have done. You very well obſerve, that they pretend to have abundance of Zeal for their preſent Majeſties; ſo they do, if you'll take their own Words for't; they'll tell you, that no Body keeps the Faſts and Thankſgiving-Days with that Devo-

tion

tion as themselves have done. But for all this, dear Friend of mine, they are angry to see the Number of the King's Subjects increas'd; and if they see a Church of *England-man* come over to the Government, they immediately call him all the Rogues and Rascals in the World: The Reason is plain, they'd willingly have his Majesty serv'd by none but themselves, and then they don't question to reduce the *French* King and demolish *Popery* in due Time. Besides, if all the Church of *England-men* had taken the Oaths, they had lost their dearly beloved Topick of railing at them; and I dare swear, (so well am I acquainted with a Dissenter's Tenderness) they'd rather sacrifice all the Princes in the Universe, than lose the precious Opportunity of Libelling and Railing. You are infinitely mistaken, if you imagine that the Bishops would find better Quarter from the Fanaticks, if they should ever take the Oaths; no, no, they pray with all their Hearts, that they may refuse the doing of it still, for then they are in Hopes to see the other Order abolish'd, and their Revenues divided among the Saints, *i. e.* their old *Oliverian* Leases come in Play again: Of all which Expectations they would be miserably disappointed, if those immortal Patriots could prevail with themselves to comply.

Freem. I don't pity the Doctor, however, for being used after this unmerciful Rate, by those Sons of Schism; for, if it were *my* own Case, I should rather chuse to put that sanctify'd Generation to the Expence of a little Scandal, for my Sake, than a little Flattery; and rather accept of their Reproaches, which are excellent in their Kind, than of their Incense, which is the nastiest coursest Stuff in the World. 'Tis well enough with him, so long as his own Brethren are satisfy'd, as you have before inform'd me, with the Honesty of his Proceedings; or, if they were not at first, I don't question but the Reasons he has publish'd for his own Defence, carry so much Strength

and Solidity with them, as to satisfy all the reasonable Part of Mankind as to that Particular.

Tim. Why, there you are mistaken, dear Friend of mine; for tho' the Doctor has condescended to acquaint the World in Publick with the Reasons of his Conversion, yet he has not been so happy as to satisfy all People.

Freem. Who could ever expect that? 'Tis an impossible Thing, you know, to do it; but however, I am glad the Doctor has publish'd his Reasons, for otherwise I should have been a little angry with him. For, could he dissent from the Government above a Year and a half, and by his Example hinder so many Country Parsons from taking the Oaths, and keeping their Livings, and yet refuse the World so slender a Satisfaction, as to let them see the Motives of a Change? I ever thought that so inconsiderable a Piece of Trouble was due to his own Reputation and Credit, as well as the farther Instruction of his younger Brethren of the Clergy, who, I am afraid, little consider'd the Merits of the Cause, but rather what a brave Thing it was to be thought of the Doctor's Company, and embark'd in the Doctor's Quarrel, and now having nothing else left them to do, but to starve with as much Decency as they can, and to curse the Expensiveness of their Vanity and Loyalty.

Tim. All this you and I cannot possibly help, and therefore 'tis a great Piece of Nonsense for us to talk of it any longer; only thus much I must add, That, in my Opinion too, the Doctor lay under all the Obligations in the World to make the true Occasions of his late Reconcilement publick: 'Tis a Debt which was due to the Interest he now espouses, no less than the Party he has forsaken; some of which, as you say, the Temptation of being thought of his Acquaintance or Judgment has reduc'd to their present mortifying Necessities. And therefore this being so necessary a Debt, as well in Regard to himself, as the rest of the World, I always perswade my self, that the Doctor would

would take Care to acquit it, as soon as ever he has got his Reasons ready.

Freem. Got his Reasons ready, did you say? That's a Jest with all my Heart; as if a Man of the Doctor's Learning and Experience in the World, after so long a Time too to examine all the Niceties of the Case, could suffer himself to be ingag'd in an Affair, to which he formerly expres'd so incurable an Aversion, without having his Reasons ready by him. Nothing but either Pride, (which I would be loth to suspect in a Person of his mortify'd Character) or the Weakness of his Cause, could engage him to act only on the defensive Part. 'Tis a hundred to one, but a Man's Adversary may say something or other, which will lye a little obnoxious to Censure and Exception; so 'tis but falling, without any more ado, upon the Author's blind Side, and the Business is soon over. There are a thousand Ways for a Man of any tolerable Discretion to put by his Enemy's Thrust when he is attack'd; nay, 'tis possible too he may come off with the better on't; especially if the Man he has to deal with, plays open, and lies unguarded in any Part. And therefore, if this had been the Doctor's Policy, I should have thought the worse of his Skill in Polemics as long as I liv'd. I remember I was once in a Coffee-house in the Country, where we happen'd to be talking of the Doctor's coming over to the Government, and a Gentleman in the Room was pleas'd to say, he was of Opinion, that the Doctor had got his Reasons ready, much after the same Rate as a Country Inn-keeper, whom he knew, got a poor Fellow's Porcupine ready.

Tim. Prithee what Story is that; for, to the best of my Knowledge, I never heard of it before?

Freem. Nay, the Story is entertaining enough, that I can assure you, and perhaps will deserve your Attention. You must understand then, that a certain Fellow here about the Town, who gets a sorry

Livelihood by carrying some outlandish Beasts about the Country with him, and shewing them for Pence a-piece to the People, had by Chance brought a Porcupine, the only Support he had left him in the World, to an Inn where this Gentleman was acquainted: The next Morning he calls the Inn-keeper to him, and thus accosts him: *Landlord*, says he, *I must beg one Favour of you, and that is, to get my Porcupine and Room ready by eleven of the Clock precisely; and in the mean Time I'll step into the Town to see what Company I can pick up.*

Tim. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Freem. Away goes the Fellow into the Town, and for a while stares about him, to observe all the Curiosities of the Place; towards Ten he makes a solemn Proclamation of his Porcupine, and so musters up as much Company as he thought would defray the Expences of the Shew for that Time, and carries them to his Inn.

Tim. Well, I mightily desire to hear the Issue of your Porcupine.

Freem. When the Fellow was got into his Room at the Inn, he knocks for the Landlord, and asks whether he had got the Porcupine ready? Aye, Sir, that I have, replies the Landlord, I hate to be worse than my Word to any Man; but I must desire you, Sir, that you'll be pleas'd to tell me what Sawce you'll have for him?

Tim. Why what a Devil did he mean by that Question?

Freem. You shall hear. Cries the Master of the Porcupine, what do you intend, by asking me what Sawce I'd have for him? Nay, no Harm in the World, says the Man of the House; you order'd me to get the Porcupine ready for you by Eleven, and so I have; for I gave Directions to the Maid to put him in the Pot immediately; but, Sir, says he, I never boil'd a Porcupine in my Life before, and therefore must once

more

more request you to let me know what Sawce your Worship will order for him.

Tim. The poor Fellow, without Question, look'd very simply upon the Matter, to hear his Livelihood was boil'd away so unluckily in one Morning. And now, to come close to you, noble Friend of mine, was it the Opinion of your Gentlemen then, that the Doctor's were boil'd away, like the Stroller's Porcupine, so that there was no procuring a Sight of any of them? You see how much he was mistaken in his Judgment. The Doctor (as I have told you) has been pleas'd to oblige the World with his Reasons; you may have them at any Bookseller's Shop in Town; but I cannot forbear to tell you, that there was never any Book, since the Days of the *Hind* and *Panther*, or the *Letter to a Dissenter*, that has been so universally pelted as this: Lawyers and Divines, *Jacobites* and *Williamites*, though they agreed in nothing else, yet they have all of them agreed to mawl this unfortunate Book. Nay, some of our City-'Prentices, and puny Scribblers, have had the Hardiness to tilt against it, only to make Experiment of their Talents; as School-Boys use to try their Knives, by running them up to the Hilts in a hot Bag-Pudding.

Freem. Say you so, *Tim*? 'Tis, I confess, somewhat odd, but who can help it? Come then, since the Doctor has had such ill Luck with his Reasons, and you and I have no other Business now upon our Hands, prithee let us invent some plausible specious Reasons for his Conversion; they'll help to pass away t'other Bottle, and t'other Hour, well enough; and perhaps they'll serve to amuse the World, and entertain the Reader, as well as some of his own.

Tim. No, Sir, I desire you to excuse your humble Servant as to this Affair; I'll never invent any Reasons for another Man, not I, I promise you; he may even do it himself, if he pleases; 'tis a very ungrateful Performance, let me tell you; and generally

rally the Person whom you intend to oblige by this kind of Office, will hold himself as little beholden to you, as a Man in the State of Cuckoldom, for giving him forty or fifty Reasons to support him-self under his Afflictions. But what will serve the Turn full as well, to put off half an Hour or so of Conversation, I will acquaint you with the several Reasons that People here in Town, of all Sorts and Parties, have already assign'd for his Conversion. At the same Time I must tell you, that as I don't believe them altogether my self, so I would never oblige you, or any Man besides, to place any great Assurance in the Truth of them.

Freem. Come then, honest *Tim*, and begin as soon as you will; for I can assure you, 'twill be no small Diversion to your Friend here, who is just come out of the Country.

Tim. Nay, Sir, not altogether so fast, I beseech you. I design my self a little more Sport and Pastime than you imagine; and since you have so admirable a Talent at Conjecturing, &c. I am resolv'd to keep your Hand in Play, and put you to the Trouble of guessing what they are.

Freem. Well then, since you'll have it so, I'll dispatch them out of Hand; but however, before I make Tryal of my noble Faculty, I must desire you to remember, how, that at the Beginning of our Conference, when you told me of the Doctor's Confession, I look'd upon it as no Miracle, and that for these two following weighty Reasons. In the first Place, because when some Gentlemen came to advise with him about that Matter, he civilly referr'd them to their own Discretion; which I suppos'd he would never have done, if he had been fully satisfy'd, that the taking the Oaths was a Sin, or had look'd upon it to be any Thing more than an indifferent Action. In the next Place, because the Doctor had long ago pray'd for their late Majesties; which is virtually, and in Effect, the same Thing with swearing to them;

them; and if it is a Sin to swear to a Prince, where the Title is controverted and under Dispute, I am sure it must be the very same Thing to pray for him. Now then, *Tim*, since I was so bold as to make the Doctor's Conversion no Miracle at all, you are not to expect that I should assign any miraculous Reasons for it, but only such as are frequent and common in the World; so I will begin with that which ever since the Creation of the World, has had a mighty Influence upon Men of all Countries, and Degrees, and Religions. The greater Part of Mankind, and especially our Dissenters at Home, love to christen it by the Name of Conscience; but, for my Part, the best *English* Word I have for it, is INTEREST. What think you of this now?

Tim. To say the Truth, there are abundance of ill-affected Men about the Town, that have trump'd that unlucky Card upon the Doctor; but, for my Part, I don't believe it had any great Share in his Reconciliation to the Government. Therefore you had best guess again.

Freem. Nay, but prithee consider, dear *Tim*, what a lovely charming Thing this same Interest is, before we shut our Hands of it: It has all the Ear-marks of Love; and Love, you know, works little less than Miracles. It conquers the Young, and the Old are not able to withstand its Almightyship: It makes those that can see as blind as so many Beetles; and as for those that are blind, why, 'tis the best Oculist in the World, and recovers their Eye-sight to all Intents and Purposes.

Tim. No, no, all this shall not pass upon me, I'll assure you.

Freem. Have a Care, *Tim*, I advise you, what you say against five hundred Pounds *per Annum*; name it, you Rogue, with Fear and Reverence, and fall down upon your Knees when you hear it mention'd in Company. Five hundred Pounds a Year is not to be spoken scandalously of, honest *Tim*; it will buy a Coach,

Coach, and a Pair of *Sunday-Horses*; it will purchase Petricoats and Commodes, the *Polyglot* and *Councils*, and half the *Non-Resistance* in *Christendom*, with abundance of other fine Things, too tedious to be reckon'd up.

Tim. Thou keep'st as great a Pother here with thy Interest, as a scribbling Courtier with his last Lampoon, or a School-Philosopher with his newest Set of Distinctions; or what is equally as impertinent, as a Country-Fidler with his newest Set of Tunes. But I can tell you, for your Comfort, that if you do not guess better at your second Essay, than you have done at your first, you are not in any great Probability of finding out the Secret.

Freem. To proceed then. Is the Doctor brought to a better Opinion of the Abdication? Or, does he go altogether upon the Merits of Forefaulture?

Tim. No, I suppose he does not; for if he does, the Lord have Mercy, say I, upon all his poor passive Obedience.

Freem. Why, other People, *Tim*, have Stores of Passive-Obedience about them, as well as the Doctor, and yet they don't apprehend that it is a Farthing the worse, or that they have broke it all. Suppose, *Tim*, you should find Occasion, for Reasons best known to yourself, to remove a Bag of your Money from one Goldsmith to another of better Reputation, would you not break that Fellow's Head, who should have the Impudence to tell you, you had broken your Sum? Even so in the Business of Passive-Obedience, the Doctor, and some of his Brethren, have only transferr'd it from King *James*'s Hands, who, you know, is broke and ruin'd, and a Statute of Bankrupt has pass'd against him in Parliament, to King *William*, who can give them better Security for it: And Passive-Obedience, I can tell you, will pass acceptable to any Prince in *Europe*, as a good Sum of Money to a Banker.

Tim. Well, but this is not the Point still, To try again.

Freem. Is the Doctor then reconcil'd to us by that Verse in the Psalms: *The Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulness thereof?*

Tim. Why, *No* is the Word still; for I suppose that that Text proves more than the Question, and besides, would serve a *Jehu* of *Leyden's* Turn, as well as any one's else.

Freem. But where there's a plain Conquest, and an honest Cause, as well as a legal Title to support the Conquest, that I believe cannot fail to make a Convert. Come, tell me now, have I hit upon the true Reason or no?

Tim. For your Satisfaction, Sir, you are come pretty nigh the Point, or else some of the Doctor's Friends have misinform'd me as to this Particular; though, to say the Truth, this Reason was every whit as good all the last Year, as it is at this present Moment; and I don't see that the Reduction of *Ireland* has made it the better.

Freem. Now we talk of *Ireland*, what say you if the Doctor was resolv'd to hold out 'till the taking of *Dublin*, and to surrender himself immediately when the Place was surrender'd?

Tim. All as I can say to the Question, is, that the Doctor then may return from us again; for alas! Sir, all the World can tell you, that *Dublin* is a Place of no considerable Strength, and cannot hold out long against any Enemy, especially if he have a Female Friend in the Garrison. —— But, Sir, you have not as yet had the good Fortune to light upon the most material Motive, that makes the greatest Bustle about the Town, therefore, once more, make use of your divining Faculty.

Freem. No, I heartily thank thee, dear *Tim*, I shall pump my Imagination no more for the Matter; I think I have drudg'd long enough in all Conscience to find it out; and to employ my Brains backward and

and forward any longer upon this Occasion, would be as wise a Piece of Trouble, as to lye waking all the Night in one's Bed, only to hear how the City Weather-Glasses, the Watch-men, vary every Hour in their bellowing out of Rain, Frost, and Moon-shine. Why, prithee *Tim*, what dost thou take me for, a Prophet or a Conjurer?

Tim. For neither, I swear; but tell me seriously, dost thou not know what Thing it is that baffles Heroes, spoils Divines, turns the greatest Princes into Milk-sops, makes Admirals lower their bloody Flags, and, in fine, breaks all Obligations, and governs all Mankind?

Freem. Why, Interest, I told you.

Tim. And what, does Interest, mere Interest only, do all this?

Freem. Why, then 'tis Conscience, I say.

Tim. Conscience, do you say! Why, just now Conscience, you told me, was but another *English* Word for Interest. And does nothing but bare Conscience, (which *Adoniram Byfield*, of blessed Memory, defin'd to be a Cat-Skin Pouch to put Money in) or bare Interest, do all these fine Things which I just now mention'd to you?

Freem. Why, then 'tis a Coach and six Horses, I tell you, and nothing in the World else that I can fancy; for you know, a Coach and Six was Bishop *Parker's* best Body of Divinity.

Tim. Worse and worse Faith. And does a Coach and six Horses baffle Heroes, spoil Divines, and make Milk-sops of Princes? Come, consider I say, once more upon the Point, for 'tis impossible to miss it.

Freem. No, *Tim*, pray excuse me; you see I have no tolerable Luck at guessing to Day; and besides, to tell you the Truth, I hate this slavish Piece of Drudgery, as heartily as Sir *William Tem*———, in his last Essays, tells us, he hates good honest Drollery, as a Bookseller hates an unselling Author, or

a Ja-

a Jacobite Printer does a surly Messenger of the Press.

Tim. Say you so, Sir? Nay, then I am resolv'd to lay it out so open to you, that you must of Necessity perceive it. Dost not thou understand the Meaning of the *Italian* Proverb, *Piu tira un pelo di donna, che vento carra di buoi.*

Freem. Not I, *Tim*, I no more understand the Difference between *Italian* and *Arabic*, than that learned Protestant Critick Mr. *Rymer*, knows the Difference between the Name of *Callimachus* and *Epimenides*.

Tim. Come then, wert thou ever marry'd, my honest Friend? Ha! what say'st thou?

Freem. No, Sir, I bless Providence for it.

Tim. Not marry'd, say you! poor Rogue, thou art unacquainted, I perceive, with the damn'd Persecution of a Curtain-Lecture. Oh! dull, dull still; I can't imagine how to cure this Stupidity of thine; thou art ten Times duller than one of *Sh——well's* Men of Sense, or a Smile without a Sting, or an Expounder of the *Revelations*, at the finding out stolen Silver-Spoons, or an old doz'd Fellow of a House at at the ingenious Sport of Questions and Commands.

Freem. Why, I connot help all this, *Tim*, if my Stars made me so, it was their Fault, not mine.

Tim. Once more then I'll endeavour to relieve the Weakness of thy Apprehension, therefore listen to the following Rhymes about *Adam* and *Eve*.

When Eve *the Fruit had tasted,*
She to her Husband hasted,
And chuck'd him on the Chin-a;
Dear Bud, (quoth she) *come taste this Fruit,*
'Twill finely with your Palate suit,
To eat it is no Sin-a.

Dost thou now comprehend my Meaning?

Freem. No, 'faith, *Tim*, I am in the Dark still; you have made me no wiser with your dull Story

of

of *Adam* and *Eve*, than you would make a *Cheapside* Tradesman, by telling him, that an Obstacle is an Impediment; or a walking *Oxford* Don, that Motion is an Action from the *Terminus à Quo* of his Habitation, to the *Terminus ad Quem* of the Refractory.

Tim. Nay, then I am sensible thou art full as slow of Apprehension, as the famous *Jerry Blackacre* in the Play: I have but one Trick left to bring you to't at last, and if that fail, I must even serve thee as a stale City-Wife serves her dull rustick 'Prentice, when she has a mind to make him understand her vertuous Inclinations; that is, I must needs name the Thing to thee in plain downright broad *English*. But listen, prithee:

As moody Job, *in shirtless Case,*
With Colly-flow'rs all o'er his Face,
Did on the Dunghill languish,
His Spouse thus whispers in his Ear;
Swear Husband, as you love me, swear;
'Twill ease you of your Anguish.

Freem. Oh oh! now I begin to smell a Rat; your Meaning is, that the Doctor has been brought to swear at last thro' the Vertue of a few conjugal Solicitations; is it not so, *Tim?*

Tim. Of a few conjugal Solicitations, do you say? No, I am afraid there were Abundance of them used in the present Case. —— Well, dear Friend of mine, not to be tedious with you, I must tell you, that you have made a Shift at last to hit my Meaning; however, I would not have you report this Matter as from me, though I can safely wash my Hands from the Guilt of inventing it, and all the Town will do me the Justice to own,

that

that 'tis a common Story, and no more a Secret than the Mole on the Rector of *Exeter*'s Foot. Besides, you are desir'd not to lay too great a Stress upon the Truth of it, but to follow that Advice, which the Doctor you know gave upon another Account, and so to make Use of your own Discretion.

Farewel.

A True

A True

COPY

OF A

SPEECH

Made by

An *Engliſh* Colonel to his Regiment, immediately before their Tranſportation to *Flanders*.

THUS far, Gentlemen and Fellow-Soldiers, I have conducted you, in Order to your Tranſportation for *Flanders*. The Honour of the Poſt I now enjoy, is due only to his Majeſty's Goodneſs; but the Happineſs which I propoſe to my ſelf in the Poſſeſſion, is a Gift

Gift which none but your ſelves can beſtow upon me.

Your civil Deportment, and ſtrict Obedience hitherto, I take as an Earneſt of my good Hopes and Succeſſes hereafter; and when I conſider you are *Engliſh men*, whoſe Loyalty to your Kings, and natural Courage, are celebrated all over *Europe*, I once thought I might have ſpar'd you the Trouble of this Meeting; but though long Speeches are now grown pretty well out of Date, yet having ſomething of high Importance to communicate to you, I am reſolv'd rather to be out of Faſhion, than loſe the Opportunity.

I muſt acquaint you, in the firſt Place, that notwithſtanding our Loyalty and Courage may be at as high a Pitch as any mortal Man can boaſt of, yet the greateſt Loyalty may be debauch'd, and Courage daunted, by the falſe Suggeſtions and cunning Inſinuations of our Enemies, which captivating our Underſtandings, and perverting our Judgments, diſarm us more forcibly than the open Aſſaults of our Foes.

Honour is ſuch an inſeparable Qualification of a Soldier, that when the Honour is gone, the Soldier dies, though the Man perhaps may drag on a miſerable deſpis'd Life. Now, the Juſtice of the Cauſe in which we are to engage, has been always eſteem'd the firſt and greateſt Motive to Men of Honour to hazard their Lives and Fortunes upon; and to undergo the Hardſhips of War, and to appear glorious with all thoſe Wounds, thoſe Scars, and Deformities upon them, which ſtill from the Juſtice of the Cauſe, have ever been reputed Honourable. What Man of Honour then would appear in a villainous Cauſe, and venture his Limbs and Life, and perhaps his Soul, among the reſt, in an unjuſt War? Slaughter in ſuch Caſes, becomes Murder, Plunder is Robbery and Theft, and Victory it ſelf oftentimes

times ends in the Destruction of the Conquerors.

Having premis'd these Things, I must next observe to you how industriously this War has been misrepresented; and, with Grief and Abhorrence I speak it, some of the great Towns and Places where I have formerly quarter'd, have behav'd themselves with a great deal of Rudeness upon that Account: I think it therefore my Duty to put you in Mind of this, that you may be prepar'd against it. Many of those brave Fellows, that at the first raising of my Regiment, came in Volunteers, have already been bury'd in the Bed of Honour: To you therefore that have never cross'd the Seas 'tis I am chiefly speaking; it may be of Use to you to know what kind of Reception and Entertainment you are to expect Abroad. You, Gentlemen and Fellow-Soldiers, that have been Sharers in our Sufferings, as well as in our repeated Victories, will be inform'd of what has pass'd at Home, and consequently all of you be convinc'd of the Justice of our Cause.

I shall begin at the Fountain and Head of all Justice and Honour, I mean King *William*, and follow the Stream of his most admirable Qualifications, until they are lost in the vast Ocean of noble Thought. First then, he is our natural and hereditary King, and Sovereign Liege Lord, and we his natural-born Subjects. Had I no more than this to say of him, it were enough to confirm our bounden Duty and Loyalty to him. What, Gentlemen, can be more just and honourable, than to observe the inviolable Laws of Nature? And what Man of Honour can forbear to blush, to hear himself charg'd with Disobedience, after such strong and inviolable Obligations.

The Crimes which we commit against Nature, make us degenerate below the Level of Brute-Creatures, who, even without the Assistance of Reason, preserve

preserve the Law of Nature, from the Kid and his Damm, to the Lyon's Whelp, and the fiercest Lyoness. All Creatures, by Nature, follow those which nourish and preserve them; and shall we, whose Profession and Reward too is Honour, shall we forsake our natural hereditary King, who is our common Father, as well as our Protector?

But to proceed: Were he not our King, yet we have so many Obligations to him, that would silence all our Complaints. He it is, who at the Hazard of his Life, and at his own Expence, for our Sakes only, has consented to accept of three troublesome Crowns, to deliver us from the two dreadful Monsters, Popery and Slavery. He it is that brought in with him Peace and Plenty, and has insur'd them to us and our Posterity, beyond the Possibility of being again depriv'd of them. He it is that so tenderly and compassionately loves us, that he holds our Lives in the Palms of his Hands, and is so cautious of exposing them to the common Danger, that he constantly heaps up his own Countrymen as a Bulwark before us, whilst himself remains in the Rear to favour our Retreat, if there should be Occasion.

In his Nature, he is affable, courteous, and liberal, even to a Fault; he is likewise extreamly merciful and compassionate, and so free from all Ambition and Tyranny, the common and daring Vices of Princes, that he hath divided his Throne with the Comfort of his Bed, and hath entrusted his Power to the Will of his People. But not to dwell too long upon Words, I proceed to Effects, which are more convincing, by how much they are the more sensible to us.

First, From the Beginning of his Reign, how free have we been from unnecessary Taxes? How do we wallow in Peace and Plenty, and are secure even from the Rumours of War? Is not our Trade increas'd, and our Merchants freed almost from the Apprehensions

sions of Loss by the Seas? Are not the Prices of Food and Rayment considerably decreas'd, and every Thing in a most regular and flourishing Condition? And more than all, is not Justice equally distributed; and are not the Liberty and Property of the Subject as dear to him as his Prerogative? Have the Nobility, Gentry, or Commonalty, known of any legal Fines or Imprisonments? Have we had any such Thing as brib'd Parliaments? And has not the Church of *England* been always best encourag'd and supported during his whole Government?

Have the Spoils of our Enemies been given to Foreigners, or Honours and Employments bestow'd upon Strangers? Are not our Councils guided by the best of our Nobility, and the Cabinet by the Persons who most love, and are most belov'd of the *English* Nation? Is not the Trade and *English* Interest promoted, almost to the Ruin of *Holland*? And are they not ready to sink to their poor distress'd State again, for want of Traffick, whilst we ride Masters of the Ocean, and import to them all foreign Commodities, upon *English* Bottoms, to the eternal Glory of our King, and our own inexhaustible Profit?

Are we now infested, as in former Reigns, with Swarms of *Hugonots*, that, like Maw-worms in our Bowels, eat up the Bread of the poorer Tradesmen, and starve the Wives and Families of our willing and industrious Natives? Or are our Palaces guarded by Foreigners, to the Dishonour of our Countrymen? Or our Armies commanded by *Hogan Mogan* Generals, that hate our Nation? Have not the *English* the Preference Abroad, both as to Pay and Post of Honour? And are not the Sums given by Parliament constantly employ'd for the Use of our Countrymen only?

My Hearts, are we not always led on to certain Victory by our brave and wise Commander? Or if any of us drop, or are wounded, is not there the greatest Care imaginable taken of us? Are we not welcom'd

welcom'd by the *Dutch* with high Civilities and Respect; and, upon all Occasions, trusted with more than we shall ever be able to pay? Do they not congratulate our Arrival among them with the most sincere and affectionate Demonstrations of Love and Honour, and lament our Departure, as if they had parted with their Guardian Angels? Are not our Sailors paid and encourag'd to that Degree, that there is hardly any Need of Press-Masters?

To conclude; For what Tongue or Pencil can sufficiently represent the inconceivable Virtues of our gallant Commander. Should I compare him with the bravest of his Predecessors, it would raise his Glories to so high a Pitch, that it would blind the Eyes of the Universe, by gazing too stedfastly upon his unsupportable Lustre. Comparisons, says the Proverb, are odious; therefore I shall forbear giving my self, or you, any farther Trouble in that Respect.

To conclude all, Fellow-Soldiers, If all that has, or can be said, were omitted, yet is there one Consideration hitherto untouch'd, sufficient of it self to elevate our Courage and Resolution to the noblest Emulation, and fix upon us all the most durable Sentiments of Love and Loyalty. In short, we are now, by the exalted Care and Goodness of our Generals, upon the very Brink of entering upon that Stage of Glory, where the greatest Captains, and the Heroes of the Age, are proud to bear a Part. We our selves shall be Actors in those famous Tragedies, which will represent us in History as the Ornaments of all Ages.

To us it is granted to be instructed in the noble Discipline of Marching and Counter-marching, which is the Perfection and Consummation of the utmost Art of War. To us it is given to divide the Spoils of our Enemies, and share in the Trophies of desperate and decisive Battles. And to us, and us only, is allow'd the Honour of all the most hazardous Attacks and Enterprizes, by which Means 'tis highly

evident, that we are distinguish'd from the *Dutch*, and all other foreign Troops. All this, and abundantly much more, which might be said, will, I don't doubt, sufficiently satisfy you how great is the Honour, Justice, Equity, Prudence, Piety, and many more innumerable Advantages of our glorious Cause.

Thus far, as I said, Gentlemen and Companions in Arms, I have brought you; and if I have detain'd you longer than I intended, remember the boundless Character of our inimitable Captain, and his wonderful Qualifications, have been the Occasion of it. I shall now dismiss you, 'till a fair Gale wafts us over to the *Elisium* Fields of *Flanders*, where, in all Probability, the Fate of War will put a glorious End to the many Misfortunes and Hardships of a Soldier's Life.

When the Colonel had done, a stout Volunteer addresses himself, in the following Manner, to his Commander, and the rest of his Fellow-Soldiers.

MOST Noble Colonel, your fine Speech has been so pleasant and grateful to us all, especially to my self, that I rather wish you had added much more, than left off so soon; but since your Honour has been pleas'd to take so much Pains for our Satisfaction, I beseech you, Sir, to give a poor Soldier Leave to mind you of one Point that seems to require a more full and ample Explication.

I had the Fortune to be born the younger Son of an *English* Yeoman, now call'd, forsooth, a Gentleman; my Father had 80 good Pounds *per Annum*, he kept a good House, and we had Beef, and Pudding, and Nog, to Content. My eldest Brother had the good Luck to be brought up in the Way of his Ancestors, that is, to the Plough, and a quiet Country-Life; but, for my Part, my Father, who was now a Gentleman, resolv'd that I should be Book-learn'd, and

so

so I was lash'd from School to School, until, at last, I became a poor Scholar in the University of *Cambridge*. But the excessive Taxes, Polls, and Prices of all Necessaries, since the *Revolution*, growing too heavy for my Father's Income, to allow any Thing considerable towards my Support, I was forc'd, *super pedes Apostolorum*, to make the best of my Way back into the Country. I had not been there long, but I perceiv'd my Father's Way of Living was entirely alter'd, and our Commons grown so short, that my poor Brains were almost turn'd with Grief and Melancholy; and, to add to my Afflictions, the Vicar of our Parish, who, for a long Time, had been an hospitable good Fellow, had shut up his Shop, and boarded upon mere Element and Barly-Dumplin at a poor Farmer's House in the Village.

Lord! Noble Colonel, had you seen this dismal Revolution in our Town, it would have broke even your own courageous Heart; for my Part, I was not able to bear it any longer, but had fix'd my Thoughts upon seeking my Fortune. In short, I resolv'd to *abandon Dwelling*, and, saving your Presence, *out I went a Colonelling: London* is the Place I fix'd upon, as the Center of my Hopes; but long I had not been there, when my small Stock being almost spent, I found it absolutely necessary to think of some Employment: I had heard of such, as Knights of the Pad, and of the Post, which, as they told me, these hard Times a great many Gentlemen had been constrain'd to take up with. Others advis'd me to get my self admitted into the united Company of *English* and *Dutch* Clippers and Coiners; but observing many hopeful young Gentlemen, of those Professions, solemnly conducted up *High Holbourn*, it soon check'd my Inclination against any of those Vocations. I resolv'd then to steer into the City, to try what Luck I could find there, and, if possible, to bind my self out an Apprentice to some honest Handy-craft Trade. But when I look'd into the Shops, instead of being

busy'd in selling their Goods, and answering Customers, I saw most of the 'Prentices either asleep or at Play; or else the Shops as empty, as if the House had been infected with the Plague. I easily invited one or two of them to drink a Pot with me, where they told me most dismal Stories of Trade, and generally swore to me, that a Man had better be a Hang-Man, in these Times, than a Trades-Man. I soon took Leave of these uncomfortable Companions, resolving to see what was to be done in the remoter Parts of the City; and accordingly I happen'd unluckily to fall into *Spittle-Fields*. But, Noble Colonel, had your Honour seen the poor *English* Weavers, Button-makers, *&c.* sitting at their Doors with their Wives and Children, cursing and railing at the *French* Dogs, as they call'd them, for taking the Bread out of their Mouths: Had your Honour heard them blaspheming the Government, or smell'd the Hogo of their Onions and Garlick, you must have had strange Ideas of the Misery of those unfortunate People. I soon took my Leave of this Quarter too; and finding that there was but small Prospect of any Good to be done at Land, I resolv'd to try my Fortune in a Sea-Expedition. In Order to that, I set Sail for *Wapping*, not questioning, but considering I was five Foot and nine Inches at least, I should find some honest Master that would entertain me on Board.

But would you believe it, Sir, the Seamen were all fled with as much Diligence from thence, as I had taken Care to get thither; so that I scarce found any Body but Shoals of Seamens Widows and Wives, with their Children and Orphans, bitterly exclaiming against Press-Masters, the Navy-Office, *&c.* I was soon weary of this Place also, which I look'd upon as the Representative of Hell it self; for I found nothing but weeping, wailing, and gnashing of Teeth. Back then I return'd to *Holbourn*, where, as my good or bad Stars guided me, I heard a Drum;

and

and seeing the Majesty of a Serjeant, furiously marching with his Halbert in the Front of the Rabble, right or wrong, I resolv'd to list my self immediately for a Soldier. The first Thing I did, was to enquire who was the Colonel, who I found to be your Honour; and hearing all People giving you the Character of a good Officer, and an honest Gentleman, I was willing to take on; and now here I am, Noble Colonel, at your Service.

And now, Sir, I have troubled you with all this, only to shew you, and my Fellow-Soldiers, that it was Necessity, and not Choice, that brought me hither; and, to be plain with you, I neither regard the Justice or Injustice of the Cause. I neither fight for King *William*, nor against King *James*; but I venture my Life, to preserve my Life by Bread and Pay; and so I believe do most of those that are here present, begging your Honour's Pardon, if I am mistaken in your self.

Your Honour knows, that a lusty young Man's Life is valu'd at seven Years Purchase; and to venture seven Years Purchase against Five Pence a Day, is such a scandalous Bargain, that the Devil himself would be asham'd of, if he had any other Way to help himself. Now, if we want our Pay, we want all Things, and by Consequence get nothing but Blows and Starving for all our Hazards; but that I hope will never be our Case, whilst your Honour is at our Head.

And now, most noble Colonel, I only beg the Liberty of one Word more: Since I was admitted into this honourable and beneficial Employment, I have kept Company with many of my own Profession; some serv'd in *Flanders*, under the Duke of *Monmouth*, and these unanimously commend the good Usage and good Pay they receiv'd in that Service. I have also convers'd with others, that serv'd under the late King *James*; and when I enquire of them how they were treated and paid in those Days, they fall a sighing

and ſobbing as if their Hearts would break, and I can hardly get any Thing from them, but, ah! ſhall we never ſee thoſe glorious Days again? and ſhew ſuch Raptures of Grief and Love for their Memories, that they almoſt amaze me. But truly, Noble Colonel, when I diſcourſe with thoſe that have made theſe laſt Campaigns in *Flanders*, all of them univerſally, except thoſe of your Honour's Regiment, have given a Relation ſo contrary to thoſe of the former, and eſpecially as to the main Points of Pay and good Uſage, that if your Honour would be pleas'd to give us a ſatisfactory Word or two in thoſe two grand Particulars, which, I can aſſure you, Sir, are the principle Motives to us, your Honour may be fully aſſur'd, that, like true-born *Engliſh Men*, we ſhall all follow you thro' all Sorts of Danger, without any Regard to the Cauſe. We will follow you, Sir, thro' Fire as well as Water, even to the Gates of *Paris*, if you command us, and pay us well.

Here the young Fellow ended; and having made a very low Obeiſance; the Colonel, ſmiling, made this ſhort Reply.

YOung Man, I have heard your long Speech with Patience, and forgive many Impertinencies in it; and that nothing may be wanting to your intire Satisfaction, take this in Anſwer to the two main Points you ſpeak of.

Firſt, Gentlemen, I do moſt ſolemnly promiſe that I will do my utmoſt, that your Uſage in *Flanders* ſhall be ſuch as ſhall be worthy of *Engliſh Men*, and the Goodneſs and Juſtice of your Cauſe. And next, as to your Pay, I do here give you my Word and Honour, that you ſhall be, all of you, certainly paid before you return to *England*. In the mean Time, I command you to your Quarters, and recommend your reſpective Landladies to your Care and good Management.

Mr.

Mr. ALSOP's *State of* CONFORMITY: *Or, An Account of a Converſation between a Gentleman of* Oxford, *and Mr.* Alſop, *the great* Rabbi *of the Diſſenting Party, about his Majeſty's* Declaration for Liberty of Conſcience, *in the Year* 1687; *as alſo, whether the Church of* England-Men, *or* Preſbyterians, *are moſt inclin'd to an Accommodation.*

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

KING *James* had no ſooner declar'd for *Liberty of Conſcience*, but the Rabbies of the Diſſenters forſook their lurking Holes among the godly Siſters, and with their *crop-ear'd Sanctimony* ſpread over the Land, like the Locuſts of *Egypt*, and almoſt as numerous. Their diminutive Habit and Band ſhow'd them the ſpurious Spawn of their good Fathers the *Jeſuits*, who, at this Time, began to parade it in Couples about St. *James's*, *Whitehall*, and the *Savoy*.

Tubs on the sudden grew dear; and, I'm told, one Cooper got an Estate by a Cargo of old Wine-Casks, to furnish them with Pulpits. The dying Embers of Schism and Heresy being blown up by this Declaration, it burst out in every Corner: Here started up *Presbyterians*, there *Muggletonians*; one making God damn all but themselves, and the other saving him the Labour, and doing it themselves. Here pirk'd up *Anabaptists*, there your formidable *Fifth-Monarchy-Men*, who were for beginning the Kingdom of King *Jesus* from that of King *James*, and putting an End to *Antichrist*, by striking in with the *Pope*. In short, *Antimonians*, *Socinians*, *Ranters*, *Cantors*, *Brownists*, *Quakers*, and a thousand nameless and senseless Ring-Leaders of Roguery and Heresy, open'd each his Shop of License, which he call'd the *Power of the World*; and, like Quacks, that pretend lying Wonders in their Bills, in such a Plenty of Fools and Knaves as this Country abounds with, scarce a gifted Cobler, but found Contribution of much more comfortable Importance, than his abdicated Last and Awl; so much more gainful it was to stitch Souls than Soals.

The Bugbear Popery, that, at a Distance used to raise the Cries of the whole deep-mouth'd Pack, when now it was present, found them the most complaisant Creatures in the World. They were grown so familiar, that in the same Coffee-House you might see a *Jesuit* and a *Holder-forth* join with amicable Spite in running down the *Church of England*.

Well, they gave themselves violent Airs of religious Moderation, Loyalty, and Conscience, and a thousand Things else, of which they formerly abhorr'd the very Name, more than a Miser Restitution, a Lawyer the End of a Chancery-Suit, a Sexton a healthy Summer, or an Apothecary the *Dispensary*. 'Twas pleasant to hear the Papists preach against Persecution, and the Fanaticks for Passive Obedience and Submission to the *Royal Declaration*.

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The Excluſion-Men extol Succeſſion, and deify that very Prince on the Throne, when a known Papiſt, as the *Reſtorer of God to his Empire over Conſcience*, whom they ſtrove ſo much to deprive of it, when he was but thought ſo: To hear them addreſs with Lives and Fortunes for the Royal Family, who had beheaded one King, and endeavour'd the ſame to a ſecond; and *wiſh, that they had Caſements in their Breaſts for his Majeſty to ſee the Sincerity of their Hearts*, when their After-Conduct ſhew'd what confirm'd Hypocrites they were; but they conſider'd firſt, that it was but a Wiſh, and next, that they ſpoke to a Man of abundance of Credulity.

But not to dwell longer on this Preamble, you muſt know, that *Oxford* it ſelf was not free from the Viſitation; for *Alſop*, one of the chief Demigogues of the Schiſm, was there, and, like another Gentleman in Black, *ſought whom he might devour*. Amongſt the reſt, he attack'd the Tabernacle of a young Gentleman of my Acquaintance with more than Jeſuitical Impudence and Complaiſance, and often beat about the Buſh, to ſtart a Convert in him. One of their Conferences he related to me in the following Manner.

Mr. *Alſop* and my ſelf being met, and falling on our uſual Diſpute; I am ſurpriz'd, ſaid I, to find thoſe, who uſed always to rail more at the very *Fantom of* POPERY, which they imagin'd to be in the *Church of England*, than Porters at the Penny Poſt, ſhould be ſo fond of *Popery* in its own *proper Perſon*. That thoſe very People, who had brought one King to the Block, under Pretence of his invading *Property*, and the Laws of the Land, ſhould ſo zealouſly addreſs another for doing the Thing in *Reality*. Like a certain Puritan Alderman, that rail'd at the Lewdneſs of the *Play-houſe* in a Brothel. For what is this Declaration, but cutting off all Law, Root and Branch, and reſolving all *Property* into the *King's Will*, while you allow him the Power of ſuſpending

or diſpenſing with Acts of Parliament? For if he has Power to diſpenſe with one, he has with all: So that you might as juſtly have ſeiz'd your Neighbour's Eſtate, ſhould the King have diſpens'd with that Law that ſecur'd it, as enjoy'd his Diſpenſing with the *Act of Conformity*.

I have heard you, reply'd Mr. *Alſop*, with as much Patience as a Court of Delegates a *Bawdy Cauſe*; but let me tell you, young Gentleman, you're a little too hot in this Affair. Moderation would give you another View; and, with Submiſſion, I will give it you in a fairer Light.

Suppoſe then here an honeſt well-meaning Man, that travelling in the Dark, falls into a Pond; he finds he muſt either drown, or get out of the Water, by clambering up the Side of a fine incles'd Garden: Do you think the Owner of it could reaſonably plead Damages, or ſue the drowning Man for a Treſpaſs? Thus it is with us; our Cauſe muſt ſink, or we muſt take Hold of this Opportunity to eſcape with our Lives. Pray which is moſt reaſonable for us to conſider, our Deliverance from haſty Deſtruction, or the Fences of your fine Garden? Oh! but why would we cloſe with the *Papiſts*, for this Advantage? A drowning Man would not refuſe to catch Hold of a Cord, tho' thrown out by an Enemy; and ſince you, who pretend to be our Friends, uſe us like Enemies, certainly we ſhould be look'd on as Fools in Grain, to reject an Eaſe, tho' offer'd by thoſe you call our Enemies.

Alas! Sir, ſaid I, you have ſet the Matter in a very wrong Light; for this Fellow you mention, was ſo far from an honeſt well-meaning Man, or his Fall into the Pond accidental, and in the Dark, that he jump'd in purely out of Spite, and that in the full Force and Light of the Mid-day Sun, only becauſe he had no other Way of deſtroying the Fences of the fine Garden you ſpeak of, as you may know by the whole Story. —— On the Borders of the famous

famous *Tweed*, there liv'd a Gentleman of a very large Estate, and a larger Mind; he was not for racking his Tenants, but allow'd them the full Enjoyment of a certain Manour, on Condition that they should manage it well, and pay him a Pepper-Corn a Year Quit-Rent; nor could he suppose those hard Conditions, when they were to reap the Benefit and Fruit of their Labour. But in Process of Time, this good Landlord had Occasion to go a Journey into a far Country, and so calls all his Tenants together, and tells them, he's leaving them for a little while; but advises them, as they tender his Love, to mind their Plantations, keep up the Fences, and watch for one another, with a mutual Help and Love; for they were near scurvy Neighbours, who would continually be endeavouring to ruin them, either by Fraud or open Force, by carrying Stories, sowing Dissention, and perswading them, that either this Care of your Ground is superfluous, or that you take not Care enough of it, or the like; but do you mind what I say, and when I return, I will bring an ample Reward for those who have observ'd those Directions. This being said, and all Things prepar'd, the Landlord goes his Journey. Their pilfering Neighbours understanding he was gone, whose Wisdom and Power they stood in Awe of, make many a Trip over the *Tweed*, now and then catch a straggling Cock or Hen; but often, by the mutual Vigilance of the Tenants, they went Home by Weeping-Cross, with broken Heads and bruis'd Sides. At last, the wily Kerns finding it in vain to attempt on their Hen-roosts and Hedges by open Force, while they were thus united, contrive to set them together by the Ears. First they divided their Bands, and insinuated themselves into the Families of the poor good-natur'd Tenants; then they carry'd Pick-thank Stories from one to another; and being naturally cunning and mischievous, they began to perswade some one Way, and some another, in the Obser-

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vation of the Landlord's Commands, ſtill, in ſhort, they had ſet the whole Manour together by the Ears! Then, inſtead of Brother and Neighbour, Son of a Whore and Hang-dog was the beſt Words they could give one another; but yet they pretty well minded the main Concern, and the Poultry was not ſo come-at-able as their Neighbours deſir'd. To compleat their Roguery, therefore, they found one among the reſt who had the largeſt Farm, and perſwaded him, that the Landlord had left him Steward, and that all the reſt ought to be guided by him, and pay him the Pepper-Corn Quit-Rent, and in ſhort, all that was due to their real Landlord; and tho' the Impudence exceeded all but a *Scots*, yet I know not how, by the ſubtle Inſinuations of the Black Guard that broach'd it, in Time he reduc'd the whole Manour under his Juriſdiction; but, to their Coſt, they found the Difference betwixt their *old* Maſter and their *new*. In ſhort, all Things went to Wreck, that is, they were all wreck'd ſo by their Steward, and his ragged Regiment, that at laſt ſome, more ſtout than the reſt, began to enquire into his Authority, and, with equal Reſolution, exerted their Liberty. The *Itch* and *Scots* were driven out of their Farms, and they ſet themſelves to reduce Things into the former Order. Among theſe, there were two were more exact, and came to a juſter Regulation of this than all the reſt, and enjoy'd a while the Sweets of it. But o'th' ſudden one of them takes a Freak to pull down all the Fences, and lay all their Ground in common; the other admoniſh'd him often, and mended them up again. At laſt, it came to a Breach; for *Jack* ſaid, It was contrary to the Landlord's Will, that there ſhould be any Incloſures, but all ſhould be common and confus'd. *Harry* he was for keeping it in the ſame Order he had always had it, and after ſeveral Tryals, in vain, to mollify his Neighbour's Obſtinacy, he ſet himſelf to dig an handſome Trench about his Farm, to keep obſtrepe-

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rous *Jack* out. But *Jack*, vex'd to the Heart at this, coming drunk Home one Night, and as full of Malice as Liquor, (for he would take a chearupping Cup off in a Corner) the Moon ſhew'd him an agreeable Proſpect of his Neighbour's Encloſure on one Hand, and the very Dunghil his own was grown on the other; what does he me, but leaps into the Mote, and ſcrambles up the Bank, demoliſhes the Dam, and lets the Water into the lower Grounds. But *Jack* was too top heavy to eſcape undiſcover'd: *Harry* ſues him for a Treſpaſs. *Jack* ſwears it was Accident, that falling into the Mote, he endeavour'd to ſave his Life, and this enſu'd. But the Judge finding this was owing to *Jack*'s Malice more than Danger, gave *Harry* Damages. The *Scots*, who were always ſculking about, having found out this Feud betwixt theſe two Neighbours, inform the reſt of the Manner of it, who were all mortal Enemies to *Jack* and *Harry*, who at laſt enter into a Compact with *Jack*, every one to join together, and fill up the Mote that *Harry* had made to ſecure his Encloſure. No ſooner ſaid but done. Had not *Harry* juſt Cauſe of Complaint againſt *Jack*, for ſtriking in with both their Enemies, merely to deſtroy his *Encloſure*? This is the Truth of the Story, and you have been told it only by Halves. I need not make the Application, the Pope, the Devil, and the Fanatick, will appear thro' the Diſguiſe of the Fable.

But Sir, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, your Fable does not reach the Caſe. You make *Jack* an obſtinate Fellow, and a miſchievous Invader of his Neighbour *Harry*'s *Encloſures*; whereas the Diſſenters are Men of tender Conſciences. Hold, interrupted I; methinks that's an odd Plea; for what has a Diſſenter to do with Conſcience at all, while he holds Predeſtination? I think of frugal Men, they are the moſt prodigal alive, to throw away ſo many Thouſands a Year among you Gentlemen *Holder-forths*, when by their fundamental

damental Doctrine they don't know but 'tis a Limb of the Devil that's preaching to them in God's Name.

Well, well, said *Mr. Alsop*, we had no other Way of keeping up our Party, but by accepting the Benefit of this Declaration. People daily and daily moulder'd away; their Purses touch'd them more than their Zeal, and they lov'd Ease and three Meals a Day better than *Newgate* or any other Goal in all his Majesty's Dominions. So that if we caught Hold of this Opportunity of retrieving ourselves, and make the best Use of it, you may thank yourselves for it, who would open no Door to let us into your Communion, but one so very small, that we could not thrust our Heads into it, much less draw in our Bodies. You are a little apt, reply'd I, to assert very odd Positions; for we have often invited you to return to your Mother, and she with open Arms expected to embrace you: Your Scruples were answer'd to the nicest Point, and Compliances offer'd, if you can but agree where you would stop, and what would content you. That you shall be judge of, said he, by a Story I'm going to tell you.

There was a Gentleman (says he) of ancient and honourable Extraction, one Colonel *Stiff-rump*, that made Love to a grave and vertuous Lady in our Neighbourhood, of whose Character I will tell you more anon; but in the mean Time, I must be more particular about my Colonel. As for his Age and Person, there was no Exception to be made to them; but his Temper was somewhat imperious and fierce, easy enough to those who would submit to him, but impatient of being contradicted. Some thought him too affected and formal in his Carriage; and what was the worst, he was not content to practise these Formalities himself, but would oblige others to do the same; however, in the main, his good Qualities over-weigh'd his bad. So much for the Colonel. And now, to give you a short Account of the Lady, whose Name was *Good-love*: Her Fortune was very considerable,

conſiderable, which drew abundance of Suitors upon her; yet ſhe rejected them all: She did not delight in gaudy Liveries, and what the World calls a magnificent Equipage; but every Thing about her was plain, and ſhew'd a well-temper'd Frugality: And as ſhe had not been bred up in Muſick and Dancing, ſhe ſeldom appear'd at any publick Aſſemblies, but kept for the moſt Part at Home, and viſited none but her Relations. This may ſuffice to let you ſee what the Lady's Diſpoſition was. 'Tis now high Time to proceed to my Story: The Colonel, finding it for his Advantage to make an Alliance with her, if poſſible, very fairly courted her; and, to do the Lady Juſtice, ſhe receiv'd him with more Reſpect, and heard his Addreſs with more Complaiſance, than ſhe had done any of his Predeceſſors. In ſhort, Matters went on the Colonel's Side as favourably as a Man could wiſh; when coming one Morning into her Parlour, *Well, Madam, and what Demonſtration do you require I ſhould give you of my Affection? Tell me: I am ready to execute it this very Moment. Colonel,* (ſays ſhe) *I require none, I always took you for a Perſon of Honour. Come, come,* (replies he) *that ſhan't ſerve your Turn; I have told you an hundred Times I love you, and yet I find you continue ſtill an Infidel, and won't believe me; therefore I am reſolv'd to give you ſome extraordinary Proof of my Paſſion, ſuch as no Lover gave his Miſtreſs before me. Now, Madam, if you'd have me trot it to the* Eaſt-Indies, *and bring you the Empereſs of* Japan's *Favourite* Paroquet, *or ſix of the great* Mogul's *Fore-teeth, or the large Diamond that hangs in the* Sophy *of* Perſia's *left Ear; either any of them, or all of them, are at your Service: Or if you'd have me mount up to the Top of St.* Laurence's *Steeple, take out my Heart, and broil it there upon the Grid-iron, 'tis no ſooner ſaid than done.* Thus the Colonel gave himſelf theſe Rhodomontado Airs, when the Lady taking him up ſhort, *No, no, Colonel,* (replies ſhe) *I expect no impoſſibilities from you; but ſince you have made ſo*

free

free with me upon this Point, I will put you to the Tryal; but you ſhall find me very eaſy in my Propoſal. Know then, I have only one Thing to ask of you, the doing of which can neither call your Life nor Honour in Danger; and which if you comply with, I promiſe to be yours, and only yours —— *And pray, Madam, what may that be?* (cries the Colonel in an Extaſy) *I am ſure I would ſacrifice my Life, my Reputation, my All, to oblige ſo* —— *Talk not of Sacrifices,* (anſwers ſhe) *I am content with leſſer Services; and to convince you of the Truth of this, behold, all I demand of you, is, that you would ſend immediately for the Barber, and cut off your Whiskers, becauſe they hinder me from having a full and perfect Communion with your Lips.* —— *But, Madam, will nothing under my Whiskers ſatisfy you.* —— *Why, can I poſſibly ask you an eaſier Inſtance of your Love? Any well-manner'd Gentleman would part with them at the Requeſt of a Friend, but much more at that of his Miſtreſs. And unleſs I part with them, muſt I never hope to be happy in you?* —— *Never, upon my Word.* —— *Why then, Madam, farewel: I'll ſee all the Women in the Univerſe piled up like ſo many Faggots, to make the Devil a Bonefire, before I'll cut off my Whiskers to pleaſe the beſt of them.* With that he took his Leave of her abruptly, and has never been ſeen ſince. To apply this Story. Now the Church of *England*, whenever ſhe pleaſes, may marry or incorporate the Diſſenters, provided ſhe will part with her Whiſkers, that is to ſay, a few fooliſh idle Ceremonies, which neither contribute to her Beauty nor her Security; by which Means ſhe would render herſelf impregnable, for the ſubaltern Sex can never injure her; yet with the untoward Obſtinacy of Col. *Stiff-rump*, rather than part with theſe *Whiskers*, Trifles upon ſo valuable a Conſideration, ſhe chuſes to loſe a great Part of the Kingdom, not contemptible either for their Numbers, Piety, Learning, or Wealth.

When Mr. *Alſop* had done his Story and Application, he ſmil'd as if the Day were his own; but to pluck

pluck him down from his imagin'd Conqueſt, Sir, ſays I, whoever told you this Story, deſerves to have his Bones broke; for, to my Knowledge, he has miſ-led you, not only in the Names and Characters of Perſons concern'd, but almoſt in every Particular; therefore to ſet you aright, I will recount the Story to you, exactly as it happen'd, and that in as few Words as may be. "I knew the Fellow ſingularly well, and ſo I did the Lady; the Man was "a *Tallow-Chandler* by Trade, his Name was *Jonathan Schiſm*, and he liv'd at the Sign of the Calve's "Head in St. *Swithin*'s Lane, over againſt *Salters-Hall*: He was a mighty Frequenter of Morning-"Lectures, and the like Exerciſes; but his *Watching* "bearing no Proportion to his *Praying*, that is, his "Zeal ſwallowing up his Concern for his Family, "Things were run to Sixes and Sevens; in ſhort, "Affairs were come to that Paſs, that he durſt hardly "ſhew his Noſe over his Hatch, tho' at the ſame "Time he was as proud as a gifted Quaker, as full "of Malice as an exploded Poetaſter, cenſorious to the "laſt Degree, glad of any Misfortune that befel his "Neighbours, and never mannerly but in his Diſtreſs. "To this odd-condition'd Soul was tack'd a Body "that nick'd it like two Exchequer-Tallies; his "Hair was greaſy, and curl'd like a Pound of his "own Candles, his Shirt of the ſame Complexion "with his Hat, and the reſt of his Equipage was "ſuitable to this." I beg your Pardon, Mr. *Alſop*, for dwelling ſo long upon ſo naufeous a Subject. "To come to the Lady, her Name was *Conformity*, "and liv'd at the fine Houſe yonder: Perhaps ſhe "had not her Fellow in the Univerſe, her Temper "always chearful and eaſy; joyful when ſhe heard "of the Happineſs of others, and afflicted at their "Calamities; ſhe never preach'd up her own Vertue, "nor cry'd down that of her Neighbour; no Raiſer "nor ſecond-hand Reporter of malicious Stories; "good-natur'd, but diſcreet; humble, but careful-

"to-

" to preſerve her Authority: In the Management of
" her Family, ſhe neither affected a ruinous Magni-
" ficence, nor a ſordid Oeconomy; but every Thing
" was ſo decent and ſo regularly order'd, that there
" was not the leaſt Confuſion or Diſorder to be ſeen.
" Thus ſhe liv'd happy, and in the univerſal Eſteem
" of all that knew her; when all on the ſudden, ei-
" ther mov'd by the ſuperior Influence of the Stars,
" or touch'd by an extraordinary Fit of Compaſſion,
" with which her generous Temper abounded to a
" Fault, or ſome other Reaſon beſt known to her-
" ſelf, ſhe ſent for this ſlovenly Wretch to come to
" her Houſe. Our Friend *Jonathan* immediately
" waited on her, and the Lady thus unboſom'd her-
" ſelf to him: I am no Stranger, ſays ſhe, to your
" Circumſtances, and know with what Difficulty
" you keeep the Wolf from your Door; now, if you
" will comply with a few eaſy Propoſals I have to
" make to you, I will not only free you from the
" Apprehenſion of Goals, and living a conſtant Tri-
" butary to thoſe Vermin the Bailiffs, but I'll pay
" your Debts, and, what is more, ſettle my Perſon
" and Fortune upon you. This is a Happineſs, cries
" our ſplay-mouth'd *Tallow Chandler*, in a Tranſport,
" which I never could have expected: But may I
" make ſo bold with you, Madam, as to enquire
" what you have to propoſe to me; for if you com-
" mand me to crawl upon all Four to *Berwick* upon
" *Tweed*, or travel to *Rome* and convert the Pope,
" there's nothing you can propoſe, but I'll chearfully
" comply with, to attain ſo much Felicity. Why,
" Mr. *Sebiſm*, ſays ſhe, I have obſerv'd, that you
" are none of the cleanlieſt Men in the World; now
" I abominate a Sloven, and therefore, to fit you
" for my Bed, I expect you ſhould immediately con-
" ſent to the following Articles: Firſt and foremoſt,
" I require you to comb your Hair, and clean it;
" that you put on a clean Shirt, and be not hence-
" forward ſuch a mortal Foe to clean Linnen; that
" you

" you go the *Bagnio*, and mundify your Tabernacle from
" the filthy rank Fumes and Scents of your Trade and
" Perſon; that for the future you watch as well as
" pray; and that you be not ſo proud, but that you ſhew
" your Neighbours the common Civility which is
" their Due. On theſe Terms, ſaid the Lady, I and
" my Fortune are at your Service. Will no other
" Conditions ſerve your Turn, reply'd *Jonathan*? Can
" you deſire any more agreeable, than what would
" make you ceaſe to be a Monſter, and make you
" like the reſt of your Neighbours, to whom now
" your Singularity and Pride render you a perfect
" Nuiſance? Alas! Madam, if nothing but this will
" do, you and I can never dance betwixt one Pair of
" Sheets. What! your'e a perfect Woman, nothing
" but a Beau will pleaſe you! I love my ſelf too well,
" and know my Judgment too infallible, to let any
" Conſiderations alter my Courſe of Life: Tho' my
" Hair be lank and greaſy, my Pores ſomething
" frowzy, my Linnen on the Melancholy, and my
" Behaviour ſomething obſtreperous; yet it is my
" Fancy, Madam, and my Fancy is my Law and
" my Conſcience; and if you don't like me, rough
" as I run, fare you well, Madam; I am not to be
" alter'd! Wherefore, tho' I like your Habitation
" very well, your Perſon better, and your Fortune
" beſt of all; yet, were you Miſtreſs of the Univerſe,
" I would not ceaſe to be that very numerical,
" greaſy *Jonathan*, to have you. But Decency, Mrs
" *Jonathan*, ——— Hang Decency, tho' finical
" You ſay, perhaps, I ſtink among my Neighbours.
" I anſwer, To me the Smell's a Perfume. You call
" me a Sloven, I am tranſported with my negligent
" Air. You think my Trade a Nuiſance, I like it
" better than a Powder-Shop. As for my being like
" other People, I laugh at it; no, let other People
" be like me, —— So, Madam, adieu; for I am old
" poſitive *Jonathan*. ——— Away flies *Jonathan*, as full

" of

" of Indignation as Naſtineſs. —— The Lady ſtill, " full of Compaſſion for his Frenzy, makes Uſe of " the Mediation of Friends, pathetick Perſwaſives, " Tenderneſs, and the like Endeavours, to reclaim " him to his Senſes, and to make him ceaſe to be " the Jeſt and Scandal of his Neighbours; but all in " vain, for he remain'd poſitive: Unleſs ſhe would " grow as filthy a Slut as he was a Sloven, he would " have nothing to ſay to her.

The Application, ſaid I, Mr. *Alſop*, is not difficult to make. The venerable and decent Worſhip of the Church of *England*, and the irreverent and ſcandalous Meetings of the Diſſenters, are viſible enough to be ſeen without the Help of a Parallel. The Diſſenters might, when they pleaſe, be marry'd to or incorporated with the Church of *England*, if they would quit their Singularity, Pride, indecent Worſhip, and the like, which they derive neither from Scripture nor Reaſon, and which contribute neither to their Beauty nor Strength; and ſo be united to a greater Part of the Kingdom, very conſiderable for their Number, Piety, Learning, and Wealth.

Phoo, ſaid Mr. *Alſop*, this will prove like all other Controverſies, both Sides triumphing, and neither Side convinc'd. For I muſt tell you, that I cannot but think your Adoration of the Churches Antichriſtian and Idolatrous. Why, reply'd I, don't you think there is a decent Reſpect due to the Place that's ſet apart for the Worſhip of God? —— No more, than to my Kitchen, or my Stable, built of the ſame Brick or Stone. —— Well, well, Mr. *Alſop*, you and I won't differ for Trifles; I ſhall be glad to ſee you when I come to *London*, which will be very ſuddenly, and will there confute a Bottle or two with you. With all my Heart, reply'd Mr. *Alſop*; for tho' you're a Church-man, you ſeem to be a good honeſt Fellow. Where ſhall we meet, ſaid I? —— Where you pleaſe, at what Tavern you ſuſpect. I abominate a Tavern; but I'll tell you what,

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D.r Oates's Wedding.

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what, I can procure two Gallons of excellent *Burgundy*, and you and I, and another Friend, will meet and fuddle our Noſes at your *Meeting-houſe*; where under the Pulpit, as under the Roſe, we may ſay what we pleaſe againſt either Stare or Church. Hold; hold a little, interrupted Mr. *Alſop*, my Meeting-houſe is ſet apart for the Worſhip of God, and it would ſound oddly to turn it into a Bibbing-Houſe. Not at all, reply'd I; why not into a Bibbing-Houſe, as well as a Dancing-School, a Buttock-Ball, or the like? Beſides, if it be no more than your Kitchen, or your Stable, how can a Bottle of good *Burgundy* prophane it?

Mr. *Alſop* was here at a Stand; and while he was puzzling his Noddle with a Salvo, Company came in to his Relief, and ſo adjourn'd his Conference, *ſine die.*

* *

The Widow's Wedding: Or, A true Account of Dr. Oats's *Marriage with a* Muggletonian *Widow in* Bread-Street, London, Auguſt *the* 18*th*, 1693. *In a Letter to a Gentleman in the Country.*

SIR,

THE only news of Importance I have to communicate to you at preſent, is, that the famous and never-to-be-forgotten Dr. *Oates*, was marry'd the Beginning of this Week. You know for a Perſon of his Conſtitution, that always expreſs'd, and perhaps inherited, an Averſion to the fair Sex; and beſides, had found out a Back-Door

Door to beſtow his Kindneſs and Strength elſewhere, to confine himſelf at laſt to the inſipid Duties of Matrimony, is as unnatural and unexpected a Change, as for an old Miſer to turn Prodigal. And this perhaps was the ſurprizing Revolution, which moſt of our Almanacks, both at Home and Abroad, threaten'd us with in the Month of *Auguſt*. I remember I happen'd to be at *Garaway*'s, when a Gentleman came in and told us the News. Immediately all other Diſcourſe ceas'd, *Eaſt-India* Auctions, the Price of Pepper, and riſing of Currants; not a Word of our Army in *Flanders*, or the Siege of *Belgrade*; the *Turkey* Fleet, and the Battel of *Landen*, were not mention'd in two Hours after. Nay, the Duke of *Savoy*, who is now working Miracles for us at *Piedmont*, was wholly laid aſide. Every Body ſtood amaz'd, and it was a conſiderable Time before they could recover themſelves out of this Aſtoniſhment. At laſt an old Gentleman, at the upper End of the Table, broke the Silence, and made himſelf and the Company very merry at the Doctor's Expence. I remember, ſays he, I have ſomewhere read, that when *Eraſmus* heard that *Martin Luther*, of bleſſed Memory, was marry'd, he ſhould ſay in a jeſting Manner, That if, according to the old Tradition, Antichriſt was to be got between a Monk and a Nun, the World was now in a fair Way to have a Litter of the Sort. Not that I would (continues he) apply this Story to the Doctor; for God forbid that we ſhould live to ſee a Brood of ſucking Antichriſts come out of the Doctor's Loins. My Meaning is only this, that ſince the Saviour of the Nation has join'd his ſaving Faculty with a damning Talent, (for you are to underſtand his Lady is a *Muggletonian*, and thoſe People pretend to have the Power of Damnation) we may now expect to ſee a Motley Race of half Saviours and half Damners. Hold you there, cries another Gentleman, you ought to have ſaid half Damners and

and half Saviours; for since the Mother's is the surest Side, if the Doctor lives to have Children, they'll damn in all Likelihood before they'll save.

The Doctor (as I have been acquainted by several of his intimate Friends) had two Reasons to incline him to marry in his old Age. The first, was, his great Concern to see the noble Army of Evidences defeated; *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, and *Dangerfield*, sleeping with their Fathers, *viz.* the Witnesses that swore against *Susanna*, and those that ston'd St. *Stephen*; *Fuller*, who, with good Management, would have made a clever Fellow, bury'd alive in a Prison, *Et cætera*. *Young*, his vertuous Companion, routed past all Hopes of rallying. Others, at the Sight of a Pillory or Whipping-Post utterly discountenanc'd, and asham'd of their Profession. So the Doctor, finding the whole Hopes of the Family of the *Evidentes* centering in himself, and that if due Care was not taken, the Species would be entirely lost, resolv'd, as far as in him lay, to prevent its utter Extinction, and to raise up Seed to the Popish Plot himself.

In the second Place, the Doctor was touch'd in Conscience for some Juvenile Gambols that shall be nameless. It seems, though he had pity'd the other Corruptions of Popery, yet he still fancy'd Cardinalism. Now, all the World knows Conscience is a sad terrible Thing. What says the Doctor's Friend St. *Austin*? Why, *Conscientia mille Testes*, Conscience is a thousand Witnesses. Is it therefore to be admir'd if the Doctor, who, make the best of him, is but *one* single Witness, and scarce that, found himself forc'd to yield to *a thousand*? So then, as I said before, his Conscience perpetually alarming and disturbing him, the Doctor, merely, at last, for his own Ease and Quiet, made a Vow to sow his wild *Oats*, and not to hide the Talent which God had plentifully given him in an *Italian* Napkin. No sooner was this pious Resolution communicated to his Friends, who were

were mightily pleas'd at the News, but they look'd out ſharp to find him a proper Yoke-fellow. It was repreſented to him, that a Maid was by no Means for his Turn; the Doctor was fat and purſy; a Maidenhead was not to be got without much drudging for't; and beſides, 'twas now juſt the Dog-Days, and who knew but the Doctor's Reins might receive great Damage, in Caſe of a violent Encounter. At laſt, an independent Miniſter adviſ'd him to Mrs. *Margaret Wells* of *Bread-ſtreet*, (whoſe former Huſband was a *Muggletonian*, and ſhe continu'd of the ſame Perſwaſion) urging this Argument in her Behalf, That in her the Doctor might have open and free Ingreſs, Egreſs, and Regreſs, as oft as he pleas'd: That as he might enjoy her without the Sweat of, ſo he might eternally live with her without the leaſt Peril of, his Brows, ſhe being no Charmer, and conſequently would not equip him with a Pair of Horns, which he knew the Doctor abominated, as being Marks of the Beaſt, and altogether Popiſh. The Doctor lik'd the Propoſal; and, at the firſt Interview, was ſo extreamly ſmitten with the Gravity and Goodneſs of her Perſon, that he could neither eat (which was much) nor drink (which was more) 'till the Buſineſs was concluded.

A comical Paſſage happen'd at the *Commons*, which I think very well worth ſending you: The Doctor going thither for a Licenſe, two ſcurvy Queſtions were aſk'd him; the firſt was, Whether he would have a Licenſe to marry a Boy or a Girl? The ſecond, Whether he would have a Licenſe for behind or before? At this the Doctor loſt all Patience, held up his Cane, and thunder'd out, *You Raſcal*, as thick as Hops, 'till upon the Proctor's crying *Peccavi*, the Sky clear'd up again.

The Articles of Marriage were as follows:

Imprimis, The Doctor promiſes, *in Verba Sacerdotis*, to keep never a Male-Servant in his Houſe under Six-

ty,

to keep ne'er a Male-Servant in his House under Sixty, and to hang up the Picture of the Destruction of *Sodom* in his Bed-chamber, *ad refricandam Memoriam*, and to teach his Children to swear as soon as they can speak.

Item, The Doctor promises, that he will never offer to attack, either in Bed or Couch, Joint-stool or Table, the Body of the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, *à parte post*, but to comfort, refresh, and relieve her, *à parte ante*; giving the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, in Case he offend after that Manner, full Leave to make herself Amends before, as she pleases. As also on a second Trespass, to burn his Peace-maker; however, with this Proviso, that whenever the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells* happens to be under the Dominion of the Moon, that is to say, whenever it is Term-Time with the aforesaid Mrs. *Margaret Wells*, then the above-mention'd Doctor shall have full Power, Liberty, and Authority, to enter the *Westminster-Hall* of her Body at which Door he pleases. This last Clause was not obtain'd, 'till after a stiff Dispute on the Doctor's Part, who threaten'd to break off, if it were deny'd him. The other Articles, as less considerable, I pass over, to come to the main Business in Hand, the Marriage.

On the 17th of this present *August*, the Doctor, being new wash'd and trimm'd, with a large sacerdotal Rose in his Hat, and all his other Clergy Equipage, came to the House of an Anabaptist Teacher in the City; where, in the Face of a numerous Assembly, consisting of all Sorts, Divisions, and Subdivisions of Protestants, he was marry'd to Mrs. *Margaret Wells*. The Doctor was observ'd to be very merry all Dinner-time; and the largest Part of his Face, meaning his Chin, mov'd notably. There stood right over against him a mighty Sirloin of Beef, to which he shew'd as little Compassion as he did the Jesuits in the Time of the Plot. After Dinner, six Fifth-Monarchy-Men, larded with as many

Ranters, danc'd a Spiritual Jig, and twelve Sweet-Singers of *Israel* employ'd their melodious Quail-pipes all the while. But Madam *Salamanca* (for so we must now call her) seem'd not to be much affected with this Diversion, but look'd very disconsolate and melancholy. One of the Sisterhood ask'd, Why on a Day of Rejoycing she express'd so much Sorrow in her Looks? To which Madam *Oates*, after a deep Sigh or two, answer'd,

That she very much doubted, like the *Staffordshire* Miller, that mounted King *Charles* after the *Worcester* Fight upon one of his Mill-Horses, whether she should be able to bear the Weight of the Preserver of three Nations.

Thus the Time was agreeably spent 'till Ten, and then the Bell rung for Prayers; and then his Spouse, after the laudable Custom of *England*, being gone before, the Doctor resolutely march'd to the Place of Execution. There was no Sack-Posset, nor Throwing the Stocking; both those Ceremonies being look'd upon as superstitious, and Things of mere human Invention. The Bed continu'd in a trembling Fit most part of the Night; for 'tis not doubted but the Doctor acquitted himself manfully, since the good Woman has already assur'd her Midwife, that the Doctor fought out all his Fingers, and she began to find an Alteration in her Constitution. An Astronomer in *Moorfields* has been consulted upon this Occasion, and he foretels it will be a Boy; which has made the Doctor very busy among the *Hebrew* Roots, to find out a proper Name for his Son. I am

Your Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A SUP-

A SUPPLEMENT to the *Works* of Mr. THO. BROWN, Profe and Verfe, the greateft Part never before printed.

To Sir John Sands, *againft keeping of Miftreffes.*

From the *Crown.*

WE are at the Tavern, and have your Cafe under our preſent Conſideration. 'Tis concluded on all Hands, that you can neither juſtify your preſent Way of living to your ſelf, nor yet to the Publick; which ought to be of ſome Regard with all Lovers of their Country. You are got into the modern Foppery of *Keeping*; and behold what are the Sentiments of this honourable Board about it.

Mr. ——— who you know is a Poet, deliver'd himself in the Language of his Profession. He maintain'd, that whatever the wicked World thought to the contrary, a Miss was as much inferior to a Wife, as the *Pindaric* Muse is to the *Epic*; that one is a Whore without Stays, whereas the other is a civil well-bred Person, that always wears them.

Mr. ——— who is likewise a Son of *Parnassus*, desir'd me to tell you, that a Miss and a Wife differ only as a single Epigram, and a large Collection of Poems, *viz.* that a Man sooner rids his Hands of one, than the other. But that, as *Martial* has long ago declar'd his Opinion in the latter Case,

Quid prodest brevitas, dic mihi, si liber est,

that is to say, What the Plague is a Man the better for the Shortness of a Distich, if he obliges himself to read a whole Cart-load of them; so he desires to know where lies the mighty Advantage of a Whore above a lawful Spouse, if the Spark keeps constant to her; and if he does not, where is the Sense of keeping her in Pay.

Mr. ——— express'd himself against the predominant Sin of Keeping, to this Effect: Of all the Vices the present Age is to answer for, nothing comes near it; and yet the Sots make merry with Marriage, which is full as ridiculous as if Dr. *Chamberlain* should laugh at the Bank of *England* for paying People in Paper. If Marriage is expensive, Keeping is certainly more, and with less Pretence. I knew, says he, a Gentleman that lov'd Gaming as he did his Eyes. One Night he lost a hundred and fifty Guineas at the *Groom-Porter's*; when he came Home, he found his Lady in the Parlour, with two Candles burning before her: Lord! Wife, says he, what a strange Extravagance is this; two Candles lighted at a Time, and House-keeping so chargeable? But he forgot, it seems, what his shaking of his Elbows had cost him

that

that Evening. This is the Case of all Keepers: What our Church-men charge the Dissenters with, is actually true of them; they startle at a Gnat, but they can swallow an Elephant.

Right, says *Harry* ——, Keeping is the greatest Solecism a Man of Pleasure can commit: If the Gallant is true to his Mistress, it has all the Phlegm, and if he is fond of her, all the Expence of Matrimony. In short, I have an equal Aversion to Marriage and Keeping. They differ only like *Holborn* and *Cornhill*: Both are Streets. But to do Sir *John* Justice, the latter is nothing near so long as the former.

That is as it happens, cries vertuous Mr. ——; for I can shew you several Persons about the Town that parted fairly with their Wives before the first Month was over, and yet could endure to cohabit with their Harlots many Years. But Imagination governs all these Matters. For my Part, I think of Women as I do of Books, the finest of both Sorts will hardly endure a thorough Examination. If they find more Favour than this, they may thank the courteous Reader for it, who sees more in them than they deserve. I remember I took Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham* last Vacation down with me into the Country; I read them over, and what was a Consequence of that, I was weary of them. You may laugh at me for a Man of a vicious Palate; but I can't help that. Before I came to Town, I was glad to borrow *Wesley*'s execrable Poem of the Parson of the Parish, only for Variety.

Tho' I am not wholly of your Opinion, says Mr. —— to him, yet I agree with you, that Keeping is Nonsense all over, and that for a Reason which none of you have yet assign'd. Sir *Henry Wootton*'s Definition of an Embassador, in Part, belongs to him. *Legatus est vir bonus ad mentiendum foris Reip. gratia.* And a Keeper is a good Man, to maintain a pretty Woman in fine Cloaths, handsome Lodg-

ings, and all that, for the publick Benefit of the Commonwealth.

Mr. ——— the Merchant is in our Company, who has travel'd Abroad, and seen the World: He says, that a Whore in the Civil State, is what Farthings are in the Business of Trade, only to be used for the Convenience of ready Change. But that a Man that makes a Whore, if not his constant Wife, yet his constant Companion, and a Government that makes Farthings their only current Money, will soon be convinc'd of the Vanity of their Politicks. And he said *Ireland* was lately a sad Instance of the latter.

What vexes me most, says ——, is to hear these Keeping-Coxcombs magnify themselves upon their Discretion. I save Charges by it, cries one. ——

Yes, replies his Neighbour, they are as much Sufferers by the Bargain, as one that goes down to *Tunbridge* or the *Bath*, to save his Expences in Town. But since this Point has been spoken to already, I will say no more to it. Only give me Leave, Gentlemen, to cap the Story of the two Candles with another like it. A Brace of Country Attorneys went into a Tavern one Morning to take a Whet, and because they had not seen one another for a Term or two, they drank to the Tune of eleven Pints. At last, one of them call'd for a *French* Roll: Why, Brother, says the other, are you not asham'd to inflame the Reckoning? Let the Keepers apply this.

Well, but, I 'scape Confinement by it, says another ———. I don't know that, says Mr. *N*——; for I think a Man is as much a Prisoner by a Gout or Rheumatism of his own begetting, as if the Government had confin'd him. What signifies it a Farthing to one in this Case, whether the Priest ties the Knot, or he does it himself? 'Tis true, the Confinement of Keeping does not last so long as that of Marriage, but it devours more in a Month than the other does in a Year. It's like falling into the Hands of

of the *Black Rod*, or a *Serjeant* of the *House*, where the Fees run so high, that you spend more in a few Weeks, than would handsomly maintain you in another Prison all your Life. But to see by what Chimera's the World is manag'd: Matrimony is Hell in *Folio*, because it's a Charm that can't be dissolv'd when a Man pleases. At the same Time, those that keep, can sometimes submit to a Confinement full as long and severe; yet bear it easily, because forsooth 'tis of their own ordering. This puts me in Mind of the famous Citizen of *Paris*, who had past'd threescore long Years within the City-Walls, and never had the least Inclination to make a Step into the Country: So soon as he heard that his Prince had commanded him never to stir out of it, he discreetly dy'd with the Thoughts of being a Prisoner. There are Penitents in *Spain*, who on certain Days of Mortification, lash themselves as heartily as any of our *Newgate* Rogues are whipp'd by the publick Executioner: 'Tis certain the Pain and Anguish are the same; but one does it voluntarily, and the other cannot help it. What pretty Salvo's a fruitful Imagination can find out!

Thus far, Sir *John*, we have given you our Thoughts of Keeping in general, without descending to Particulars; but now we come to consider your own Case more nearly. To the Surprize of all your Friends, you have pitch'd upon a Daughter of the Stage, upon an Actress, to shew your particular Favours to; and pray be pleas'd to hear what the Company thinks of it.

Mr. ———, who, next to Mr. *Rymer*, is the best Historian about the Town, says, that this Transaction of your Life will be bound up with the Annals of *Geetam* in the next Age; because to pretend to confine a She-Player to one's self, is altogether of a Piece with hedging in a Cuckow.

Mr. ———, the Poet first mention'd, prov'd out of the ancient Records of *Parnassus*, that all Actresses belong to those of his Profession; and that if a Lay-Person pretended to lay his unhallow'd Hands upon her, he was guilty of making an Impropriation, and ought to be indicted in *Apollo*'s Spiritual Court.

Mr. ——— of the *Temple*, who, tho' he never goes to *Westminster*, is nevertheless an Oracle of the Law, pretends that your Case comes within the Statute of Monopolies; that you have done as bad as inclos'd a Common; and that all the Lovers of *Magna Charta* ought to break down the Fence.

'Tis but fit it should be so, cries another; for he that pretends to confine a Damosel of the Theatre to his own Use, who by her Character is a Person of an extended Qualification, acts as unrighteous, at least as unnatural a Part, as he that would debauch a Nun: That after all, such a Spark rather consults his Vanity than his Love, and would be thought to ingross what all the young Coxcombs of the Town admire and covet.

Captain ——— ended this serious Debate. He said, that whoever gave Pay to a Woman, or a Soldier, expected they should prove faithful to him. Now, continu'd he, to expect Fidelity from a Female that has been rais'd up in that hot Bed call'd a Play-house, is to expect Honesty from an Evidence. 'Tis a Folly not to be excus'd: 'Tis to bottle up Air, like *Shadwell*'s Virtuoso: 'Tis to wash a Blackamoor. 'Tis to make Dr. *Oates rectus in curia*: 'Tis, in short, to grasp at more than attaining an Impossibility; for 'tis impossible to secure any other Woman to your self, but much more an Actress.

Thus we have sent you, Sir *John*, the Opinion of the Committee of our whole House upon this Occasion. You are desir'd to consider of it coolly by your self; and when you have so done, if 'tis possible, repent; otherwise do like some of our Divines when they con-

contradict what they formerly asserted, and stand buff to it.

Tom. ——— would have you meet us to-morrow Night at the *Rose*, where he pretends to attack you with so many Arguments against the Female Sex, that he does not question to make you a Proselyte to the Bottle.

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The Answer of Sir John Sands, *in Defence of keeping a* Miss *rather than a* Wife.

Gentlemen,

I Find I have a whole *Posse Comitatus* to encounter; but I rely so much upon the Goodness of my Cause, that without calling in the Assistance of my Brother-Keepers, without giving my self the Trouble to repel Numbers by Numbers, I don't question but that I am able, in my own single Person, to maintain the Field against you.

You are divided, Gentlemen, like all other Assemblies, in your Opinions: Some of you seem to favour Marriage, but declare against Keeping: Some of you denounce War equally against both, and consequently must set up for Fornication at large. I make this Inference, because my Charity won't suffer me to believe that any of you are such rank Infidels, as to discard the Sex by Wholesale. If I thought you had any of that Complexion among you, yet I should not think it worth my while to dispute them into better Sense. 'Tis an old receiv'd Axiom, you know, that *contra negantem Principia non est disputandum*:

As for the former Gentlemen, I mean those that have some Respects for Marriage, but are utter Enemies to Keeping, they would oblige me to prove, that lying at an Inn, where a Man stays no longer than he finds himself well used, and the Place agreeable, is half so chargeable or foolish, as staying there all one's Life, let the Entertainment be what it will. There are certainly Degrees in Confinement, and the *Fleet* is not altogether so Pagan and uncomfortable a Place as *Sally* or *Algiers*. Oh! but Imagination governs all these Matters. If, as we have frequent Instances of it in History, Imagination can kill as effectually as a Blunderbuss loaded with a dozen Bullets, deliver me, I say, from the Hands of that Tyrant Imagination. But tho' this is Answer enough to so trifling an Objection, yet, Gentlemen, I will prove, that there's something more than bare Imagination in the Case. A Miss's Patent runs *durante bene placito*, and she lies eternally at the Mercy of her Patron. A Wife has a Lease of your Body for Term of Life, and has no such Obligations upon her to keep within Bounds. One, like an open Town, can make no Resistance, and consequently has no Temptation or Interest to rebel. A Wife is a Sort of Garrison, fortify'd by Law and Act of Parliament, which the Sovereign can't dismantle when he pleases. She lies secure behind that unrighteous Bulwark call'd a *Settlement*, which is made as strong as the *Westminster-Hall* Engineers can contrive it; and tho' she's never so plainly convicted of revolting from her lawful Master, and holding an Intelligence with the Enemy, she forfeits neither Life nor Limb; nay, she can challenge a Subsistance as long as she lives. This, I think, shews, with a Witness, that there's a vast Difference between Marriage and Keeping: But, to dismiss this Point, were a Wife never so sincere, and never so submissive, yet there's a Duty in the Case. Consider what I say, Gentlemen, there's Duty in the Case, in which single Word there's Dulness and Impotence,

potence, Death and Desolation, and, in short, every Thing that inspires Horror, and casts a Damp upon Pleasure. 'Tis as bad as the *Mene Tekel* on the Wall, the very Name carries a Palsy with it. It puts People upon unlawful Evasions; it makes them think on other Folks, when their Thoughts should be at Home; and leads them to commit downright Adultery in the Nuptial Sheets.

Even that Pink of Courtesy, Sir *John Falstaff*, in the Play, who never was a Niggard of his Lungs, would not answer one Word when the *Must* was put upon him: *Were Reasons* (says that affable Knight) *as cheap as Black-berries, I would not give you one upon Compulsion*, which is but another Word for Duty. And now we are upon this Chapter, Gentlemen, give me Leave to copy from you, and tell you a short Story. A Nobleman, who shall be nameless, in King *Charles* the IId's Time, kept a Chaplain that was a Rake-hell enough in all Conscience: He would break Windows, kick and cuff, get drunk and swear, and do all the boisterous Things you can think of, as uncanonically as any of his Cloth. This Fellow had not liv'd a full Month with my Lord, (by the same Token, that they kept him as hot as a Glass-house all the while) but weary, it seems, of his Reception, he came staggering into the Room where my Lord was drinking with some Friends: 'Faith, my Lord, says he, you and I must part, before *George* we must. Why so, Doctor, have not I used you with all the Civility? —— You mistake me, my good Lord, I love Drunkenness as well as ever a Peer of you all; but, a Plague, I hate the Thoughts of being forc'd to mount the Guard every Night, I hate to be confin'd to it. You make Drunkenness a Duty, my Lord, and consequently a Vertue, and, I'd have you know, I hate all Vertue. —— Pray let me advise you to think of this at your Leisure.

I come now to those worthy Gentlemen, who are against Inclosures of all Sorts, and fall upon the first

Game

Game they can ſtart. Not to call their Judgments in Queſtion, which they never put to the Expence of chooſing for them, I would fain be inform'd why a Man ſhould be ſo fool-hardy as to expoſe himſelf to the *fortune de la guerre*, when there's no Occaſion for it; or what mighty Satisfaction there is in coming off with the Loſs of a Leg or an Arm, when he might have kept himſelf ſafe. Were there no ſuch Things as Diſeaſes in the World, and had *Columbus* never diſcover'd the *Indies*, perhaps I might be reconcil'd to this Sort of Life; but as I am a profeſs'd Diſciple of *Epicurus*, I would, by my good Will, husband every Moment to the beſt Advantage: For this Reaſon I ſcorn to take up Pleaſure, as young Prodigals do Money, at 50 *per Cent.* Intereſt; and 'tis for this very Reaſon that I abominate Drunkenneſs, the only Pander that can make you ſwallow intrieguing in common, becauſe a Man gives half an Hour's ſeeming Satisfaction, and two or three Days real Sickneſs.

I am now arriv'd to the laſt Part of my Indictment, where you play all your ſmall Shot at me, becauſe I have thought fit to be particular with an Actreſs. Some of you pretend, that ſuch a Choice has more Vanity than Love in it. Admit it has, yet I ſhall never be aſham'd to act upon ſo honeſt and univerſal a Principle. What firſt ſet up a Coach and Six, but Vanity? My Lady might ſhew herſelf to as much Advantage in a Chariot and Two; and if my Lord would condeſcend now and then to beat the Hoof, as his Predeceſſors did before him, it would not be the worſe for his Honour's Health. What introduc'd Periwigs as big as Hay-cocks, when the Border, of venerable Memory, would have ſerv'd the Turn as well; or what juſtifies thoſe gigantick Grievances call'd Commodes, but Variety? In ſhort, what furniſhes Luxury, and ſets off Magnificence, what plunders every Corner of the World, and puts us upon ranſacking every Element, but this very ſame Inſpirer of all our Motions, for which you wiſely condemn

demn me? You may rail at Variety as long as you pleaſe; but I would not give a Farthing for a Woman whom all the Town does not deſire to lye with. For this Reaſon I would have her frequently ſeen by all the young Fellows, and my ſelf, that enjoys her, pointed at in the Streets, and envy'd by all that know me. This ſets an Edge upon a Man's Inclination, tho' it flagg'd never ſo much before, and makes his Miſtreſs ſtill new and charming, becauſe ſtill deſir'd by others. Indeed ſome of you are pleas'd to call the Play-houſe a Hot-Bed: If this were any Reproach, ſo are the Exchanges and the Boarding-Schools; ſo, in ſhort, is all *London*, and ten Miles about it: I was in my Paſſion going to ſay all the Iſland; and if I had ſaid it, I think in my Conſcience I had not been guilty of Scandal. After all, if the Play-houſe is a Hot-bed, ſo much the better; for I have a mortal Averſion to Coldneſs, and every Thing that reſembles it. But to expect Conſtancy from a She-Player! I always thought them made of the ſame Ingredients with the reſt of their Sex; and if they have not their Hypocriſy to anſwer for, I think 'tis a Sign of their Diſcretion at leaſt. 'Tis an Article of my Creed, that no Woman is conſtant, but ſhe that finds it her Intereſt to be ſo. If that cannot keep my Damoſel within due Bounds, I ſhall never break my Heart for the Matter.

And to conclude this Letter, if I muſt be cheated, which I am afraid is the Caſe of us all, I had rather it ſhould be done by a *few*, from whom we expect it, and whoſe Profeſſion it is, than by a ſniveling preciſe Villain, that has a Text for doing it. Gentlemen, I am

Your moſt humble Servant.

From

From a Vintner in the City, to a young Vintner in Covent-Garden.

By Mr. BROWN.

Coufin JOHN,

YOU have done two very adventurous Things of late: You have taken a new Houſe and a new Wife, and all in the Compaſs of a Week; not having the Fear of ſome late Acts of Parliament before your Eyes, which have made Houſe-keeping ſo very chargeable. After this convincing Proof of your Boldneſs, ſhould you take a Lyon by the Whiſkers, it would not ſurprize me. For, Couſin, to deal plainly with you, you have ſet up in a very perilous Time, when 'tis Fall of the Leaf with poor Tradeſmen all the Year round. The Taxes run high, but never was there ſuch an Ebb of Money ſince the Creation. Drunkenneſs, the Lord be praiſed, notwithſtanding all that the new Reformers have done to it, ſtill makes a Shift to maintain its Ground: If it leaves one Liquor, it takes up with another, like the Sea, which, what it loſes in one Place, gains ſomewhere elſe. All the Nation, to give them their Due, would be drunk, if they could, to forget their Sorrows; but, alas! not one quarter of the Nation can afford to be at the Expence of it. The Situation of Things being thus at this preſent Writing, you ought to manage your ſelf with more than ordinary Diſcretion, if you intend to make a Figure in this tranſitory World.

In

In the first Place, lay it down for a fundamental Rule, never to trust, or at least as seldom as you can. But when you commit that Folly, let it not be with Men who are protected by their Dignity or Character, or (what will not be unseasonable Advice to one that lives in *Covent Garden*) with the Wits, who are protected from paying by their Poverty. The less Faith you have for other People, the more Charity you shew for yourself; for let the P——sons say what they will, I never knew a Man of any Profession justify'd by Faith. Rather than venture that, cheat as much as you can, I mean in a lawful Way; and when you have got an Estate, then 'tis time enough to think of compounding your Sins with Heaven, by building of an Hospital, according to the laudable and ancient Practice of the City. If you have a Mind to be sav'd by your Faith, take my Advice, do it by Wholesale, but never by Small Parcels. In the mean Time, get Money, and promote Trade; for that (as a wise Alderman long ago observ'd) is the Law and the Prophets.

Secondly, consider, that the Trade of a Vintner is a perfect Mystery; (for that is the Term the Law bestows on it) now, as all Mysteries in the World are wholly supported by hard and unintelligible Terms, so you must take Care to christen your Wines by some hard Names, the farther fetch'd so much the better; and this Policy will serve to recommend the most execrable Stumm in all your Cellar. A plausible Name to an indifferent Wine, is what a gaudy Title is to a Pop, or fine Cloaths to a Woman; it helps to conceal the Defects it has, and bespeaks the World in its Favour. Men naturally love to be cheated, particularly those of our own Nation, for the Honour of old *England* be it spoken; and provided the Imposition is not too bare-fac'd, will meet you Half-way with all their Hearts. I could name several of our Brethren to you, who now stand fair to sit in the Chair of Justice, and sleep in their golden Chains at Church, that had been fore'd

forc'd to knock off long ago, if it had not been for this Artifice. It has sav'd the *Sun* from being *eclips'd*, the *Crown* from being *abdicated*, the *Rose* from *decaying*, the Fountain from being *drawn dry*, and both the *Devils* from being *confin'd to utter Darkness*. If your own Invention is so barren, that it wants to be assisted, or you have not Geography enough to christen your Wines yourself, I advise you to buy a Map of *Spain*, *Portugal*, *France*, and *Italy*, and there you will find Names of Places fit for your Purpose, and the more uncommon they are, they'll be the more taking. Neither is this Piece of Policy only practis'd in ours, but in most other Trades. A Bookseller, to help the Sale of a dull Pamphlet, will spruce it up with a most glorious Title, and tell you the Edition is almost sold off, when he has five hundred lying dead upon his Hands. A Perfumer will pretend, that his Essences came from *Montpelier*, or *Florence*, tho' he made them at Home. The Glover talks of *Cordova*, and the Mercer of *Naples*, 'till their Lungs are founder'd, when both their Commodities were of *London* Extraction. And what Harm is there in all this? If the People cannot be pleas'd otherwise, we must, in our own Defence, act as the *Nonconformist* Divines do, and humour them in their Folly. *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*, was the Saying of a Church-man who understood the World so well, that he wou'd have made an admirable Vintner, had he thought it worth his while.

Thirdly, Don't forget to commend your Wine for those very Qualities that your Customers find Fault with it, like the Poets of the Town, who always justify those Passages in their Plays, for which the Criticks condemn them. For Example, If they say 'tis sower or harsh, why, Gentlemen, 'tis the Nature of true *French* Wine to be so; if they tell you 'tis small, you must reply, that it has a conceal'd Body; and if they quarrel with it for being heavy and strong, you may stop their Mouths, by saying, 'tis so much the fitter for our Climate, and that a Frieze Coat is

not

not false *Latin* in *England*, whatever it may be in a warmer Country. At other Times it will not be amiss to shift your Sails, and use another Conduct; as for Instance: A Company of well-dress Gentlemen come to your House, and in respect to their Quality and gaudy Outsides, you draw 'em the best Wine in your Vaults. Pshaw, says one, what the Devil have you brought us here? Damn it, cries another, this Stuff is not fit to be serv'd at a Porter's Burial. Then you may harangue them to the following Tune. Why Gentlemen, this Wine, an't please you, tho' it displeases you so much, has the good Fortune to be lik'd by other Palates. There's Sir *John Squander*, and my Lord *Topewell*, and twenty more I could mention, Senators, and Men of Understanding, that drink their Gallons of it every Night: But, to say the Truth, 'tis not, between Friends, true Orthodox; I find your Palates are extraordinary; so I will go down my self, and bring you the Flower of *Europe*, tho' I say it; a small Parcel of it came over t'other Day; it only grows in one Vineyard belonging to the *Monks*, a Plague on 'em I have forgot the Place; the greatest Part was bought for the King's Use, against a publick Entertainment, and the Merchant befriended me with the rest: But for God's Sake, Gentlemen, speak not a Word of this to any of my Customers; you shall have of it for your own Company as long as it lasts; but if ever this should be known to my Lord, and Sir *John*, and the W—— Country Par——nt Men, that come to my House, I am undone for ever, therefore I hope you'll be secret. Then fly down Stairs like Lightning, bring up a Flask of the worst Wine you have, take off the Oil nicely, and present the Glass to one of those judicious Gentlemen. Now observe how the Scene is alter'd. A plague on't, why this will do, says the first. Do? cries the second, spirting it critically upon the Floor, this is fit for Angels, and not poor sinful Mortals. Why, *Jack*, says the third, this is exactly the same

Wine

Wine you and I used to make merry with on the other Side of the *Alpes*. An't please the Lord, cries the fourth, I'll get my full Dose on't to Night. Master, we are oblig'd to you. Here, Drawer, bring me up a Napkin; and then a good Supper is bespoke, and Drunkenness ensues. A certain Brother of the Quill, that does not live full an hundred Miles from the *Exchange*, has got a brave Estate by this very Trick, therefore see you put it in Practice. There are a thousand other Stratagems to be used in our Profession, but should I pretend to recount but half of them here, I should make this more tedious than a Pastoral Letter. A little Time and Experience will soon bring you acquainted with them.

I have nothing now left upon my Hands to do, but to answer the Scruples you propos'd to me in your last, which I will dispatch with all the Brevity I am Master of. You desire to know whether a Vintner may take Advantage of People when they are in their Cups, and reckon more than they have had. To which I answer in the Affirmative, that you may, provided it be done in the Way of Trade, and not for any sinister End. This Case has been so adjudg'd many Years ago in *Vintners Hall*, and you may depend upon't. Don't you see how in all other Trades they never scruple to make a Penny of a Customer's Ignorance, (else how could the Bookseller in *Paul's* Church-Yard, have palm'd *Ogilby's* Fables with Cuts upon a Country Wench, for a Common-Prayer Book, and told her, that *Æsop*, with his Beasts about him, was *Adam* in Paradise) and is not Drunkenness, while it continues upon a Man, a State of Ignorance? Besides, is it not a Sin, a heinous Sin? And ought not we, that are in some Measure accessary to it, to mortify and punish it? And does any Thing more disturb the Conscience of an *English-man*, than to make his Pocket do Penance? After all, if the Fraud is discover'd, (and 'tis ten to one whether it be or no) the Master of the House is not at all affected by it. A

Vintner

Vintner, like the King, can do no Wrong. The Bar indeed may miſtake, the Drawers may be Sons of Whores, and miſ-reckon; but a Maſter is not to be damn'd for the Tranſgreſſions of his Servants. Even General Councils, with the Pope at the Head of 'em, are not infallible. *Humanum eſt errare.* The poor Woman at the Bar is but juſt come out of the Country, or the Noiſe of the Bell, or the Hurry of Buſineſs, diſtracted her. Gentlemen, to make you Amends, I'll call for my Quart; I'd not do an ill Thing for the Univerſe. And thus the Farce concludes.

In the next Place, you wou'd know how you ought to govern yourſelf in relation to lewd Women that Gentlemen bring to your Houſe: To which I reply, That as Men that have Wives, are commanded to live as if they had none; ſo, in this wicked Town, a Vintner that has Eyes, muſt behave himſelf as if he had them not, and ſometimes too he muſt have no Ears, otherwiſe, *damn'd Rogue*, and *Cuckoldly Villain*, would make but ill Muſick in them. So long as all this ſerves for the promoting of Trade, for my Part, I think there's no great Sin in it; this I am ſure of, that if it were not for this Practice, our Neighbours the Apothecaries and Surgeons would fairly ſtarve; and, you know, we ſhould love our Neighbours as our ſelves. The worſt Effect it produces, is in reſpect to our Wives and Daughters; it ſets their Mouths a watering, and often makes them wiſh to be in the Harlot's Place. I once knew a Vintner's big-belly'd Wife, that having taken Notice of a painful Whore, who by the Sweat of her Brows had earn'd fifteen Pints of White Wine one Night with fifteen ſeveral Men, went ill from the Bar, and nothing would ſerve her Turn, but ſhe muſt be deliver'd in the very Chair that had aſſiſted ſo much Fornication. But you'll ſay 'tis againſt your Conſcience. Couſin *John*, you are a young Beginner in the World, therefore follow my Direction, and clap a Muzzle upon your Conſcience. When you have got twenty thouſand

ſand Pounds in your Pocket, you may take off your Muzzle, if you think fit, and leave it to itſelf. Then you may ſhut up your Doors at Nine, look as diſcreetly as the graveſt Hypocrite in the City, forbid ſinging of Catches in your Houſe, deliver a Gill of Wine thro' the little Wicket only on the Lord's Day, call the *Sunday* the Sabbath, ſtrut to the Pariſh-Church at the Head of half a Dozen notch'd Drawers lugging a *Geneva* Bible between them, and take the Sermon in Short-Hand, as many of your Predeceſſors, (when they thought they were wealthy enough to deſerve Damnation) have done before you. This is all, from

Your affectionate Kinſman.

To my Lady . . . . . that marry'd an old decrepit Widower.

Madam,

YOU have uſed yourſelf with greater Cruelty than the moſt barbarous Tyrant durſt have done, had it been your ill Fortune to come within his Power. *Algiers* itſelf inflicts no ſuch Puniſhment upon its vileſt Slaves, as you have voluntarily and freely impos'd upon yourſelf. *Mezentius*, ſo execrable in Hiſtory for tying the Living to the Dead, reſerv'd this inhuman Uſage only for his Enemies; as Brutal as he was, he never dream'd of uſing his Friends in that Manner, much leſs himſelf. Yet you, Madam, have thought fit to practiſe it upon one, who, to my Knowledge, deſerv'd a better Treatment at your Hands.

All

All the Town was melancholy upon the News; but especially those who are in the Interests of Beauty, lamented as heartily, as some pious People do, when they hear of a Christian Town fall'n into the Hands of the Infidels. And that we fear is your Case; for if a Man has no other Way of shewing his Faith but by his Works, 'tis concluded by all Sides, that your Lot is fall'n upon a Person who is as nearly related to an Infidel, as an Informer is to a Villain.

I have lately read over some of the old Martyrologies, where innumerable Instances are to be found, of Persons of both Sexes, who, in a Fit of Devotion, practis'd strange Austerities; but none of them come up to you, even of those, who, for the singular Mortification they enjoyn'd themselves, have been advanc'd to the Kalendar by Holy Church.

We meet with frequent Instances of young Virgins, that have leapt into the Flames to make Profession of their Belief, and courted Death in its most terrible Mien, as eagerly as other Women do a Coronet and a Title. Some have attended the Sick in Hospitals, and in the Midst of Affluence and Plenty have deny'd themselves the Conveniencies of Life, and mortify'd in Sackcloth. Some, after the Priest has done his Office, have refus'd to receive the lawful Tribute of Matrimony; and some have oblig'd themselves to a perpetual Silence, which is certainly Self-denial enough in a Woman. Others have injur'd their own Beauty, to preserve themselves from the Courtship of their Lovers, or from the Lust of Tyrants. But, alas! what Proportion does this bear to what you have done? Death puts a Period to all our Miseries; but you have given a greater Proof of your Constancy, by resolving to live. You have confin'd yourself to a walking Infirmary, and nothing but Providence can give you a Discharge. You have sacrific'd your Youth and Beauty to one that can enjoy neither, nor will suffer others to do it for him, like the modern Library-keeper of St. *James's*; he will neither peruse

ruse your Manuscript, the fairest in the World, nor lend it to others, who can make a better Use of it. In short, there's never a Ghost in *Glanville* or *Aubry*, if he met him in a Church-yard, but would take him from his Brother Spectre. You, and your Husband, between you, really undergo two of the severest Punishments which Antiquity believ'd to be in Hell. He, like *Tantalus*, sees the Fruit everlastingly before him, which he is not in a Capacity of tasting. You, like *Sisiphus*, take an infinite deal of Pains to no Purpose, to roll a Stone every Night, which is no sooner up, but it falls down of itself, and will do so to the End of the Chapter.

Tho' I need not exaggerate your own Torments to you, who are so well acquainted with them; yet, as a Divine sometimes explains the Effects of Drunkenness to his Parish, that know them as well as himself, give me Leave to lay down Part of the Persecution you undergo before your Eyes, that through you the World may know what you endure.

The Night approaches; but the Night which bountifully rewards the Pains of other Lovers, proves but the Beginning of your Misery. Even the Bed, where all the marry'd World besides find Happiness, or at least a Relaxation from their Pain, is the Scene where you suffer most emphatically. That old solemn Piece of Antiquity, call'd your Husband, leads you to this Place of real Martyrdom; but no Execution, with his Head muffled up in an Infinity of Caps; and his Lungs, lest Musick should be wanting to the Entertainment, are sure to serenade you all Night long. Thus he disturbs your Repose; but has nothing about him to reward you for keeping you awake. If he has got his Cargo of Wine in his Guts, he snores by your Side as heartily, as *Gargantua* and the Monks in *Rabelais* do, after they have rock'd themselves asleep with singing the Penitential Psalms. But if in Spite of Impotence and Age,

he

he pretends to disturb you with his Vigour, his Shot scarce reaches the Walls of the Fortress. Thus your Fate is just the Reverse of *Semele*, she generously expir'd in the Arms of the Thunderer, whereas your Fumbler chills you with his warmest Embraces; his very Flames give you an Ague-Fit, and, like the Weather we have had of late, his Summer has a Spice of Winter in it. The Mischief on't is, that every Day I'll leave him a worse Practitioner than other; and Time, which uses to soften other Hardships, will daily make yours more insupportable.

What is it then that could induce your Ladyship to pitch upon so rigorous a Penance, which your very Enemies (were it possible for you to have any) would never have impos'd upon you? Since your Body can be no Gainer by this wicked Match, one would imagine you did it for the Benefit of your Soul; but Religion produces no such Miracles in this Age, whatever it has done formerly. 'Tis enough now if People stick to it while they get by the Bargain; for few, very few, even of those that wear her Cloth and eat her Bread, will be Lofers for her.

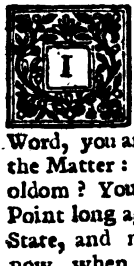
'Tis, in short, the Desire of unrighteous Mammon, that has drawn this Servitude upon you. You took this nauseous Pill only for the Sake of the Gilding. That pale-fac'd Metal, to purchase which our Merchants ransack every Corner of the World, made you take up with this leaky batter'd Vessel; but with this Difference, that whereas they are at Liberty to shift their Climate as they see fit, you have confin'd yourself to the Latitude of 70, and have settled in a Country which is eternally cover'd with Snow, and affords no Prospect of a Spring. All that your humble Servant can do, is, to wish that your Tyrant's Reign may be but of short Continuance; which is the daily Prayer of ——

Lysander.

A

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. I——— *on his being a* CUCKOLD.

SIR,



Am none of the best Comforters in the World; however, yours is so common and easy a Case, that any one may set up for a Doctor, and pretend to prescribe Remedies for it. You send me Word, you are a Cuckold, and desire my Advice upon the Matter: Why, is this a Time to complain of Cuckoldom? You ought to have reconcil'd yourself to that Point long ago, before you ventur'd into the holy State, and not to mortify with the Thought on't now, when you can't help yourself. A Soldier should consider before he lists himself, how he can bear the Loss of an Arm or Leg; if he meets with an unlucky Shot, 'tis but the Chance of War; and if he comes off in a whole Skin, 'tis more than he could expect, and Providence used him better than he deserv'd. The Oracle in *Rabelais*, to which you are no Stranger, long ago declar'd, *That every marry'd Man either has been, or is, or will be a Cuckold*; and could you ever hope to elude an Oracle? For my Part, 'tis no more than what I expected to hear of you every Post: You have been long jealous of your Wife, and now it comes Home to you; for Jealousy does as naturally ripen into Cuckoldom, as a Caterpillar into a horned Insect, call'd a Butter-Fly. However, you have got this by the Bargain,

Bargain; that it has cur'd you, God be thank'd, of your Jealousy, which is one of the worst Torments a Man can have; and who wou'd not bear with a sawcy Companion, to get rid of the Devil? But after all, what you complain of, is no Disgrace; you share it in common with the *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, and most of the Heroes of former Ages, and with the *N*—— and *M*—— of this, besides an infinite Number of Dukes, Marquesses, Earls, Bishops, Knights, Aldermen, Deans, Archdeacons, Heads and Governors of Colleges and Halls; and who would regret to be join'd in so good a Company?

But, *your Family's dishonour'd*, and so, perhaps, it has been twenty times since the Conquest. I told you before, I had no extraordinary Hand at Comforting. A thousand other Families have been subject to the same Calamity; and why you should expect to fare better than your Neighbours, I don't understand. *But if I had deserv'd it from my Wife.* Why, so much the better still: Other People use to comfort themselves in their Misfortunes, by reflecting upon their Innocence, and why should not you? If your Wife has a Fancy to go to the Devil, let her ne'er lose her Longing: Rather than that should happen, do by her as *Charles* the Fifth is said to do by a flying Enemy, build her a Bridge to go thither.

Well, but *what would you have me to do?* You say, *Job*, and *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, have been so often prescrib'd to People in your Condition, that I won't offer them to you. My Advice is then, that you'd come to Town as soon as you can, and take a Lodging in *Cheapside*, or near *White-hall*, and there, I'll pass my Word for't, you'll be thought no Monster; tho' you unmannerly Folks in the Country stare at a Cuckold, as much as here we do at a King's Evidence just after a new Plot; yet *London*'s a civil Place, and we think him no Prodigy here. But if your Affairs won't give you Leave to come to Town, my

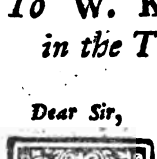
next Advice, is, to retaliate upon your Neighbours, plant Cuckoldum as thick as you can in your Hundred, and, for that End, get in with the Aunts, the Nurſes, and Midwives; but above all, ſecure the Church, and get the Clergy on your Side. When your Numbers are grown pretty conſiderable, make a Deſcent into the next Hundred, and ſo on, 'till you have made the whole County of a Piece. When you have effected this, you'll be above the Reach of Scandal; your Multitudes will protect you, and then you'll live as comfortably as we do here in *London*. But *what ſhall I do with my Wife?* I have already told you: Build her a Bridge, and loſe no Time. I am

Your loving Couſin,

T. B.

To W. Knight, *Eſquire. Written in the Time of the Froſt*, Jan. 22.

Dear Sir,



IS a Sign I am never weary of keeping a Correſpondence with you, ſince I can afford to do it at this terrible Juncture, when the Ink friezes as I write: But you muſt expect nothing elſe from me, but what you would hear in every Coffee-houſe, were you in Town, and and that is, to be entertain'd about the Froſt. The common People here, are of Opinion, that the Northern Monarch, who has done us the Honour of a Viſit, has brought his own Country Weather along with him, and they confirm it with a very good Inſtance;

Inſtance; for they remember, that when the *Morocco* Embaſſador was here, we had the hotteſt Summer that ever was known. Thus, according to theſe merry Philoſophers, every Foreigners that comes to ſee us, takes Care, like *Nicholas* in the *Virtuoſo*, to bottle up ſome of the Air of his own Climate, and retails it among us here.

It has been a general Complaint, that all the Seaſons, but Winter, have been of late inverted. Mr. *Flamſteed*, you know, has pretended, that the Sun has been out of Order this good while; and a Friend of yours, who loves dearly to ſit up a-Nights, being aſk'd what was the Reaſon that he never ſaw him, reply'd, that he could not endure to ſee ſick Folks. 'Tis no Wonder that he can do no more in *January*, ſince for eight Years laſt paſt, he has not been ſcarce able to maintain his Summer-Quarters, and Winter has had the Impudence to bully him even in his own Dog-days. Indeed if he decays in Proportion to what he has done of late, the Lord have Mercy, ſay I, on Dr. *Burnet*'s Hypotheſis of the *Charter-houſe*; for he'll be no more able to cauſe a general Conflagration, than *Parr* was to get a Baſtard in the hundred and fifty ſecond Year of his Age.

But to leave off theſe metaphyſical Contemplations. ——If this ſevere Seaſon laſts many Days longer, it will as effectually try the Orthodoxy of Peoples Conſtitutions, as the new A—— concerning King *James*, will ſhew who is *ſtanch* to the Government, and who not. We uſed to ſay in the late Reign, that if Popery prov'd to be long-liv'd, 'twould ſoon be found out who were in the Intereſts of the Whore of *Babylon*. But this Froſt, I conceive, will make truer and juſter Diſcoveries; for a Man, if he's wickedly inclin'd, may play a thouſand Tricks with his Faith, and no Body be the wiſer; but the Devil is in him, if ſuch ſearching Weather (which penetrates deeper than the Inquiſition) does not extort very unlucky Confeſſions from his Car-

caſs, eſpecially if in his younger Days he ſtudy'd natural Philoſopy in *Covent-Garden*. I can't tell how it fares with you in the Country, but here in Town, Water is ſcarcer than its oppoſite Element, Fire.

A Friend of mine happen'd Yeſterday to be in a Tavern Kitchin, near the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, and complaining of the Cold, Lord, ſays a Sea-Captain to him, this is nothing, Sir, to what I have felt; no more, as God ſhall judge me, than a Tooth-picker is to the Main-maſt of the *Britannia*. I made the North-Eaſt Voyage with Captain *Wood*, and have been in a Country, Sir, where they don't bury between *Michaelmas* and *Lady-day*. What, ſaid my Friend, don't the People die all that Time? Yes, a Pox on them, they die faſt enough; but the Ground is as hard as a Flint, and they are forc'd, in their own Defence, to pile up their dead Folks in the Belfry, as we do Faggots in a Wood-yard, and tie Pieces of Paper about their Necks, for all the World, Sir, (as your good Houſewifes in the Country do about their Cordial Bottles) to know them again; and ſo they bury them at Spring of the Year. Sir, ſays my Friend to him, you ſeem to be an honeſt Gentlemen, and I don't doubt but what you tell me is true; for I, in my Time, have been a Piece of a Traveller, and have paſs'd a Month or two among the *Samoeids*, where it is ſo exceſſive cold, that, as in *Italy* and other hot Countries, they forbid the Prieſts to preach out of the *Canticles* during *July* and *Auguſt*, for Fear of putting ſome old Whimſies into the Heads of the People: So here, the Patriarch of *Moſco* forbids all the Clergy, under Pain of Suſpenſion, not to make the leaſt Mention of the Roaſting that is uſed in the other World, leſt they ſhould ſet all their Congregations a longing to be there. In ſhort, noble Captain, the Parſons take as much Care to conceal the Doctrine of Hell Fire, for the Reaſon above-mention'd, from the poor Inhabitants of this Country, as they do the Bible from the Laity in *Spain*. The Captain graciouſly thank'd

thank'd my Friend for his News, and so they parted.

One would be apt to imagine, 'twas in such Weather as this that *David* penn'd the *Psalms*, where he advises People to look to their Ways. The Streets are so excessive slippery, that a Man runs thro' half the Danger of an *East-India* Voyage, in passing only from *Temple bar* to the *'Change* in a Coach; and if he ventures it on Foot, he's oblig'd to walk with the same Precaution upon the King's High-way, as your Fellows in *Bartholmew-Fair* manage themselves upon the High-Rope. For want of observing this Direction, a Country Gentlewoman, t'other Day, met with a sad Mischance at the Corner of *Fetter-lane*; for up flew her Heels, and off came her Commode, and she unluckily discover'd a hideous Breach in her Fabrick, at which two Foot-Soldiers ran away in a Fright, and a grave Citizen that pass'd by, was exceedingly scandaliz'd. The Physicians and Surgeons, however, are no Losers by this Season; for what between Phthisick and Fever, (which really makes a handsome Figure in the Weekly-Bill) and those providential Blessings, call'd broken Arms and Legs, both Professions find as much Employment, as Dr. *Oates* will tell you the Pimps had at *White-hall* in the Reign of King *Charles* II. Our Divines need not be over-nice in what they preach; for there is such everlasting Barking in the Churches, that tho' the Parson had the Lungs of twenty Trumpeters, yet 'twere impossible to understand a Syllable he says. Some Phthisicky old Gentleman leads up a Cough, his next Neighbour immediately takes the Hint from him, a third pursues it, and so the Snow-ball rowls merrily on; 'till at last the whole Congregation joins in the *Chorus*, and one Side of the Church answers the other as regularly and harmoniously, as two contending Nightingales in a Hedge, or the Vicars in the new Choir at St. *Paul's*. The *Thames* is in great Danger of being made a Captive, and of wearing Fetters, which

he generouſly endeavours to throw off every Tide; and never was ſo true an Emblem as now, of that noble-ſpirited Iſland of which he is the Defence as well as Ornament, which can never have Chains put upon it of any Continuance.

I am ſorry to find by your laſt, that your Neighbour *Mr. H*——— grows fat upon Marriage; for I don't ſee how he can anſwer it to his Conſcience. Marriage is a lean, hungry, craving Soil, on which he that can fatten, may raiſe an Eſtate in *Scotland*, or recover from an Ague by removing into the *Hundreds*. Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory tells us of a Biſhop that ſuſpended one of his Prieſts for no Crime, but becauſe he had a double Chin. That Prelate could not be perſwaded that his Curate preach'd, and pray'd, and minded the Buſineſs of his Pariſh, ſo long as he carry'd ſuch an unapoſtolical Badge about him. Pray acquaint your Friend *Mr. H*——— with this Adventure of the double Chin, and tell him from me, that neither Canon, nor Civil, nor Common Law, will juſtify him in making a *Sine Cura* of his Wife. I am

Your moſt humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

Some

Some Remarks upon MARRIAGE.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

Marriage being the Port or Haven at which moſt of the Sons and Daughters of *Eve* deſign to touch ſooner or later, 'tis no Wonder that People are univerſally curious to know how this tickliſh Ceremony is perform'd in other Countries. We find here at Home, that the firſt Place in the Common-Prayer-Book, that young Maidens generally dip in, is the Service of *Matrimony*. I once knew a raw Girl, that could readily make all the Reſponſes in that Office, before ſhe could anſwer to one Queſtion in her Catechiſm; which occaſion'd her Father, who was a grave old Gentleman, to wiſh, that thoſe of her Sex would take as much Care to prepare themſelves for their latter, as for their firſt End; for ſo it proves to moſt of them.

It has been frequently ſaid, that *Marriage* and *Hanging* go by Deſtiny; but, for my Part, I am no Predeſtinarian; neither do I believe, with the reſt of the World, that *Matches* are made in Heaven any more than I believe that all Oxen are bought and ſold there before they come to *Smithfield*-Market.

But tho' I am no Admirer of Destiny, as I said before, yet I would not have any one infer from thence, that I believe there's no Manner of Resemblance between *Hanging* and *Marrying*: For *Hanging*, with Reverence be it spoken, as well as *Marrying*, is perform'd by tying a Knot, which Death only dissolves; and they agree too in this Particular, (which is more suitable to the Occasion of the Book) that all civiliz'd Countries in the World observe different Fashions in one no less than the other.

The *Roman* Catholicks make a Sacrament of *Matrimony*, and, in Consequence of that Notion, pretend it confers Grace. The Protestant Divines don't carry Matters so high; but say, this ought to be understood in a qualify'd Sense; and that Marriage so far confers Grace, as, generally speaking, it confers Repentance, which every Body knows is a Step to Grace.

It must be confess'd on all Hands, that *Marriage* is the most serious Action that a Man can engage in, and therefore we ought to think of it, as we do of our latter End, with Fear and Trembling. For this Reason, I cannot endure to hear People pass their ill-natur'd Jests upon so holy an Ordinance. If it is a Man's good Fortune to meet with a good Wife, he ought to date his Happiness in this World from that very Moment; and if she proves not as he desires, he ought to look over the Catalogue of his Sins, and interpret it as a Visitation, or at least to take it patiently. For my Part, commend me to that Gentleman, who having marry'd a Lady of an extraordinary Capacity, never complain'd of his Fate, nor made his Spouse uneasy, but honestly thank'd God, that now he had a Hole to put his Head in.

The Ladies that read a Book call'd *Marriage-Ceremonies*, will find sufficient Reason to thank Providence that they were born in so good-natur'd an Island as ours is, where the Preliminaries to Marriage are nothing near so morose and severe as they are in some

ſome Places in the World. To give an Inſtance of this, our Author of the *Marriage-Ceremonies* tells us, *p.* 51. *Among the* Sabrians, (a Sort of mungril Chriſtians, that live on the Confines of *Perſia* next *Turkey*) *the Parties meeting together at Church, the Miniſter makes the Bride ſwear before the Women that ſhe is a Virgin.* As ill an Opinion as the World unjuſtly entertains of our Females, I am very well ſatisfy'd, that there are above forty thouſand conſciencious Wives, within the Bills of Mortality, that would have loſt all, before they would have taken ſo raſh and inſnaring an Oath. How is it poſſible that a Woman ſhould poſitively ſwear to an imaginary Thing, which may be loſt (the Lord knows how) between ſleeping and waking? This I am ſure of, that no Huſband was a Jot the ſecurer for preſcribing arbitrary and unlawful Oaths.

Yet, as great a Hardſhip as this may ſeem to be, it is nothing in Compariſon of Hardſhips practis'd in ſome Countries, even after the Nuptial Ceremonies are perform'd. Thus we find in the ſaid Book, *p.* 42. *That among the* Greeks, *if the Women find in the Bed the next Day any Sign of a loſt Virginity, they make a great Feaſt; but when that is wanting, they ſay nothing, the Bridegroom ſending back the Bride to her Relations and Friends.* The ſame inhuman Cuſtom is likewiſe obſerv'd by the *Perſians*, as the Reader may ſee, *p.* 64, *by the* Moors *of* Moroco, *p.* 73, *the Inhabitants of the Kingdom of* Fez, *p.* 75, *by thoſe of* Algiers *and* Tunis, *p.* 79, *by the* Spaniards, *who retain this Cuſtom from the Moors*, p. 22, *and lately by the* Jews *in* Barbary. As for the latter, I don't wonder at it to find ſuch Uſage among them, becauſe they were a ſtiff neck'd People, that was always demanding Signs and Tokens; nor among Infidels and *Mahometans*; but that any Chriſtians, that are happily freed from the Levitical Bondage, ſhould ſtill hanker after the old ſuperſtitious Leaven, is a Matter of the greateſt Aſtoniſhment to me. I cannot but reflect with Horror, how many Ladies in *England*, that now live comfortably

with their Husbands, and are bless'd with a numerous Issue, had been shamefully discarded and sent Home, if ever such an unrighteous Fashion as this had got Footing among us. It seems to argue a great deal of Cruelty in the Men, that they should relish no Pleasure but what comes at the Expence of their dearest Consorts. But it is my daily Prayer, that Providence will protect the free-born Women of *England* from such bloody-minded Husbands.

But tho' the greatest Part of the World are so extravagantly fond of Virginity, yet we find there are some People that have no other Notions of Things. Our said Author, *p.* 88, acquaints, *That when one of* Conchin *marries, whosoever he is; he may not lie with his Bride the first Night, but is oblig'd to give her to a* Bramine, *who lies with her; and that they believe this to be a Favour, and a good Omen.* I hope their Parishes in this Country are not of a large Extent, otherwise the Priest has more Work upon his Hands than he will go thro' with, unless he keeps a Curate or two to relieve him, when Marriage comes in thick. The Holders-forth of our Conventicles affect to be thought great Pains-Takers, and really deserve the Name, for their Bands will testify for them, both in the Dog-Days, and out of the Dog-Days, that they sweat exceedingly. But, alas! what is this, if consider'd in the same Scales with the Drudgery that these Priests undergo in their Ministry. I have often wonder'd that the Popish Clergy, that stand up so stifly for the Divine Right of First-fruits, don't troop in Shoals to this Kingdom, when they voluntarily pay such an extraordinary Tribute to the Church.

'Tis observable, that in most Countries of the World this Ceremony is perform'd by the Priesthood, who, if they equally pretended to the Power of *Looſing*, as they do to that of *Tying*, they would have more Business upon their Hands, than they could well dispense with. Only in *Turkey* marry'd People are join'd together by the *Cadey*, or Civil Magistrate, and here in *England*,

England, in *Oliver*'s Time, by a Justice of Peace; the Reason alledg'd for it then, was, that none was so well qualify'd to marry others as he, who, by his Office, was impower'd to lay People by the Heels, and put them into the Stocks.

As I have already taken Notice, *Virginity* is reckon'd so essential to Marriage, in several Countries, that the poor Bride is inhumanly dismiss'd, and sent Home to her Relations, if she be found defective in that Particular; but in this Author we shall find, that all the World is not of this Humour; in *Pegu*, of the *Marriage Ceremonies*, p. 96, *The King, and those of the greatest Quality, lie not the first Night with their Wives, but admit others, and pay them bountifully that will give themselves the Trouble.* With all due Respect to our Women be it spoken, I humbly conceive, that one half at least of the marry'd Men in this Kingdom, if they will speak their Minds freely, must do their Wives this Justice, as to own, that they sav'd this *Porters-Drudgery*, as a Monarch (not inferior to *Solomon* for Wisdom) rightly call'd it. Our Neighbours of *Scotland*, before they came to be civiliz'd, used to lie the first Night with the Bride, their Vassal; but now they have flung up such a troublesome Piece of State, and make their Tenants drudge for themselves.

We rail at the Church of *Rome*, and not without Reason, for exacting implicite Obedience from her Sons, but, alas! what signifies it, to take a few Articles upon the Credit of the Priest; but to take a Wife (as our Author tells us they do in *Moscovy*, and other Places) without seeing her once, or knowing what Defects she may have, is somewhat hard upon the Subject. Heaven be prais'd, that here in *England* we are not forc'd to buy a Pig in a Poke; nay, there are some marry'd Men in the World, that were as intimately acquainted with their Wives before Marriage, as ever they were after. See now what it is to live

under

under a free Government, and to have *Magna Charta* on one's Side.

To conclude these Reflections, it is my hearty Advice, That all unmarry'd Persons would chuse themselves proper Spouses by the first Opportunity, in order to recruit those Numbers that have been destroy'd in the Wars, and not suffer their Talents to be bury'd in a Napkin. for which they must severely answer one Day. And as for those that are marry'd, the best Way they can take, as I presume, is, to live as easy as they can; and, following the good Counsel of *Hobson* the Carrier, so to manage themselves, as not to tire before their Journey's End.

A Consolatory Letter to Mr. H----- *being a farther Consolation on his* CUCKOLDOM, *&c.*

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

SIR,

I Find by your Answer, that my Advice had not that good Effect upon you which I expected. You still complain of your Unhappiness, and disturb yourself and your Friends with Chimera's of your own creating. If I thought complaining would make you a Farthing the better, I would out-weep a Church-spout, and out-

out-lament a Widow that has bury'd three Husbands, and now laments for a fourth: Or if I thought you wanted any spiritual Cordials, I would send you a Cart-load of Sermons, to teach you that Patience which the Preachers of them could never practise. But you are a *Malade imaginaire*, and *Moliere* would sooner bring you to yourself than a Divine. In short, think no more of the Viper that stung you, and you are well.

You talk much of what People do in *Spain* upon these Occasions; but what have you and I to do with them? Are we to regulate our Eating by the Sots of *Lapland*, or to go naked, in Complaisance to the Salvages under the Line? Had you liv'd in *Spain*, perhaps I had preach'd Revenge to you; and out of great Concern for your Person, advis'd you to venture the Gallows, because forsooth your Wife, with the Sweat of her Brows, had earn'd Damnation. But since you live in a Country where the People are wiser than to be enslav'd by such foolish Notions, pray suffer yourself to be govern'd by the Maxims of it. I tell you once more, Cuckoldom is no Scandal in our Nation; and if you were the first and ancientest —— in *England*, I could say no more to you. If 'tis the Rarity that makes the Monster, you'll never come within the Number of them. 'Tis only the marry'd Men that are not Cuckolds, that, properly speaking, are the Monsters here, as in *Guiana*; 'tis not those that have huge Lips and flat Noses, but those that have them otherwise, are really the deform'd.

The old *Romans*, who may be suppos'd to have had as just Sentiments of Honour, as the nicest *Dons* of *Castile*, were guided by wiser Maxims. In Case of Infidelity, the Wife was sent Home with Infamy to her vertuous Relations; but no Manner of Disgrace reflected upon the Husband. *Pompey*, the Conqueror of so many Kings, *Cicero*, the Father of Eloquence, and *Cæsar*, the Master of the Universe, had all of them

them Wives that prov'd as errant Recreants as yours; yet we don't find that they thought themselves a Farthing the worse for it, or that they rail'd at their Stars, or flew into such Extravagancies as you do. *Cicero* in particular, that has written so many consolatory Treatises, to relieve a Man under all the Misfortunes and Accidents of human Life, as Banishment, Poverty, the Loss of Friends, old Age, Disgrace, and the like, yet never thought it worth his while to part with one single Drop of Comfort out of his philosophical *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle, to cure the Heart-burning of a Cuckold. And, *Jack*, shall it ever be said, to the Infamy of old *England*, that Heathens, uncircumcis'd Heathens, could practise that Patience, which you that, God be thank'd, live under a meeker Dispensation, cannot reconcile your self to?

You tell me, perhaps, that the *Romans* bore this with the greater Resignation, because they could make themselves Amends out of the Sex, and marry another Wife as soon as they had dismiss'd the former. On the other Hand, I think 'tis happy for you, that you live in a Christian Country, where they won't let you cut your Fingers the second Time with a Knife, as long as the Instrument that wounded you last is in Being. There's a Fable in *Æsop*, that fits your Case exactly; therefore pray listen to it with due Attention and Reverence. A Shepherd kept a Flock of Sheep near the Sea, and observing it to be wonderful calm for a long Time, had an Itch upon him to turn Merchant-Adventurer; that is to say, in plain *English*, a Gentleman, liking the Outside of the fair Sex well enough, picks out one to his Purpose, and resolves to marry. So he converts his Sheep and other Moveables into a Purse of Money, buys a Parcel of Dates, and puts to Sea; that is to say, furnishes him a House, provides a fine Suit of Cloaths, goes to *Dukes-Place* and marries. A Tempest ruffled him cruelly there, (this Tempest, *Jack*, by the By, is Cuckoldom) that he was forc'd to throw his Dates over-

over-board, to lighten his Ship; that is to say, his Wife was so damn'd a Thorn in his Side, that he was forc'd to drink her to Death, to get rid of her. And thus, with much ado, escapes to Shore, and returns to the old Place, to follow his old Profession; that is breaks up House-keeping, and lives privately, as he did before. A few Days after, finding old Father Ocean to look merrily about the Gills, that is, some of the Sex smile and simper, as if they had a Design to hook him into Matrimony again; a Plague take you, says he, for a Dissembler: What, your Chops water for more Dates, I warrant; but I'll see you hang'd before you shall have any. I don't question, *Jack*, but that there are twenty and twenty Women in your Neighbourhood, that long to be fingering your Dates; but if you'll follow the Shepherd's Example, they shall all lose their Longing.

Well, we have got over this troublesome Point; and now nothing vexes you, but that your Wife should run away with a Soldier, (a confounded Ensign I think you call him) and an ugly Fellow too. But this is the most fantastical Complaint that ever was heard. It puts me in Mind of an *Irish-man* in the Civil Wars, that when he was going to be hang'd, set nothing to Heart, but that he must be truss'd up in a Halter, and not in a Withe. If your House was robb'd, I suppose it would be all a Case to you, whether it was a Beau or a Chimney-sweeper, that did you the Honour to riffle you: And in your present Misfortune, what Relief would it be to you, that a blue Garter planted your Horns, any more than a blue Apron, the Dace take me if I can see. But you, I find, are somewhat of *Bessus*'s Humour in the Play, who comforted himself after a good Kicking, that his Honour had not suffer'd, because in the first Place 'twas a Lord that kick'd him, and secondly, 'twas done with a *Spanish*-Leather Slipper. In your next Letter I expect to find you lamenting, because the Fact was done under a Hedge, or upon a bare

bare Floor, and not with the usual Accommodations in a Bed. Once more, *the Fellow was ugly*: Why, so much the better still, the Cockatrice of your Bosom will have the less to say for herself another Day, and that ought to be no little Comfort, *Jack*, to one in your Case. Besides, it justifies the old Saying, *That Subjects and Wives, when they revolt from their lawful Sovereigns, seldom chuse for a better.* As for her pitching upon a Soldier to be her Gallant, I don't wonder at it. The Gentlemen in Red, and their Brethren in Black, have for several Ages been in Possession of the Sex; the latter, upon the Account of their Secrecy, which may be the Reason, perhaps, why they wear the Rose, the Badge of Silence, in their Hats; and the other, upon the Score of the mighty Performances which the Women expect from them. The Ladies imagine them all to be Heroes; and as the Laity formerly believ'd, that Black conferr'd Grace and *Greek*, so they vainly think, that Red gives the Wearers of it Courage and Vigour above their Neighbours. If we may believe Antiquity, *Vulcan* had a broader Back than *Mars*, and was the stronger made of the two; yet the latter, with the powerful Charms of the embroider'd Coat and *Steenkirk* Cravat, so won the Goddess's Heart, that she was easily tempted to cuckold the poor Blacksmith. In short, Women are like Mackarel, bait but a Hook with a Piece of red Cloth, and you infallibly take them.

But to return to the Chapter of Uglinesses, from which we have digress'd; I told you before, 'twould make it the worse for your Wife at the Re——on; but upon second Thoughts, I don't know but she may have a great deal to say for herself. You are a handsom Fellow, *Jack*, I own it; but perhaps have convinc'd her by sorrowful Experience, that, as the Proverb has it, *All is not Gold that glitters.* Who can tell but your Wife has read natural Philosophy enough to know, that where the Ground was the roughest, the

the moſt unpromiſing Surface, there the richeſt Mines lie below.

After all, whether it is ſo or not, Variety is a mighty Matter; and much may be ſaid on ſo fertile a Head. People love to alter their Hands, tho' it is not always for the better; a clear Inſtance of this we find in *Plautus*, *Amphitryo*, *Jupiter*, who, by the high Poſt he ſtood poſſeſs'd of, one would think ſhould have no groſs Palate, lies with *Alemene* the very Night before ſhe was deliver'd of two chopping Infants. The Lady, for her Part, was complaiſant, that's certain; but Women, generally ſpeaking, are not ſo refractory as Camels are, that when they have got their Burden, riſe up, and will carry no more; ſo this is no great Wonder. But what the Duce ſhould bewitch a Lover, that had the whole Univerſe before him, to make his Son *Mercury* pimp for him for the Space of twenty four Hours by the Clock, to put himſelf to the Expence of a Miracle, to make the Moon and the reſt of the Stars do double Duty, to keep back the Sun, and make an univerſal Diſorder in Nature, and all to carry on a fooliſh Intrigue with a big-belly'd Woman? 'Tis agreed by all the *Dutch* Commentators, that he would never have done ſo much for *Juno*, his lawful Spouſe, in one of her moſt engaging Moments, with all the Advantages of Dreſs and Art to recommend her, much leſs under ſuch embarraſſing Circumſtances. What then may we imagine to be the Reaſon of it? Why, that partly Variety and partly the Itch of making a Cuckold, engag'd him in this Expedition. But all this while, I forget that I am pleading for your Wife, like the Biſhop that was employ'd to write againſt *Luther*, and turn'd one of his Party.

Thus I have briefly run over all your Scruples, and endeavour'd to make you *reclus in curia*; but before I conclude, give me Leave to tell you a ſhort Story. A Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Tenant that rented about ſome 40 Shillings a Year

of

of him: The Hut he liv'd in was a ſad wretched Hole, made up of a few feeble Poles, cover'd with Mud, Dung, and Straw; 'twas not to be mention'd on the ſame Year with a Crow's Neſt, either for the Materials, the Convenience, or Architecture of it. The leaſt Puff of Wind ruffled it more ſeverely than a Hurricane does a Ship in the *Indies*. The Diſcharge of a Gun, at a Quarter of a Mile's Diſtance, would give it a *Tertian* Ague for a Fortnight. Then as for the Furniture, it was all of a Piece with the Building, half a Score wooden Spoons, with a Platter of the ſame Metal, a broken-back'd Chair, and what they call'd a Bed, by a bolder Catachreſis than is to be found in all Mr. *Cleveland*. It was not ſo much as furniſh'd with a Suit of *Grub-ſtreet* Tapiſtry; I mean, a Set of Proteſtant Ballads, or the Devil tempting a *London* 'Prentice, or the Tanner's Advice to his Children, or the Royal Family on Horſeback, to keep the poor Walls in Countenance. The Fellow's whole Subſtance was a Bee-hive, half a Score Cabbages, and an Apple-Tree in the Yard; on the Succeſs of which he depended more than the Con————tes on that of a Campaign in *Flanders*: A Tit that ſharp'd for his Livelihood on the Common, but as Lean as a Projector's Foot-man; a Cow, whoſe Milk was Meat and Drink, and her Tail an Almanack to the Family; with a Cock ſtrutting at the Head of a Progeny; and a Brace of Pigs educated within Doors, and ſerv'd with as much Care as the Heir apparent to the Cottage. His Muſick, when he came Home, was, to hear a Litter of young dirty Children ſquawling on one Side of him, and the above-mention'd *Meſſieurs de Porcraugnac* grunting on the other, and his rank too-handed Spouſe, (that never had a Drop of Water touch her Face ſince the Parſon ſprinkled her at the Font, by the ſame Token even then it made her cry out) endeavouring to keep the King's Majeſty's Peace between them. Yet amidſt all this Poverty and Filthineſs, the Fellow look'd merry, and in

in good Humour, snor'd as contentedly at Church as the best of his Neighbours, in an old *Sunday*-Coat that had out-liv'd six Generations; still whistled at his Work; and what is more, without any of the Parish to assist him, once a Year got his Wife with Child, as if he breakfasted every Morning on the Duke of *Buckingham*'s famous Broth. So his Landlord ask'd him what Shift he made to keep himself so cheerful and merry? Why, Master, says he, when I think of such fine Folks as your Worship, that ride in your Coaches, and eat and drink of the best, without doing any Thing for it, why then, an't please you, I can't forbear cursing my old Father for begetting me under such a starving Planet: But when I consider how few are in your Case, and how many Millions in the same Condition with my self, if not in a worse, why then I set my Hand to my Plough, and jog on as merrily as I can. *Jack*, this Story needs no Application; do but think of the Millions you have on your Side, enough to confound the *Turk* and Pope, nay, to carry the whole World before you, if you knew your own Strength; do but think how many Noblemen and Courtiers you have to lead the Van, how many Cits to bring up the main Body, how many Soldiers to fight, Lawyers to plead, Physicians to prescribe, and Divines to pray for you, and I dare engage you'll sleep heartily upon't, and persecute me with no more of your whining Letters; who am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

A Phyſician of my Acquaintance, that has heard of your Misfortune, call'd upon me this Morning, juſt as I had ended my Letter; and, leſt my Advice ſhould fail of making a good Impreſſion upon you, was ſo kind to ſend you the following Preſcription. If theſe Precepts won't cure you, we muſt proceed to Topicks; and one of the beſt Remedies I know, is what follows. When your diſcontented Soul labours with a little Brow-Anguiſh, take a Child's Coral, with a Whiſtle and Bells to it, moiſten it with Faſting-Spittle, and rub your Forehead it *ter in die horis Medicis.* It will make your Brow-Antlers cut eaſy; for ſome Cuckolds are as froward under the breeding of Horns, as ſome Children are under the Breeding of Teeth. Once more adieu.

A LETTER *to the Reverend Mr.* ——— *in* Eſſex, *Graſier, Phyſician, and Parſon.*

I Have had a Mind to write to thee this long while, but the Misfortune on't is, that a Man does not know how to accoſt thee, without being at the Pains to conſult the Heralds-Office. *Geryon*, of tripple-headed Memory, gave his Subjects, I ſuppoſe, the ſame Trouble, who, when they came to deliver a Petition to him, found themſelves as much embaraſs'd which of his Heads to addreſs to, as I find my ſelf at preſent under which of your

your three Capacities I am first to consider you. In short, I am told you have got three Strings to your Bow, that you are a Parson, a Grasier, and a Physician. Now, which of these is your Top-Profession, I mean that which brings you in most Money, the Lord knows. However, hoping the best still of the Church, this comes to tell you, reverend Sir, that I am glad at your good Fortune, and wish you all the Prosperity you can desire.

All your Friends here in Town are extreamly pleased at your grafting the Grasier upon the Clergyman. You have reduc'd Things, they say, to their primitive Condition, and join'd two Trades, as the World makes them now, that liv'd peaceably together long before the Flood. The old Patriarchs, you know, were both Priests and Grasiers, and had an equal Jurisdiction over their two-legg'd and four-legg'd Congregations. When Paganism got Footing in the World, the Case was somewhat alter'd; then Sacrifices came in Play, and the Priests and Grasiers turn'd Butchers; which noble Employment, some malicious People will tell you, their Successors have kept up under another Dispensation.

But as for your joining the Physician to the Divine, they are not so well satisfy'd. Some wonder'd why you would take up a Profession that lies under the Imputation of being in the Hands of Atheists: But, Gentlemen, said I, don't trouble your selves for that Matter; for let a Parson tack a hundred other Professions to his own, yet I'll engage, that like Oil among other Liquors, the Clergy-man will float uppermost. Besides, who knows but it was your ill Fortune to live amongst such a refractory perverse People as *Don Diego*'s were, that would not knock off in any reasonable Time, but liv'd long, on Purpose to spite their Relations, and defraud the Church of its Perquisites. The Ropes grew mouldy, and the Bells were in Danger of forgetting their Notes, for want of Exercise; and the Grass in your

your Church-yard, for want of being corrected by the Spade, grew so scandalously and enormously high, that the Arch-Deacon complain'd of it at the Visitation. Then the poor Sexton, God help him, finding no Employment from the Dead, was in a fair Way to be starv'd among the Living; and had as little to do as a Pimp at *Newmarket*, when the C————t is not there. Then he and you; oh! I beg your Pardon, Doctor, then you and he, under the melancholy Yew-Tree that faces the Church Porch, all alone, like Mr. *Dryden*'s two Turtles in the Siege of *Granada*, coo'd and murmur'd to each others Moan, and made as mournful a Consort between you, as two Sea-mens Widows in a Brandy-Shop near the Navy-Office. Husbands complain'd of their Wives, and Wives of their Husbands, for sticking so unmercifully long to one another; and what is a dreadful Thing to consider, there had like to have been a general Insurrection of all the young Fellows against their most unnatural Fathers for the same Account. To prevent these, and a thousand other Inconveniences, I think it was very discreetly done of you, to set up for a Physician; and now I don't question but the Bells toll merrily, the Ropes are made tractable with using, the Church-yard looks like a Place of Business, and your Sexton can afford to treat himself with a Capon at Supper.

As I was reading *Caligula*'s Life t'other Morning, you came into my Head, I protest, and I could not forbear to wish, that it had been your good Luck to live under his auspicious Reign. That Emperor, who was not partial to his own Species, but heartily encourag'd Merit where-ever he found it, whether in Man or Beast, 'was the same Thing to him, generously bestow'd a fat Parsonage upon his Horse *Incitatus*, whom, by the by, he design'd to make Lord-Mayor of *Rome* the next Year, but granted him, I suppose, a Dispensation to officiate by a Curate, because the poor Brute had a natural Impediment in his

his Speech. So I was thinking with my self, if this noble-spirited Prince could present his Horse to a rich Living, what Preferment would he have refus'd to a Gentleman of your Ability, had you liv'd in *Rome* at that Time. But you have prevented all these Wishes *in* your Friends, by the wise Course you have taken to get Money; for the Devil's in't, if three gainful Trades, in *Confederacy*, cannot make a Shift to keep the *French* Wolf of Poverty from the Door. Some People, indeed, think you come within the Canon about Pluralities; but that is a Jest; they may as well call a double Chin a Plurality, and then the Lord have Mercy on the Wicked, and give a Bear and Fiddle that scandalous Name, which would touch the Copyhold of half the Curates in *Wales*. I would fain know why the Incumbent, where the Benefice won't keep Body and Soul together, should not be suffer'd to make himself Amends in some other Employment, as well as your Mercers in a Country Village, to sell every Thing, from broad Cloth and Sattin, down to Tape and Pack Thread. Besides, all the World knows that the *Reformation* stript the Church of Confession and several other advantageous Points, which kept the Laity in good Order: Now what could better supply the Absence of these Things, than the Profession you have taken up, since we find the World is so wickedly given, that they have a greater Regard for their transitory Bodies, than their Souls? So now, if any of your Parishioners are obstinate, don't threaten them with the Ecclesiastical Court, but ply them with Pills; don't excommunicate them, but give them Physick; for that will sooner send them to the Devil, than the Censure of the C——h.

I, that am at so great a Distance from you, please my self now and then with the Thoughts that I behold you in your own Dominions, with as busy a Face as a Country-Attorny standing at his Door with a Brace of Pens in his Hair; sometimes I see you in the

the Pulpit, knocking down Sin like an Ox; sometimes handling of Bullocks in the Market, and from thence sent for to feel the Pulse of a Farmer's plump Daughter *in ordine ad Spiritualia*. Then out comes the Clyster-Pipe; and when that is administer'd, the Prayer-Book is lugg'd piping hot out of the same Pocket to beg a Blessing upon't. The Harmony of Authors too in your Library, must needs be admirable; *Culpeper*'s Midwife, and Dr. *Sherlock* upon Death; *Harvey de Lue Venerea*, and *Burgess* of Original Sin; *Colebatch* of Acids, and *Twisse* of the Gospel Sweets; the Dispensatory, and the Concordance; a Father, and an Urinal-Monger. But what pleases me most, is, to hear that you are grown the gravest Person in all the Country. Whatever you do, keep to your Gravity, and that will keep you. Some People, I know, will call it Dulness; and, to say the Truth, Dulness and Gravity like the two *Sosia*'s in the Play, resemble one another so much, that 'tis almost impossible to distinguish them; but no Matter for that, still hold to the Text of Gravity; for the topping Men in all Professions are protected by their Gravity, as the Towns in *Holland* are by the Mud and Dirt about them.

Having been told of several of your Cures, I wish we had you here in Town, to shew a Piece of your Skill upon an old Acquaintance of yours, who is troubled with a dead Palsy on one Side, which I am afraid he will never recover of, 'till Death or you come to his Relief; I mean poor *Harry S*——, who has lately marry'd the Widow *D*——. For my Part, I can never see him, but I think of the Embalmer in *Herodotus*, that committed Fornication with a dead Body. St. *Francis*, that was forc'd to run into a Heap of Snow, to correct the Insolences of Nature, would have turn'd as cold and motionless as *Lot*'s Wife at the very Sight of her. A generous well-body'd Calenture, such as they have under the Line, may perhaps put her Blood into Motion; but a common

a common ordinary Fever can no more warm her, than you can roaſt a Surloin of Beef by a Farthing Candle. By this you may gueſs what a wretched Condition your Friend is in. If there is any Thing in your Art that can give this Gentlewoman a civil Lift into the other World, (for really ſhe is too good for this) you are deſir'd to communicate it; and, beſides a good round Gratuity, *Harry* promiſes you ſhall preach her Funeral Sermon; ſo that after you have deſtroy'd her with your Pills, you may likewiſe murder her with your Oratory. I am

Your humble Servant,

THO. BROWN.

A LETTER *to Madam* ..... *kept by a* Jew *in* Covent-Garden.

AT my coming to Town, I was ſurpriz'd to hear two Things: That the Duke of *Savoy* had quitted the Confederates, and gone over to the *French*, and (what ſtartled me more) that Mrs. *Lucy* had thrown off her old Chriſtian Acquaintance, and revolted to the *Jews*. Faith, Child, I could never have imagin'd, that you, of all the Women in the World, would ever have choſen a Gallant out of that Religion, which clips and diminiſhes the current Coin of Love, or could ever be brought to like thoſe People that liv'd two thouſand Years on Types and Figures. But, perhaps, you fancy'd the Nation for *Sampſon*'s Sake, of brawny Memory. If you did, you are like to loſe your

your Longing; for you may as well look for some of the Race of the two Giants at *Guild-hall in Cheapside*, as for any of *Sampson*'s Progeny in *Duke*'s *Place*. Some of your Friends alledge, in your Justification, that you were wholly directed by your Interest in this Choice, and troth I can't blame you. Our Statesmen and Senators, our Divines, Merchants, and Lawyers, act all upon that Principle; and why a poor frail Woman should not be allow'd the same Privilege, I cannot see. So then, I find, 'tis neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision that avails any Thing with you, but Money, which is, in Reality, of all Religions; and you only put in Practice what your kind Keeper's Ancestors did formerly in the Wilderness, that is, you fall down before the Golden Calf, which, the *Rabbies* say, was some Excuse for their Idolatry. Upon this Foot I'll allow you to grant some Favours to your *Old Testament* Spark, so long as his Pot of *Manna* continues full, and you find him like the Land of *Canaan*, flowing with Milk and Honey. However, in the mean Time, consider how his Predecessors serv'd the *Ægyptians*, and let it not disturb your pious Conscience to use him in the same Manner. For your Comfort, all our Casuists agree, that it is no more Sin to cheat a *Jew*, than to over-reach a *Scot*, or to put false Dice upon a Stock-jobber. And now, old Friend of mine, to tell thee the Truth, I have a great Inclination upon me to be wonderfully loving to thee, and I'll tell thee the Reason: If thou hadst kept still within the Pale of the Church, I believe you and I knew one another so intimately well before, that I should have lain under no great Temptation to trespass with thee. But since thou hast admitted an Interloper into thy Bosom, I have a wonderful longing to beat up his Quarters, and am resolv'd to cuckold this *Eleazar*, this *Eben-Ezra*, this Son of Circumcision, only to shew my Zeal to Christianity. Therefore meet me, dear *Lucy*, this very Evening in the Pit; for I long to know, first, how thou madest

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a Shift to pass the *Levitical* Muster with him; and, secondly and lastly, to be inform'd, whether *Aaron*'s Bells make better Musick than ours.

Adieu.

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A LETTER *from a Gentleman in* Holland *to his Friend in* England.

YOU may imagine I lead none of the most comfortable Lives here, when I tell you, that I am quarter'd in a little pimping Village on the Frontier of *Flanders*, where I have no Men to converse, and no Women to intrigue with. To begin with the former, I am a perfect *Barbarian* to them, and so I believe I should be, if I liv'd among them 'till Doomsday. For all I know, they may wish me at the Devil, and curse me, when I fancy they are at their Complements. However, this is no more Temptation to me to learn their croaking Language, than I should have, if I were marry'd, to imitate the jealous *Italian* in *Poggius*, who gelt himself, on purpose to know whether his Wife was true to his Bed. Then their Liquor is so abominable, that there's no enduring it; rather than do Penance in such vile Stuff, two of my Soldiers are forc'd to fill their Guts with Water every Day, and then stand upon their Heads a quarter of an Hour together, to make themselves giddy, which gives them some feeble Representation of Drunkenness. In short, I am grown rusty for want of Exercise, and pass away my Time as

uneasily, as a poor Carp that has been used to range in a River, does in a little Cistern of Water at a *Fishmonger's* by *Temple-Bar*. However, I could make a Shift to bear the Brutality of the Men, if the other Sex made me Amends; but i'faith they are cold to such a Degree, that neither Love nor Wine can unthaw them. I must needs own, I have the same Quarrel to the Generality of your Women in *London*, as the Clergy have to the Laity, that is to say, they know too much; but a Plague on't, the Females here have the contrary Fault, and are such Flegmatick, stupid Creatures, that a Man must live the Age of a Patriarch among them, to teach them to fetch and carry. In short, you may sooner teach a *Laplander* Algebra. Tho' the *Virtuosi* may be mistaken in their universal Character, yet I thought Love had an universal Language, which was understood from Pole to Pole, and that he kept an Exchange in all Corners of the Earth, where the two Sexes might barter their Commodities; but here, it seems, this Traffick is not practis'd, tho' they trade in every Thing else. By Signs, and other Motions, I can make a shift to tell them what I would eat and drink; but I cannot, with all that my Eyes can speak, with all that my Fingers can express, make the Women understand my Meaning, so as to relieve my more pressing Necessities. Looking once with a languishing ridiculous Air, as People in Love use to do, my Landlord's Daughter thought I was ill, and a Physician was presently sent for, (so I guess'd him to be, by the Clister-pipe hanging by his Side) but I had the Grace to refuse the Civilities he design'd me. To try her yet farther, I put a Pledge into her Hands, which the Women in all other Parts of the Globe are willing enough to exchange, and know the Value of; but she look'd upon it as unconcern'd as a *Cheapside* Cit does at a Cuckold, and return'd it me back; and yet the Wench was plump and handsome, was past twenty, and seem'd

seem'd to be made of the same good-natur'd Materials with the Women in *England*. 'Tis a common Saying, but untrue, that no Nation is so barbarous, but Love and Religion have got Footing in it. If we may believe our modern Travellers, the *Hotentots* have no Religion; and I have found, by sorrowful Experience, that the *Dutch* Women have no Taste of Love: Whether this proceeds from their natural Coldness, which produces the same Effects here that Grace does in other Places, or whether their Business, to which they are no less bred than the Men, proves too prevalent for all amorous Impressions, I can't tell; but this is certain, that as a modern Author expresses himself, we find among these *Pagan* People, *un certain usuage de pruderie quasi generalement etabliet je ne scai quelle vielle tradition de continence, qui passe de mere en fi, le comme une espece de Religion.* In short, if Love be a Deity, there are no such damn'd Atheists in the World as in this strange Climate. 'Tis true, in other Places those of the fair Sex may be too profuse in their Offerings; but, as the Divines rightly observe, Superstition is better than Prophaneness. Those few here that pretend to own his Power, pay their Oblations to him with as ill a Will, as a breaking Tradesman pays his Taxes to the Government. It does not come from any generous Principle within, the Heart has no Share in the Sacrifice; and the Soul, which in other Countries loves to assist, and go along with the Body upon these Occasions, is as unconcern'd here, as a Tradesman's Rake-helly 'Prentice at a Quaker's Meeting. Not but that there are Whores and marry'd Women too in this Country; (which may seem to destroy what I have said before) but the latter know no more what Gallantry means, than they understand *Arabick*; and the former are such rampant mercenary Devils, that they would even lick old *Lucifer's* cloven Feet for a single Gilder. In short, there's not one honest *Rahab* to be found among them, to justify the Profession; and Love has

ne'er a Court in all the Seven Provinces, where a Man can be heard in *forma pauperis*; which is a ſad Thing for us poor Soldiers, that are not overſtock'd with the Ready. And then, as I have already told you, thoſe that paſs for Maids, are ſuch inſenſible Things, that one may ſucceed much ſooner in his Pretenſions elſewhere, than he can here make himſelf underſtood: Or, to expreſs myſelf in the Language of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, one may get his Cauſe try'd, enter upon the Premiſes, and levy a Fine elſewhere, before he can put in his Plea here, let him uſe all the Art he can. The young Fellows are made of the ſame unthinking Clay; they ſometimes talk of the Flames of Love, but 'tis ſo as we do at this Diſtance, of the Siege of *Troy*, which nothing concerns us. 'Tis next to an Article of Faith with them, that no Evacuation is ſo refreſhing as a *Belch*, that nothing warms but Brandy, and that nothing is worth a Man's courting but Money.

Gueſs then what a diſmal Penance I have undergone in this wicked Place; but now, Heaven be prais'd, my Perſecution is like to be at an End; for next Week we are order'd to join the Army at *Nivelle*, where I hope to meet good Store of Champaign, and and to make myſelf Amends out of the Female Recruits that are arriv'd from *England*. Come Battle and Murder, Bloodſhed and Deſolation, Fire and Faggot; in fine, any Thing but *Dutch* Women, and the Curſe of Sobriety. Thus prays

Your moſt oblig'd Servant.

To

To his Miſtreſs, that ſhew'd his Letters to his Rival.

YOUR barbarous and unjuſt Uſage of me has had this good Effect, tho' I am not at all oblig'd to you for it, as to make me a very good Chriſtian. I was in a fair Way to commit Idolatry, and to pay my Adoration in a wrong Place; ſo far had a gay Outſide impos'd upon me. But, Madam, you have abſolutely cur'd me of this ſuperſtitious Blindneſs; and now I can plainly diſcover the Fiend, where I imagin'd a little before that nothing but a Goddeſs inhabited.

Since my Eyes have been thus open'd, I can look upon the faireſt of your Sex, without finding the leaſt Emotion in my Heart; and the moſt beautiful Woman of Heaven's making affects me no more than one of Sir *Godfrey*'s: Nay, in ſome Reſpect, the Copy may be ſaid to exceed the Original: It has as fair and charming an Outſide, but nothing of that Vanity and Impertinence, nothing of that Hypocriſy, Malice, and Diſſimulation, which make up the Compoſition of the other.

I dare appeal to yourſelf, who are none of the moſt impartial Judges in the World, whether I ever ſaid, or did, or writ, one miſbecoming Thing to you. Paſſion, perhaps, which intoxicates no leſs

than Wine, might betray one to ſome Exceſſes; but ſtill they were to your Advantage; on which Score you were oblig'd, if not to forgive them, yet at leaſt to bury them in Silence. I never approach'd you but with a ſacred Awe, and always repreſented a Divinity to myſelf, when ever I took Pen in Hand to acquaint you with the Sentiments of my Soul. If my Incenſe was not of the firſt Sort, (for I am humble enough to believe, that you might have receiv'd much better from a thouſand other Hands) yet the Sincerity of him that offer'd it ought to have cover'd him from your Diſpleaſure. Tho' you diſlike my Flame, yet in common Charity you might have ſuffer'd it to expire in its own Urn. If you were reſolv'd to puniſh it for aſpiring ſo high, one ſingle Frown would have extinguiſh'd it, or at leaſt ſecur'd you from being troubled with it any longer. But to divert yourſelf and my Rival, at the Expence of an unhappy Lover, who was then bleeding for you; to publiſh his Infirmities, only occaſion'd by the Violence of his Paſſion; oh! thou downright Devil! I ſhould ſay, Woman, was cruel to the laſt Degree, and ſuch Uſage that the worſt of Princes never treated the worſt of Subjects with. But, Heaven be prais'd, it awaken'd every Reſentment about me, and in ſpite of my Weakneſs gave me Courage enough to tear you from my Heart, which you had ſo unjuſtly uſurp'd.

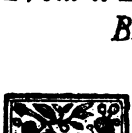
But I forgot, Madam, that you made me a Chriſtian; ſo to ſhew that I am ſtill in perfect Charity with you, I hope, and that without any Reſerve, to ſee you marry'd to my Rival. Since your Vanity takes ſuch Delight to be addreſs'd, the very next Day after the Prieſt has join'd your Hands, may you receive more Letters from your pretended or real Admirers, than are ſent to a Secretary of State after the firſt Diſcovery of a Plot. May you ſhew them to your Huſband, in Hopes he will challenge one of the Sparks, and fall in your Quarrel. May they

have

have that Effect, as to fly-blow him in the jealous Side of his Head; but may he never think you worth the while to venture the cutting off a Finger in the Defence of your Honour. Still may the Sparks perſecute you with their Billets; and ſtill may he think them to be of your own contriving, and treat you accordingly. In ſhort, may he and you live long, exceeding long together, and may Providence ſo influence all his Actions, as to make him an Inſtrument of doing Juſtice to you, and to the

Much injur'd ———

From a Beau, diſſwading his Brother Beau to go to Flanders.



ALL the Chocolate-Houſes at this End of the Town are exceedingly ſurpriz'd at the inhuman Reſolution thou haſt taken of piſſing this Campaign in *Flanders*, and talk of going into Mourning for thee. Nay, would'ſt thou believe it! thoſe brawny Inſenſibles, the Chair-men, take it to Heart, and threaten to renounce Flip and All-Fours, ſince thou haſt decreed to leave *England*. Prithee, *Tam*, what have the Ladies done, that thou ſhould'ſt be ſo cruel to them? Or, rather, what unweildy Sins haſt thou committed, to be ſo barbarous to thy ſelf? For my Part, I look upon thee to be bewitch'd, for I cannot otherwiſe account for thy Madneſs. Thou haſt no Religion to fight for, that's certain; and there are Liberty and Property Fools enough in the Nation, without thee, to help to increaſe their Numbers.

Lord! what will the Degeneracy of this Age come to? That a Gentleman that underſtands Dreſſing to Perfection, and has ſpent ſo many Hours at *Locket*'s and the *Blue Poſts*, to cultivate his Palate, ſhould ever be ſuch a Sot, as in cool Blood, and of his own true Accord, to viſit that helliſh Country, where the Burgo-maſters and the Boors conſpire between them to infect the very Air with their Belches. Rot my Diaphragm, if the naſty Word has not polluted my Ink, ſo that I am forc'd to put ſome Orange-Water into the Standiſh, to correct the unſavory Smell. Really, *Tom*, to think of the Miſeries thou muſt endure this Summer, is as bad as going up to the Monument: It has made me giddy, confound me elſe, and my Head turns round like a Weather-Cock. In the firſt Place, to lye in a damn'd ſneaking Tent, where you can ſcarce turn yourſelf round, with no Curtains to your Bed; nay, not ſo much as a Looking-glaſs in its loweſt Signification: Then no other Pulvilio to ſcent your Periwig, but the Duſt of the Plains and Gunpowder, and to ſtink worſe of the latter than *Cheapſide* did formerly on a Lord Mayor's-Day; upon thoſe unrighteous Things call'd Marches, no ſuch Convenience as a Chair to be got. For your Comfort, *Tom*, you muſt walk thro' thick and thin with no Waiter behind you to clean your Shoes, among a Herd of ſkirtleſs Raſcals, that ſtink worſe than Pole-cats. Oh! let me think no more of them. Beſides, 'tis a Million to one, that walking thus in the Sun, will dignify your Face with ſome Pimples. Horrid and hideous! the very Thought of a Pimple has ſo diſcompos'd me, that feeling ſomething itch in my Forehead, ——— I muſt beg your Pardon, *Tom*, ——— if being under the Apprehenſions of ſuch a Diſaſter, I now and then make bold to conſult that faithful Oracle my Glaſs: ——— Heaven be prais'd, 'tis not ſo bad with me; ——— and yet what the Devil means that little Spot of Red? ———

'Tis

'Tis well 'tis no worse, I may thank my Sotting for this. ——— Dem it, to drink a whole Pint of Claret at a Sitting! Hell and Furies! how it increases! ——— I would not have a Pimple, *Tam*, for the *Indies*. ——— But 'tis gone after all, and I find my Suspicions were in vain.

To come now, *Tam*, to the Field of Battle; those ill-bred whorson Things call'd Bullets, are no Respecters of Persons. A Pox on them, they observe no Distinction between a fine Gentleman and a Dragooner. Perhaps it would not grieve a Man to lose his Life upon a good Occasion; (I speak this by way of Supposition only) but to survive the untimely Fate of one's belov'd Wig, to see one's embroider'd Coat mangled and hack'd, is enough to break the Heart of *Hercules*, if he were alive, and had a true Sense of Things. To dissuade you, if 'tis possible, from embarking in this pernicious Affair, let me conjure you as a Friend, to reflect upon Sir *John Fopplington*'s Case. About two Months ago he put on a Milk-white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that Evening in the Park; and, to do Sir *John* Justice, he never exerted the Brightness of his Imagination so much as he did upon the Trimming of it. Coming by *Catharine-Street*, a sawcy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat. I wonder, *Tam*, by the by, that the Parliament never made a five Mile Act to banish such prophane Villains out of all Corporations, as once they did the Dissenting Ministers. But so it happen'd as I tell you, and poor Sir *John* immediately went Home, and took his Bed upon't. He had all the Agonies of a despairing Sinner. ——— Come, Knight, says I, there's no Harm, I hope; prithee take Courage, and get up. ——— Good Heavens! my Coat, cry'd he. ——— Why there's no Danger, but it will recover, and do well. ——— Oh, that confounded Chimney-Sweeper! ——— Providence sent him to visit you for your Sins, Sir *John*. ——— But what Ill have I done to draw such a Judg-

a Judgment upon me? ——— The Ways of Heaven, Sir *John*, are dark and myſterious. *Jack*, ——— I never committed Murder nor Sacrilege in my Life, why then ſhould ——— So he run on for above ſix Hours. All this while we endeavour'd to ſoften his Calamity to him, by reminding him of the Inconſtancy of human Affairs. We refreſh'd his Memory with Stories of Kings depos'd, and famous Monarchies ſubverted; but 'was all in vain: He could not be perſwaded to live, 'till the Scowerer had taken his Oath before a Juſtice of Peace, that the Coat was not a Farthing the worſe. Nay, this was not enough, the Taylor was ſent for to confirm the Scowerer's Depoſition; and the Woman of the Houſe, who ſaw him put it on in the Morning, muſt ſwear, as ſhe hopes to be ſav'd, that is was not in the leaſt injur'd.

If this melancholy Inſtance, *Tam*, is not enough to deter you from your wicked Reſolution, and you have no Bowels of Compaſſion for the Iſſue of your own Fancy, meaning your Cloaths, pray retire for a Moment or two to your Cloſet; lay your Hand upon your Heart, and aſk it coolly and ſoberly, how it would reliſh that moſt extraordinary Accompliſhment, a wooden Leg? Think what a decent Figure you'll make in a Lady's Chamber with ſo fine a Qualification. Good Lard, a wooden Leg! 'Tis almoſt as charming as the Devil's cloven Foot. A Lover made of Fleſh and Blood above, and of Timber below, what an odd Compoſition is that! The *Minotaur* in the Fable, who was half Man and half Beaſt, was a Cherubim to him. Or, *Tam*, if this does not mortify you, pray conſider, that there are certain impudent Things in an Army call'd Guns, that without aſking any Queſtions, will demoliſh a Man's Noſe, or run away with one of his Arms, or carry off half his Teeth and Under-Jaw; and yet there lies no Action againſt them for it. Such Bleſſings as theſe are to be had in *Flanders*, with due Care

and

and Application; and, *Tam*, you may see several Heroes about the Town, who purchas'd them at no little Expence of Time and Blood at *Steenkirk* and *Landen*. But, *Tam*, if you have any Guts in your Brains, you'll never long to make one of the Number.

Having mention'd the Loss of Arms, Teeth, and Legs, without which, *Tam*, we can neither make our Reverences with a good Air, nor talk agreeably to the Ladies, nor perform our Parts at a Ball; if this won't fright you, 'twould be impertinent to put you in Mind that you have another Thing still to lose, and that is your Life. For, alas! *Tam*, what is Life worth, when we have lost the only Thing that maketh the Trifle dear to us? As for me, confound my *Glandula Pintalii*, if I am not of *Will Essence*'s Opinion, the greatest Genius that *Covent-Garden* ever produc'd for exquisite Dressing, who used to say, For his Part he knew not what a Man's Head was good for, but to hang his Hat or his Periwig on; and that if it were put to his Choice, he would as soon lose that as any other Part about him; that the chief End of Man was to dress well, and Death itself was not so formidable as a *Disabille*. But whether does this Subject hurry me? Or how came that sowr Monosyllable *Death* in our Pens Way? Faith, *Tam*, I dare trust my Thoughts no longer with so melancholy a Theme. So hoping you'll be so kind to your self, as to consider more of this Matter, I am

Votre tres humble Serviture.

The Shoulder-knot Cabal meets to Morrow Night near St. *James*'s, to do a singular Act of Justice, and to think of Ways and Means how to restore those long-neglected Ornaments. Your Company is expected there.

To

To a young Lawyer that dabbled in Poetry.

SIR,

YOUR Friends in the Country, understanding, to their Grief, that you are infected with Verse-making, by the same Token that the Spots of *Parnassus* have broke out upon you in several Love-Sonnets, and a Pindarick Ode upon the *Peace*, they have desir'd me, whom they knew to labour under the same Distemper formerly, to attempt your Cure, with the same Prospect, I suppose, as the People of *Spain* and *Italy* employ the Priests to exercise the Devil, because they are best acquainted with him. Take it therefore for an undoubted Truth, that Law and Poetry are as incompatible as War and Plenty, and that the Lawyer and Poet can no more inhabit in the same Person, than a Beau and a Chimney-sweeper. The Law proposeth Interest for its End, and that Consideration makes its Thistles palatable; but you'll find yourself damnably mistaken, if you think to advance yourself by the Muses. After you have spent your whole Age in their Service, you must not expect to have your Arrears paid so much as in Malt-Tickets or Exchequer-Notes. They'll put you off to one Mrs. *Tattle*, alias *Fame*, the veryest Coquet that ever was; and that prating Gossip will sham you with an Immortality-Ticket, forsooth, which is not to become due to you 'till you are laid asleep in a Church-yard; and neither you nor your Heirs will be a Farthing the better for it. What is worse, the nine Sisters above-mention'd will not only disappoint your Expectations as to a Reward, but will engross all your Favours, and suffer no Rivals to interfere with

with them. Like the *East-India* Women, they'll expect you should prove constant, and bestow no Marks of Benevolence elsewhere, otherwise conclude to be poison'd by them, and made uncapable of any Thing else; and nothing you know is so furious as the Revenge of a discarded Mistress. If you design to touch at the most advantageous Port in the Land of Poetry, call'd the Theatre, consider how visible the Dangers, and how unsuitable the Returns are. To please the Ladies, you must take Care to lard the Dialogue with Store of luscious Stuff, which the Righteous call Bawdy: To please our new Reformers, you must have none, otherwise gruff *Jeremy* will be upon your Bones. In short, a Poet has as hard a Task on't to manage, as a Passive Obedience Divine that preaches before the Commons on the 30th of *January*. Then, to sit with an aking Heart for three long Hours behind the Scenes, within an Inch of Damnation all the while, tho' you should come off never so victorious, can you imagine the succeeding Pleasure can make you Amends for so much Pain and Anguish? But you fancy the *Indies* are lodg'd in *Drury-Lane*, and that the *Spanish* Plate-Fleet is not to be compar'd to a good Third Day. To undeceive you then, the Theatre is not so overstock'd with ungodly Mammon, as you may believe. *Rablais* somewhere saith, that the very Shadow of an Abbey-Steeple is enough to get a Woman with Child; and I can tell you, for your Comfort, that the Shadow of the Theatre is starving, and the Air of it as naturally produces Poverty, as that of the Hundreds in *Essex* begets Agues. There was a Woollen-Draper in the *Strand*, that unhappily dream'd but of a Candle-snuffer of the House, who is at least four Removes from a Poet, and the poor Fellow broke within a Week after.

So then, if you have the Fear of Interest before your Eyes, stick close to the Law, and let Poetry go to the Devil. *Ovid* will be an everlasting Testi-

mony

mony of this Truth to all Ages of the World. His Father, like a wise old Gentleman, design'd him for the Bar; but the giddy Fop flung up that Profession, and set up for a Wit; but observe, I beseech you, what he got by the Exchange. By some of his foolish Verses he drew the Emperor's Displeasure upon himself, who sent him a grazing, to teach him more Manners, and so he liv'd a miserable Fugitive, *in partibus infidelium*, where he had Leisure enough to curse the verifying Planet which betray'd him to these Extremities. One or two perhaps in the Compass of six thousand Year have made their Fortunes by it; but is this any Encouragement for you to betake your self to *Apollo*'s high Road? What Man of ordinary Sense would hazard his All in a Lottery, in Hopes of meeting a benefited Ticket, where he has Forty thousand to One Odds against him. Besides, Business and Poetry agree as ill together as Faith and Reason, which two latter, as has been judiciously observ'd by the fam'd Tub-drubber of *Covent Garden*, can never be brought to set their Horses together. Those poor Rogues, that do *Apollo*'s Drudgery, like the Servants that belong to Dr. *Ch*————*n*'s Land-Office, must e'en take their Labour for their Pains; for *Apollo* and the Doctor pay no Wages; and they agree in this too, that Paper passes with both for ready Money.

On the other Hand, the Law has all the Baits you can think of to take you: Crowds of Clients to dance Attendance at your Chamber every Morning: Wealth perpetually flowing in upon you, and all this attain'd with a few Qualifications; nothing but a strong pair of Bellows, call'd Lungs, and a Forehead of the *Corinthian* Order, are requir'd. So that if you abandon so rich a Soil, to starve upon a barren Common, the very Stones in *Westminister-Hall*, like the Blood of the Recorder's Horses, will rise up in Judgment against you. After all, if you are not Master of Philosophy enough to set your self

ſelf, at Liberty, and cannot entirely ſhake off the rhiming Diſeaſe, let me adviſe you, as a Friend, to treſpaſs that Way in private; let not your Miſtreſs, nor ſo much as your Bottle-Companion, know any Thing of the Matter; but when the Writing-Fit is upon you, do it with as much prudent Circumſpection as diſcreet Thieves when they are going to commit Burglary. Otherwiſe you muſt lie under the Scandal of being thought a diſaffected Man to *Cook* and *Littleton*; and if that ſhould arrive to my Lord Chief Juſtice's Ears, good Night to your Practice. This is all that I have at preſent to ſay upon this Head, who am

Your moſt humble, &c.

A comical Letter out of the famous Monſieur de Colletier, *to Mademoiſelle* de Choux.

Madam,

DID you ever ſee an Almanack in your Life? You'll ſay this is an odd Queſtion. I'll give you the Reaſon then why I aſk'd it: There's an odd Sort of a Fellow uſually pictur'd in it, Madam, with the Devil knows how many Darts in his Body. And what of him? Cry you. Why, Madam, he's only a Type of your humble Servant; for that Son of a Whore *Cupid* has ſo pink'd me all over with his confounded Arrows, that, by my Troth, I look like, —— let me think, like what, —— like your Ladyſhip's Pin-cuſhion. But this is not all: Your Eyes had like to have prov'd

prov'd more fatal to me, than *Cupid* and all his Roguery; for, Madam, while I was Star-gazing t'other Night at your Window, full of Fire and Flame, (as we Lovers uſe to be) I dropt plumb into your Fiſh-pond, by the ſame Token that I hiſs'd like a red-hot Horſe-ſhoe flung into a Smith's Trough. 'Twas a hundred Pounds to a Penny but I had been drown'd; for thoſe that came to my Aſſiſtance, left me to ſhift for my ſelf, while they ſcrambled for boil'd Fiſh that were as plentiful as Herrings at *Rotterdam*. Some of my Fellow-ſufferers I caught, of which I intend to make an Offering to your Ladyſhip, as well as of, Madam,

Your moſt devoted Slave,

Colletier.

To Madam ——

AS nothing is ſo honourable as an ancient Friendſhip, ſo nothing is ſo ſcandalous as an old Paſſion. Undeceive yourſelf, Madam, of the falſe Merit of being faithful, and take it for a certain Truth, that Conſtancy is the only Thing in the World that can bring the Reputation of your Beauty in Queſtion. Who knows whether you reſolv'd to love but one Perſon; or whether it was your Happineſs to find but one ſingle Lover. Malicious People will be apt to fancy the latter.

You vainly imagine that you practiſe a Vertue, while, alas! you make us ſuſpect you have Defects we don't perceive. In the mean Time, conſider how many Inquietudes accompany this pretended Vertue, and what a vaſt Difference there is between the

the Diſguſts that an old Engagement gives us, and the pleaſant Conflicts of a growing Paſſion.

In a new Amour we paſs every Hour of the Day with new Satisfaction. 'Tis an unexpreſſible Pleaſure to find that our Love grows upon us every Minute; but in a Paſſion of an old ſtanding, our Time is ſpent very uneaſily, in ſtill loving leſs, or not loving at all.

We may live well enough with Perſons that are indifferent to us: either common Civility, good Manners, or the Conſideration that they may ſometimes be ſerviceable to us, may reconcile us to it: But how miſerably do we paſs our Lives with them whom we love, when we find that we are not belov'd again?

I have only four Words more to ſay to you, and I will be ſo free with you as to deſire you to make ſome Reflection upon them. If you continue ſtill to place your Affection upon that which ought to diſpleaſe you, 'tis a Sign you have none of the beſt Taſtes; and if you have not Reſolution enough to quit that which makes you uneaſy, 'tis a downright Weakneſs; you ought to put it into your Litany, and pray to be deliver'd from it.

Out of the Reflections of Monſieur Villiers. *To his much eſteem'd Friend, Monſieur* ———, *ſhewing the Difference between a young Lady and an old Hypocrite.*

I Remember that the laſt Time I had the Honour of your Converſation, we happen'd to talk of ſeveral Perſons that made a great Oſtentation of their Piety, and paſs'd for Saints in the Places where they liv'd, who, as we had juſt Occaſion to ſuſpect, by

by their over-acting the Farce, were downright Cheats, if truly examin'd. I was going to confirm this with a Story that lately fell within my own Obſervation; but happen'd to be interrupted by the coming in of freſh Company, which put a Stop to the Diſcourſe. However, as it is worth your knowing, I have given my ſelf the Trouble to ſend you a full Account of it in this Letter.

About a Month ago I had Occaſion to travel into the Country with two Ladies, one of them a young Marchioneſs, deſcended of one of the nobleſt Families in the Kingdom; the other a Lawyer's Widow, about fifty Years old, who took the ſame Title upon her, tho' the Meanneſs of her Extraction, and her Huſband's Employment, that was none of the moſt honourable, might have ſecur'd her, one would have thought, from ſo ridiculous a Temptation. But being left very rich, her own Vanity, and the Complaiſance of her Friends, had made her a Marchioneſs, and this was the Title ſhe receiv'd on all Occaſions, and at laſt challeng'd as her Due.

I had but little Acquaintance with either of them; but I was engag'd in this Journey by a Friend, whoſe Commands I could not well diſobey, and who knew both theſe Ladies perfectly well.

We were going to the Government of the young Marchioneſs's Huſband, where ſhe was expected, and Preparations were made on the Road for her Reception, the old Marchioneſs travelling only as her Companion; however, ſhe had her Share of all the Honours and Civilities that were paid to the other. At the firſt City where we arriv'd, as ſoon as we had alighted out of the Coach, the young Marchioneſs was invited to a very pleaſant Walk without the Town; and it being Summer-time, ſhe embrac'd the Motion: But the old Lady taking an Air of Authority upon her, ſaid it would be much better to go to Church, and hear a good Sermon there. The young Marchioneſs told her, ſhe might go thither if ſhe pleas'd, while ſhe took a Walk. This Anſwer cruelly nettled the Widow; but ſhe diſſembled the

the Matter as well as she could, and, taking the next Way to the Church, she desir'd me to bear her Company thither. Altho' this Fit of Devotion seem'd somewhat unseasonable to me, yet good Manners would not suffer me to let her walk alone. So with her I went, and all the Way had the Satisfaction to hear her vent her godly Spleen very plentifully at the young Marchioness; she told me a hundred reproachful Stories of her; nay, she did not forbear to censure even her Conduct. This Language continu'd 'till she came into the Church-Porch. I admir'd with my self how it was possible for so zealous a Sermon-hunter to be so damnably censorious.

All the while she was at Church, she made up her Mouth as demurely as the best of the Congregation; as soon as it was over, she re-assum'd the old Argument, and rail'd on as fast as her malicious Lungs would give her leave, 'till we came to the young Marchoness, who was still walking in the Garden. I had there an Opportunity to discourse the young Lady in private; and to satisfy my self whether there had been any former Quarrel between them; turn'd the Conversation upon the old Marchioness, of whom she spoke in very obliging Terms, and did not say the least Syllable of her that was disrespectful. I then made no Difficulty to conclude, that this formal Hypocrite, that was perpetually disgorging broken Ends of Sermons, and pelting every Body that came near her with Texts of Scripture, was nothing near so vertuous at Bottom as the young Lady, who kept her Devotion to herself; and I made a thousand Observations during this short Journey, that fully confirm'd me in this Opinion.

The young Marchioness, who, as I told you before, made no great Noise or Bustle about her Religion, spent but half an Hour at her *Toilet*, and always got ready one of the first for her Journey.

The old Lady spent no less than three Hours in tricking herself, and made the Company perpetually tarry for her.

Our

Our religious Dame, for all her Pretences to Mortification, thought it no Sin to patch and paint her ſelf: The Marchioneſs, content with her Face ſuch as Heaven made it, ſcorn'd to have Recourſe to ſuch Artifices.

The former muſt always have her Gellies, and Broths, and Caudles, and the Lord knows what, brought to her before ſhe would venture her Carcaſe out of Bed; the latter never thought of eating 'till the very Moment before ſhe went into her Coach.

The young Lady was always in good Humour, ſpoke well of every Body, was ſatisfy'd with every Thing, and carefully avoided all the Complements and Honours that were done her, in a Country where ſhe was Miſtreſs.

On the other Hand, the old Marchioneſs, who was a perfect Stranger in it, not only took every Occaſion to receive them, but was always complaining that ſhe had not Reſpect enough paid her. The Beds were never good enough for her, the Dinner never pleas'd her, the Servants were always ſawcy or negligent, the Bills unreaſonable, the Coach-man either drove too faſt or too ſlow: Still ſhe found one Opportunity or another to vent her pious Indignation. No Body's Name could be mention'd to her, but ſtill ſhe found ſomething to blame in their Conduct. Then ſhe was the moſt imperious Devil alive to her Servants, none of her Women ever liv'd a full Fortnight with her. In ſhort, ſhe was eternally railing, cenſuring, and backbiting; but ſtill ſhe did it with a godly Air, and in the Language of the Old Teſtament.

If any one now ſhould aſk me the Queſtion, which of theſe two I thought to have the moſt Religion, I ſhould immediately declare my ſelf in Favour of the young Marchioneſs; and yet to ſee how partially the World judges of Perſons, the young Lady paſſes by common Conſent for a Woman that is wholly devoted to the World, and the other is univerſally taken for a Saint.

Thus

Thus you see how easily the World is impos'd upon by a fair Outside and glittering Appearance. 'Tis true, your Persons of Sense see through these thin Disguises, and are sensible of the Cheat; but where you meet one of that Character, you find ten thousand Fools that always assist to deceive themselves. A Man of true Piety, that has no Designs to carry on, like one of an establish'd Fortune, always makes the least Noise. One never pulls out his Money, the other never talks of Religion, but when there's Occasion for it.

This puts me in Mind of a Passage that happen'd t'other Day. I made a Visit one Afternoon to Madam ——, where I found several City-Ladies of the first Magnitude. After a great deal of foolish Chat about the Duty of Husbands, and the Infidelity of the Men, some Body in the Room, by what Accident I have now forgot, trump'd up *Silvius*'s Name, who you know is a Man of great Merit, and has the Happiness to be well receiv'd by the fair Sex. Says a starch'd Piece of Formality, I wonder how he comes to make so many Conquests; but for my Part, tho' he sigh'd a whole Age at my Feet, I am sure I should never lose a Moment's Repose for him. I don't know the Gentleman, replies another Lady; but if he is what the World represents him, I dare not answer to my Heart, that I could maintain it long against him. This latter spoke her Sentiments honestly, and without Reserve, whereas the other was a dissembling Coquet, that had bury'd two Husbands, and was looking out for a third; and, if warmly attack'd, would, I dare answer for her, swallow a Temptation without making wry Faces, as readily as an Usurer does an Orphan.

But tho' a good Reason may be given why we have so many Hypocrites in Religion, when they make their Fortunes by it, I could never comprehend the Mystery, that the Generality of the World should be such Asses, to value themselves for Things that are apparently false,

Lucian

Lucius is the Grand-son of a Chimney-sweeper, all the World knows it, and yet the Sot values himself, in all Companies, upon his noble Extraction, everlastingly talks of the Services which his Ancestors have done the Publick. Yet, says a Gentleman to him one Day, finding him upon this Strain, the Publick is oblig'd to your Ancestors, if it had not been for them, *Paris* had been in Danger of burning more than once.

Stentor is one of the vilest Preachers that ever murder'd a Text: He has nothing but his Lungs and Impudence to recommend him: He had never Learning enough at the College to get him a Degree, nor Reputation enough in the City to get twenty Auditors together to sit with him throughout; yet in all his Sermons this Insect quotes Fathers and Councils with as much Assurance as if he knew them, and talks of nothing but the vast Multitudes that flock from all Quarters to hear him.

Amelia is an antiquated Maid, censorious and deform'd she has often brib'd Midwives and Persons to proclaim her for a great Fortune, and twenty Times given Money to be join'd in a Lampoon with twenty Sparks one after another, to try if something would come on't. But after all her Intriguing, she could never yet find any one Cully weak enough to marry her: Yet she perpetually tells every one she sees, what advantageous Matches she has refus'd in her Time; such a Lord languish'd, and such a Knight run mad for her. And if you'll believe Captain *Buff*, the King has not dispos'd of the Government of a Fort these twenty Years, but he has had the first Offer of it.

But I forget I am writing a Letter, and have launch'd into an Essay: Therefore I will end abruptly here, rather than trespass any longer upon your Patience, and only beg Leave to add that I am

Your most humble Servant.

Miscel-

Miscellaneous Letters.

A LETTER *to the Duke of* Buckingham *in* Yorkshire.

My Lord,

AN humble Servant of yours here in Town, Monsr. *Borne* by Name, is so fully satisfy'd of the Reality of your Reformation, that he expresses himself in these Terms to all that have the Honour to know you.

I dare venture my own Salvation upon the same Bottom with that of the Duke of *Buckingham*'s, so firmly do I believe the Sincerity of his Conversion.

Conversion, says Mr. *Waller* to him, have a Care what you say: People don't use to be converted now-a-Days so easily. This new Reformation you talk of in the Duke of *Buckingham* is owing neither to you nor me, nor yet to any Man living.

'Tis a new Friend of his, but one that has been dead the Lord knows how many hundred Years ago, that has very lately brought about this miraculous Change that so surprizes us.

I mean *Petronius Arbiter*, the most delicate Man of his Age, for Poetry, Painting, and Musick. One that perpetually study'd and pursu'd Pleasure, one that turn'd the Day into the Night, and the Night into the Day, but at the same Time so absolute a

Master of himself, that whenever his Affairs requir'd it, he was one of the most regular Men in the Universe.

The Duke of *Buckingham*, who has long ago resembled him in a thousand other Qualities, was resolv'd of late to imitate him too in this. Thus I have shown you, Monsieur *Borne*, from whence proceeds this Alteration in his Grace's Life, which you, it seems, have mistaken for a Conversion.

But with both these Gentlemen's Leave, I shall account for it after another Manner.

'Tis a certain Maxim with me, that no Man of a nice Palate can love Vice, when once it ceases to be agreeable; so, for my Part, I don't wonder that a Person of so refin'd and delicate a Taste as your Grace, takes up with the Vertue of Continence in the *North*, where you have no Objects to tempt and disturb you. But I dare engage that if we had you here in Town, and shew'd you some of our topping Beauties, that have Charms enough to conquer the most insensible, we should soon find the new Convert of Monsieur *Borne*, and Mr. *Waller*'s new *Petronius*, to be nothing in the World but the true genuine Duke of *Buckingham*.

Heaven forbid that I should ever be so wickedly given as to dissuade your Grace from so comfortable a Quarter as Love. But I have another Sin to propose to you, which of your self you would never guess, and yet I recommend it sincerely to you, and from the Bottom of my Heart. I confess it has a scurvy Name, and the World calls it *Covetousness*; however, it would be of more Advantage to your Grace, than the Wisdom of Philosophers, and the Glory of Conquerors. To be short, I should rather chuse to see your Grace copy any of the Heroes in *Lombard-street*, than either *Socrates* or *Cæsar*. Where the Difficulty is great, the Merit of surmounting it is great. Now all the World knows that your Grace will find it infinitely

finitely more troubleſome to you to imitate the former, than the two latter Gentlemen.

As we don't all on the ſudden arrive to the Heighth of Perfection, I am not ſo vain as to expect you ſhould practiſe all the Rules of Oeconomy at firſt Sight, nor ſo moroſe as to adviſe you to deny your Self every Thing amongſt ſo great an Affluence as ſurrounds you. All I beg of your Grace, is, that you would have a watchful Eye upon your City Friends, that have the fingering of your Money, to keep them honeſt in ſpite of themſelves. For unleſs, out of Tenderneſs to their Souls, you hinder them from playing the Knaves, I dare ſwear for them that they would venture Damnation a hundred Times a Day, and all in your Grace's Service.

And now if you think it worth your while, when you come next to *London*, to bring a ſmall Retinue with you, but a great deal of Money in your Pocket, you will certainly be the Wonder of the whole Nation. If you neglect this Advice, the greater Part of the World will never be for you, and you muſt content your ſelf with a few Admirers in private, of whom I ſhall always be the firſt, who am,

Your moſt humble Servant.

A Letter to the Dutcheſs of MAZARINE, *out of* French.

I Have preſum'd, Madam, to ſend you ſome Advice, tho' I am ſenſible how little you Ladies care to receive any. But let the Effect be what it will, I am too much in the Intereſt of

your Beauty, not to inform you, that you'll injure it extreamly, ſhould you be ſo ill adviſed as to ſet off and adorn your ſelf after the Faſhion of the Court-Ladies on the Queen's Birth-Day. Let others of your Sex make Uſe of Ornaments; for, properly ſpeaking, they are but ſo many artificial Helps, which we employ to cover the Defects of Nature, or elſe to give us ſome Agreements that are wanting in our Perſons. But, Heaven be praiſed, Madam, you lie under no ſuch Neceſſity: Every Ornament that is beſtow'd upon you, hides a Charm, as every Ornament that is taken from you, reſtores you ſome new Graces; and you are never ſo lovely, as when we behold nothing in you but your ſelf.

The greateſt Part of the Ladies loſe themſelves very advantageouſly under their Dreſs. How many indifferent Faces paſs well enough with Jewels and Diamonds, and conquer Hearts by Candle-light, that would make a very ſorry Figure without them. The richeſt Necklace in the World would have an ill Effect upon you. It would make ſome Alteration in your Perſon, and every Alteration that happens to a perfect Beauty, would certainly be for the worſe.

Leave others then to ruin themſelves by their Jewels, and other Decorations; Nature that has been at ſo vaſt an Expence to frame you, has ſav'd you that Charge. You, Madam, would be very ingrateful, and we ſhould diſcover but a wretched Taſte, ſhould we not be equally content with that Profuſion of Gifts ſhe has heap'd upon you.

I would counſel you, Madam, to take the ſame Meaſures on her Majeſty's Birth-Day, which the famous *Buſſi d' Amboiſe* formerly obſerv'd at a Tournament. Being inform'd before-hand, that all the Noblemen of the Court deſign'd to put themſelves to an extraordinary Expence in their Equipages and Cloaths, he order'd thoſe of his Retinue to be dreſs'd like Lords, and appear'd himſelf in the

the plainest Dress in the World, at the Head of so rich a Train. The Advantages of Nature were so conspicuous in the Person of *Busse*, that he alone was taken for a great Lord, and the other Noblemen, that rely'd so much upon the Magnificence of their Habits, pass'd but for Valets.

Govern your self, I beseech you, Madam, by the Example of *Busse*: Let your Women be attir'd like Dutchesses, but as for your self, appear in the ordinary Dress of a Country Nymph, with nothing but the Charms of your Beauty to recommend you. All the Ladies will be taken for your Women, and the Plainness of your Habit will not hinder you from out-shining all the Queens in the Universe.

I have no great Inclination to tell Stories, which, perhaps, is nothing but the Effect of an ill-grounded Vanity, that makes me prefer the expressing of what I imagine, to the reciting of what I have seen. The Profession of a Story-teller sits but awkardly upon young People, and is downright Weakness in old Men. When our Wit is not arriv'd to its due Vigour, or when it begins to decline, we then take a Pleasure in telling what does not put us to any great Expence of Thought. However, I will for once renounce the Pleasure which I generally take in my own Imagination, to recount to you a short Adventure, which I once saw happen at the *Hague*.

During my Residence in that Place, some malicious *Demon* put it one Day into the Head of a certain Count and his Friend, to draw the Eyes of the Spectators after them. To put which noble Design in Execution, they both resolv'd that their Dress should have all the Magnificence which this Part of the World was able to give it, and at the same Time discover the Goodness of their Invention.

The Count, who was one of the nicest Men of his Age, had a thousand Singularities to distinguish him. He had a Plume of Feathers in his

Jo. Haines *in Penance:*

Or, his Recantation-Prologue, at his acting of Poet Bays *in the Duke of* Buckingham's *Play call'd* The Rehearſal. *Spoken in a white Sheet, with a burning Taper in his Hand, upon his Admittance into the Houſe after his Return from the Church of* Rome.

Written by T. Brown, *for his Friend* Jo. Haines.

As you diſlike the Converts of the Nation,
That went to *Rome* and left your *Congregation*,
By the ſame Rule, pray kindly entertain
Your penitent *loſt Sheep return'd again.*
For re-converted *Haines*, taught by the Age,
Is now come back to his primitive Church, the *Stage*;
And own my Crime, of leaving in the Lurch
My Mother *Playhouſe*; ſhe's my Mother Church.
As Penitents do go from you to *Rome*,
A Penitent from *Rome* to you I come;
Tho' I from *Rome* to you did never go
As Runagade for her, but Spy for you.
For ſeeing the *Beau* and *Banterers* every Day
Ev'n tir'd with themſelves in ev'ry Play,
I went to *Rome*, to ſeek for Fops more new,
And more ridiculous than any of you;
A Miracle from *Rome*, I thought, might do.
Beſides, I left ye, all deſign'd for *Rome*;
But ſeeing ye came not over, I came Home:
For I, like you, finding myſelf miſtaken,
Did early tack about, to ſave my Bacon.
Pox on't! ——————

At

At *Rome*, a godly Part they made me play;
A damn'd unnatural one to me, you'll say:
They wou'd not let me roar, or rant, or swear,
But fobb'd me off with Penitence and Prayer,
Gueſs how that Penance reliſh'd with a *Player*.
That ever any *Player* ſhould have the Face
Thus to pretend to ſuch a Thing as *Grace!*
'Tis very hard, indeed, th' *Italian* Nation
Should put this Phiz a little out of Faſhion;
But yielding Nature, and this tempting Face,
Confirms me Fleſh and Blood in ſpite of Grace:
Therefore, dear loving Siſters of the Pit,
Again your Brother Runagade admit,
And don't deſpiſe me now becauſe I've liv'd
Where ſawcy Boys claim your Prerogative.
No, Siſters; no, ————
I ne'er turn'd Heretick, in Love at leaſt;
'Twas decent Whoring kept my Thoughts ſtill chaſte:
But you, kind Sirs! who here are daily known,
To love all Whores but her of *Babylon*,
Will never damn *Jo. Haines* for his Religion.
Well, Sirs! ————
B'ing thus confeſs'd, and free from all Pollution,
I beg from your kind Hands my Abſolution.

Tho. Brown's *Recantation of his Satyr on the* French King. *Suppos'd by ſome to be written by Mr.* Brown, *tho' ſaid by others to be written by a* Nonjuring-Parſon.

Facit Recantatio Verſum.

AND has this Bitch, my Muſe, trapan'd me?
Then I'm as much undone as can be;
I knew the Jilt would never leave me
'Till to a Priſon ſhe'd deceive me:

Curst be the Wretch, and sure he's curst
That taught the Trade of Rhyming first:
'Tis a damn'd Trade, and who pursues it,
I'll pass my Word, at last, he rues it:
Homer and *Virgil* were but Tools,
Fit only for the Use of Fools.
And *Horace* too, with all his Art,
To Men of Sense not worth a Fart:
Even *Casaubon* for Satyr famous,
Was but a jingling Ignoramus.
And all the rest, to *Ben*, and so forth,
A Crew of useless Things of no Worth:
But now I have no Time to rail,
Alas! alas! I'm now in Jayl;
My Wits are rather on the Wrack
To save my own Poetick Back:
Yet, by the Way, 'tis very hard,
Poets, of all Men, should be barr'd
From lab'ring in their proper Station;
Why, where's the Justice of the Nation?
Believe me, Sirs, as I am a Sinner,
I writ that Satyr for a Dinner:
And stampt it with a Parson's Name,
Not as I meant them any Shame,
But since I must the Matter tell,
I thought 'twould make the Paper sell:
By all that's Good, and all that true is,
I ever lov'd and honour'd *Lewis*:
He's Great and Wise: more could I say,
But fear again to disobey;
And for his Priests, I here protest,
I value them like all the rest:
And tho' I curst them all, what then?
The Men are honest harmless Men.
Next for King *James* and Prince of *Wales*,
I always wish'd them happy Gales;
And for my sawcy naming *Molly*,
I own 'twas Impudence and Folly.
Lastly, for naming the *Non-Juror*,
Why that was but Poetick *furor*,

I know

I know I have ungrateful been ;
'Twas raging Hunger drew me in
T' abuſe thoſe very Friends that have
Almoſt preſerv'd me from the Grave ;
They're honeſt Men, mark what I ſay,
If I love any Prieſts, 'tis they.
I now confeſs 'tis highly baſe,
T' inſult the Gown in ſuch a Caſe :
And could the Thing be done again,
I'd ſtarve before I'd wrong ſuch Men.
What ſhall I ſay, I here recant,
And own myſelf a Sycophant :
But, oh ! I fear that will not do,
A thouſand diſmal Thoughts perſue.
I'm all in Pain, and let me tell ye,
My Back begins to curſe my Belly :
I'm juſt as if at Cart's-Arſe ty'd,
With Hangman grinning by my Side,
And Mob of all Sorts crowding round me,
Adviſing *Ketch* to ſwinge me ſoundly ;
And what torments me worſt of all,
Methinks that ſome among them bawl,
'Tis he that for a Crown to ſpend,
Reviles crown'd Heads, betrays his Friend.
All this, 'tis true, I well deſerve,
And yet 'tis very hard to ſtarve ;
So that if Things were rightly ſtated,
Part of my Sentence might be bated :
I was of *Poppin's-Alley* Chief,
'Till forc'd from thence to ſeek Relief ;
And to avoid ſome dang'rous Rogues,
Took Shelter among Pedagogues.
'Twas then, like the *Sicilian* King,
Under ſtrict Laws I Boys did bring ;
And tho' I was but a Vice-Roy,
I cou'd command the chiefeſt Boy :
But here a little Time was ſpent,
Before I left my Government,
Was charg'd with Male-Adminiſtration,
And ſo pull'd down from regal Station.

To

To Town again disgrac'd I came,
For now 'tis vain to hide my Shame;
Where since I sharp'd, and spung'd, and tick'd,
Being always scorn'd, and sometimes kick'd.
And yet the worst is still behind,
Oh! hear me but, and you'll be kind.
For three long Weeks my Muse and I
Had been shut up in Garret high:
The Cause, I think, I need not tell
Poet with P—— convertible;
While thus I lay in desperate State,
In comes a Bawd, whose Name was *Kate*;
A rampant Jade, where once I tabled,
Who finding me of Strength disabled,
Not Vows nor Promises could save me,
But off she tears the Cloaths she gave me.
And thus of Coat, e'en Shirt bereft,
Poor naked *Tom* in Bed was left.
In this most sharp and strange Distress,
'Twas then I thought on trusty *Bess*;
Who, tho' I knew she was but poor,
I always found a faithful Whore:
To her, without a long Petition,
I briefly told my sad Condition.
But I forgot to tell you how
With hot Ox-cheek, and Heel of Cow,
With Trotters neat, and Tripe like Jelly,
She oft had fill'd my empty Belly.
And one Thing more I had forgot,
Hot Furmety and Rise-Milk hot
She never let me want; for why,
It was her Trade the same to cry.
I thought (poor Fool) she'd pity me,
Who thus resolv'd to set me free.
With Twenty-pence which she had got,
And Shillings Four, for Loan of Pot,
To some convenient Bulk she hies,
And there a Coat and Breeches buys;
The want of Shirt too, to supply,
Sends me her Smock, tho' hardly dry.

And

And more, to fit me out compleat,
For t'other Three-pence buys a Cheat.
When thus equipp'd, Abroad I venture,
Hoping on Subjects new to enter;
But all my Hopes proves vain, God wot,
Bess ſtill muſt want her Porridge-Pot.
My Belly too grows lank, for ſhe
Had no Rice-Milk nor Furmety.
All Friends I try'd, not one was willing
To credit me with one poor Shilling:
In this Diſtreſs, without adviſing,
I fell to curſed Satyriſing.
Oh! pity me, or I am loſt,
Far worſe than when in Blanket toſs'd;
And if this Time I'm ſpar'd from whipping,
If e'er again you catch me tripping,
May all the Plagues that e'er befel
A Poet poor, on this Side Hell,
Seize me at once, and may I be
A publick Mark of Infamy:
May all my Whores and Duns o'ertake me,
And all my Friends (even *Beſs*) forſake me:
And may the P——, with which I ſtruggle,
Join'd with the Gout, afflict me double:
May I at laſt by Inches die,
Firſt loſe my Noſe, and then an Eye;
And when I'm dead, then may I have
A juſt *Memento* on my Grave.

An ELEGY.

Suppos'd to be written by Stephen Switch, *upon* Dobbin *a Coach-Horſe, who departed this Mortal Life on Saturday the* 8*th of* April.

OH! cruel Death! whoſe Rage without Remorſe is,
Why ſhould'ſt thou perſecute poor harmleſs Horſes?
Whoſe righteous Blood, as ſaid a Spokeſman wiſe,
Againſt thy Malice will in Judgment riſe.
On Courtiers thou'ſt my Leave to be ſevere,
For now and then I grudge thee not a Peer;
Spiritual or Temporal, no Matter whether,
Or a whole Corporation take together.
Such *Gain*, methinks, might thy keen *Stomach* ſtay,
Conſidering thou'd'ſt a Whale the other Day,
Then, why the Plague muſt thou on *Horſeſleſh* prey?
It grieves my Conſcience, and diſturbs my Quiet,
To ſee thee giv'n to ſuch *Tartarian* Diet
Poor two-leg'd Beaſts thou think'ſt not worth a Groat,
But into Porter's fooliſh Sport art got,
And muſt be playing at *All-Fours*, God wot.
Were I t'adviſe a Dinner for thy Palate,
A well-cram'd Prieſt ſhould ſerve inſtead of Sallad,
Fat Draymen's Chines ſhould be a ſtanding Diſh:
I'd have an Admiral, when I din'd on Fiſh.
If nought but tender Morſels wou'd go down,
Commend me to a Lady of the Town;
But for a choice tough Bit t' employ the Maw,
I'd take a Scriv'ner, or a Man of Law.
But thou'rt, I find, a Stranger to good Breeding,
And doſt not know the Methods of good Feeding.

Oh!

Oh! *Dobbin*, thou wert hurry'd off the Stage,
Juſt in the prime and Vigour of thy Age.
Howe'er, dear Beaſt, 'tis to thy Friends ſome Eaſe,
Thou fell'ſt by a Right Worſhipful Diſeaſe.
Inſtead of Clyſter, Balls, and Farriers Phyſick,
Thy Days, alas! were ſhorten'd by the Ptiſick.
And all Men know (I ſpeak it without ſcoffing)
That many an Alderman has dy'd of Coughing.
But if Heav'ns Juſtice will endure Inſpection,
What had thy Lungs done to deſerve Infection?
For I can ſwear thou ne'er had'ſt the Ambition,
To talk Profaneneſs, Bawdy, or Sedition.
Once more farewel, my dear belov'd *Quadruped*,
The Loſs of thee has plainly made me ſtupid.
I knew thy Dad, thy Mother, and thy Grandſir,
But thou return'ſt to my Complaints no Anſwer.
No *Hugmatee*, nor *Flip*, my Grief can ſmother;
I lov'd thee, *Dobbin*, better than my Brother.
Since then ſo lame my Muſe, ſo dull my Wit is,
I'll have thy Epitaph compos'd by *Pettis*.

To Mr. Juſtice Higden, *upon the ill Succeſs of his Play.*

NO longer your expected Play conceal,
But to a more impartial Court appeal.
The Righteous few, true to the Cauſe of Wit,
Will ſoon reverſe the Sentence of the Pit.
Why ſhould their Cenſure Men of Senſe alarm?
Thoſe Sons of *Muggleton* can do no Harm.
The Wit, that oft their Malice dooms,
Outlives its Judges, nay, outlaſts their Tombs.
Thus 'twas my Fate to viſit once a Friend,
Whom dire foreboding Omens did attend:
The Doctor tells him, Sir, your Hour is nigh,
Send for the Parſon, and prepare to die.

In vain the help of Phyſick you implore,
Art has been try'd, but Art can do no more.
With this the angry Patient rais'd his Head,
And, Doctor, do you then conclude me dead?
Peace, you grave Sot, elſewhere your Cant beſtow,
I'll bury half the College e'er I go.
And ſpite of that learn'd Phiz, and rev'rend Beard,
Will live to ſee your Raſcalſhip interr'd.
Thus he run on, and as his Stars decreed,
Was ſoon from his unkind Diſtemper freed:
Left his vain gaping Kindred in the Lurch,
And ſaw the Velvet Fop borne decently to Church.

To the ſame, upon his Play's being damn'd, for having too much Eating and Drinking in it.

FRiend *Harry*, ſome furious Pretenders to thinking,
Say thy Play is incumber'd with Eating and Drinking,
That too oft in all Conſcience thy Table's brought out,
And unmerciful Healths fly like Hail-ſhot about.
Such a merry Objection who e'er could expect,
That does on the Town, and its Pleaſures reflect?
Are a Diſh and a Bottle grown quite out of Faſhion?
Or have the ſpruce Beaus found a new Recreation?
Elſe why ſhould theſe Fops be ſo monſtrous uncivil,
As to damn at a Play what they like at the *Devil*?

Upon perſecuting it with Cat-calls.

WHEN to *Moloch* of old, by Way of Oblation,
Any *few* of his Son made a wicked Donation.

The

The Prieſthood with Trumpets and Drums made a (Noiſe,
To ſtifle his Groans, and extinguiſh his Cries.
Thus our fierce modern Heroes, thoſe *Jews* of the Pit,
When to damn a poor Author's Attempt, they think fit,
With Cat-calls ſo dreadful the Houſe they alarm,
Leſt the Wit of the Play ſhould their Fury diſarm;
Howe'er, they may paſs with the reſt of the Nation,
Tho' their Malice I blame, I commend their Diſcretion,
For 'tis but convenient, you'll readily own,
That the Beaſt ſhould perform what the Man would (diſown.

A Paſtoral on the Death of Queen MARY.

SHE's gone! the brighteſt Nymph that bleſs'd the (Green,
No more the Beauty of her Eyes is ſeen.
Who can from Grief's Extremities refrain,
Or in due Bounds the ſwelling Tide contain?
Who can behold this diſmal Scene paſs by
With an unmov'd and unrelenting Eye?
London! thou Pride and Glory of our Iſle,
Tho' in thy Boſom both the *Indies* ſmile;
Oh! ne'er forget that unauſpicious Day,
Which thy beſt Treaſure rudely ſnatch'd away.
Thy buſy *Change* be for a Seaſon dumb,
No ſawcy Mirth within thy Manſions come;
Let all thy Sons in mourning Weeds appear;
Each Face ſhew Sorrow, and each Eye a Tear.
T'expreſs their Duty, let all Hearts combine,
And on this black, this ſad Occaſion join.
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*
Ye beauteous Virgins, that in moving Strains
Were uſed to ſing her Vertues on the Plains:

Ye

Ye Shepherds too, who out of pious Care,
Taught ev'ry Tree *MARIA*'s Name to wear;
Your rural Sports and Garlands lay aſide,
This is no Time for ornamental Pride;
But bring, oh! bring the Treaſures of your Fields,
That ſhort-liv'd Wealth which unbid Nature yields.
The mourning Hyacinth inſcrib'd with Woe,
The beauteous Lillies that in Valleys grow,
And all the Flowers that ſcatter'd up and down,
Or humble Mead or lofty Mountains crown;
Then gently throw them all upon her Herſe;
To theſe join laſting Bays and living Verſe.
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*

Ye dauntleſs Hearts, that for your Country's Good
All Dangers ſcorn, and wade thro' Seas of Blood;
In heavy Silence march around her Tomb,
And then lament your own and *England*'s Doom:
For Death has by this ſingle Stroke done more
Than when (ten Thouſand ſlain) he ſtalks in Gore.
Ye penſive Matrons, who by Fortune croſt,
In foreign Fields have dear Relations loſt,
Now give a free and open Vent to Grief,
Baniſh all Hopes, and think of no Relief;
That bounteous Princes, who ſo juſtly knew
What was to blooming Worth and Merit due,
Who as ſhe lov'd on Valour ſtill to ſmile,
Ne'er fail'd to recompenſe the Soldier's Toil;
Is now (malicious Fate wou'd have it ſo)
Hurry'd, alas! to the dark Shades below.
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*

Ye miter'd Heads, and likewiſe you that wait
Upon the Altar in a lower State,
Bewail the Loſs of ſo divine a Prize,
And open all the Sluices of your Eyes.
Rome's gaudy Pomps her Mind could ne'er allure;
Firm to her Word, and in her Faith ſecure.
The ſacred Scriptures were her daily Care,
Her only Exerciſe and Food, was Prayer.

Where

Where can we now ſo great a Pattern find?
Where can we meet ſo bright, ſo pure a Mind?
Mourn, drooping Britain, *mourn from Shore to Shore,*
Thy beſt belov'd MARIA *is no more.*
But tho' proud Fate has done her utmoſt Spite,
And bury'd all her Hopes in endleſs Night;
Tho' rav'nous Death has ſeiz'd the richeſt Prey
That ever did a regal Scepter ſway;
Her Name ſhall live, and ſtill continue fair,
Fragrant as rich *Arabia*'s Spices are:
While *Albion* in triumphant State ſhall reign
Queen of the Iſles, and Goddeſs of the Main.
While Silver *Thames* in wanton Folds ſhall play,
And Tribute to the *Britiſh* Ocean pay:
While haughty *Lewis* ſhall remain abhorr'd,
And *William* be by all the World ador'd.
Our grateful Tongues her Vertue ſhall proclaim
Thro' all the diſtant Provinces of Fame:
Still in our Hearts ſhall chaſt *MARIA* reign,
Tho' dead, her Station there ſhe ſhall maintain.
Then Shepherds leave at laſt your mournful Lays,
And turn your Songs of Grief to Songs of Praiſe.

Prologue to a Muſick Speech in the Theatre at Oxford.

WELL! for a careful provident Bawd, ſay I,
Give me my Mother-Univerſity.
Bleſs us! how neatly has ſhe rank'd you here,
Where drawn in *Love*'s Battalia, you appear
The Black, the Brown, the Fair, and the not Fair.
I muſt confeſs the Caſe is alter'd now,
From what your narrow fulſome Box could ſhow.
A Muſick-Room, a fitter Name 'twould prove,
Call it a Stove, a Bathing-Tub of Love,

Where

Where ſweating Scholar faints, and knows not why,
And melting Tallow-Chandler drips hard by,
And all this Heat from Love, or elſe *July*.
But now you're welcome hither, in this Row
Painting does in its full Perfection ſhow,
Streter above you, Ladies here below.
Did not ſuch Malice in your Beauties reign,
We yet might hope a Golden Age again:
When *Nature* taught her untold Tale of Love,
And Paſſion from a ragged Gown could move.
But now thoſe Days are gone, and ſaucy Art,
Mimick of *Nature*, acts the nobleſt Part.
E'en Paſſion is ſucceſsful in this Age,
Unleſs ſet off by *Love*'s high Equipage.
The ruffling Pantaloon declares the Flame,
And the well-ty'd Cravat-ſtring wins the Dame.
Plain Lovers, like plain Linnen, e'er caſhier'd,
In whoſe Behalf no Point has e'er appear'd:
What Hopes them have unhappy we to pleaſe,
Whom niggard Stars made not ſo vain as theſe?
Alas! we hate your gentle ſtinking Water,
Loath diſtill'd Oils, but thoſe of Mother *Nature*.
This knew our Fates, and plac'd us in a Town
Where Beauty is ſo thin, ſo rarely ſown;
The Nymphs o'th' Fleece, and the three Gates go down.
Like homely Peaſants us'd to wholeſome Meat,
When Love invites us to your ſplendid Treat;
We'll gape and gaze, and make no hearty Meal,
Give us our ſturdy Beef and Mutton ſtill.
But let us not deſpair, I'll lead the Van,
And tho' I proudly ſay't, we Scholars can,
Altho' not act the Fop, yet play the Man.
We'll run at all, and freely take our Lot,
From the fair *Walcop* down to foul *Beſs Scot*.

The

The EPILOGUE.

AS from a darken'd Room ſome Optick Glaſs
Tranſmits the diſtant Species as they paſs;
The World's large Landſkip is from far deſcry'd,
And Men contracted on the Paper glide.
Thus crowded *Oxford* repreſents Mankind,
And in theſe Walls *Great Britain* ſeems confin'd:
Oxford is now the publick Theatre,
And you both Audience and Actors are:
The gazing World on the new Scene attend,
Admire the Turns, and wiſh a proſp'rous End.
Oxford, the Seat of Peace, the quiet Cell,
Where Arts, remov'd from noiſy Bus'neſs, dwell;
Should calm your Minds, unite the jarring Parts,
And with a kind Contagion ſeize your Hearts.
O! may its Genius, like ſoft Muſick move,
And tune you all to Concord and to Love.
Our Acts which has in Tempeſt long been toſs'd,
Could never reſt on ſo ſecure a Coaſt.
From hence you may look back on civil Rage,
And view the Ruins of the former Age.
Here a new World its Glories may unfold,
And here be ſav'd the Remnant of the old:
But while our Thoughts on publick Cares are bent,
Paſt Ills to heal, and future to prevent,
Some vacant Hours allow to your Delight;
Mirth is the pleaſing Bus'neſs of the Night,
The King's Prerogative, the Subjects Right.
Were all your Hearts to ſullen Cares confin'd,
The Body would be weary'd by the Mind.
'Tis Wiſdom's Part, betwixt Extreams to ſteer,
Be Gods in Senate, but be Mortals here.

Upon

Upon Mr. Creech's *Tranſlation of* Lucretius.

1.

LET not the *Thracian* Bard admire,
Whoſe powerful Strains and liſt'ning Stones inſpire,
To keep juſt Meaſures with his Lyre;
Tho' taught by his commanding Harmony,
The Beaſts forgot their native Cruelty,
And to a univerſal Peace did jointly all conſpire.

2.

Thy ſacred Hand does more,
That does *Lucretius* again reſtore,
Who was a mighty Solitude before:
His rolling Atoms now we ſee,
In Squadrons and juſt Meaſures lie,
Even in Confuſion now appears juſt Symmetry.

3.

Nought but a heav'nly Hand could make
Theſe Atoms their old Nothing forſake,
And a true decent Order take:
Thy charitable Hand has greater Wonders done,
And has *Lucretius* his own Errors ſhown:
Our modern Atheiſt grieves to ſee
His belov'd Sins ſo laſh'd by thee,
That do'ſt in this deſerve ev'n of Poſterity.
What Trophies can thy Victory out-do,
That triumph'ſt o'er the preſent Times, the paſt, and (future too?

A

A pensive Thought at the Rose Spunging-House *in* Woodstreet, *and left there by* T. Brown.

NON adversa videns me fractum fata coarctum,
Carcer corpus habet, mens coaperta volat.

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Algern. Sidney's *Letter of Advice to his Friend, concerning the Education of his Son. By* T. B.

SInce 'tis your only Study, and your Care,
How to dispose of *Bob*, your Son and Heir,
I'll give you my Advice, Sir, in this grand Affair.
If *Bob*'s ingenious, and a Boy of Parts,
Do not debauch him with the lib'ral Arts.
Those jilting Whores, instead of Silk and Sattin,
Equipt in Linsey-Woolsey, *Greek*, and *Latin*,
Will spoil his Fortune if they once come at him.
But if he is mercurially inclin'd,
Of Wit sagacious, and heroic Mind,
He'd best persue those honourable Courses
Of picking Pockets, and of taking Purses;
And I'll prescribe the Lad a safe and true Gate,
How to avoid the dreaded Path of *Newgate*;
Lest bloody Judge and Jury should transport
The *Boy* to *Tyburn*.———Send him to the Court;
Where, in a Fortnight's Time he'll learn his Cue,
Under———
To pick the Pockets of a free-born Nation,
In furnishing two Dishes for Collation:
Like learned Cooks, as all Men grant they are,
To make the self-same Sawce to Peace and War.
What better are we for this boasted Quiet,
If we must pawn our Birth-right for our Diet?
But since it is by Providence decreed,
That Liberty and Property must bleed;

This

This only Comfort will their Suff'rings eaſe,
That, like good Chriſtians, they depart in Peace.
You cannot, Sir, do better for your Lad,
Than bind him an Apprentice to this Trade:
The King's his Surety, and will not neglect him,
But with a Standing-Army ſtill protect him.
Yet if *Bob*'s Talent lie not in his Brains,
Make him a Parſon, Neighbour, by all Means.
His Road unto Preferment, Sir, is chaulk'd,
In all my Life I ne'er knew Blockhead baulk'd.
As rankeſt Weeds in richeſt Soil are found,
So Spiritual Hemlock thrives in Holy Ground.
The Church and State, like Sharpers, cry out Halves,
One claims the Fools, the other all the Knaves.
Thus, Sir, I've ſhewn you how your Son may riſe,
But do as ſeemeth good in your own Eyes:
For if your *Engliſh* Stomach can't digeſt
The rav'ning Courtier, or the Jackal Prieſt,
Teach him yourſelf, and let the Son inherit
His Father's Acres, and his Father's Merit:
E'er Senſe, that, like *Aurora*, does make Way
For brighter Reaſon, the enſuing Day,
With *Noll*'s great Image fill his dawning Soul,
His Fancy flatter, and his Judgment rule.
May's Action's ſuit unto his Country's Fame,
And keep the Rebel in the *Engliſh* Name.
Let him, like me, all Monarchy oppoſe,
And pluck the Idol by his *Roman* Noſe.

Your Servant,

Algernoon Sidney.

P. S.

Your old Friend Mr. *Ludlow*'s in good Health,
And hopes to live to ſee a Commonwealth.

A

CHARACTER

OF A

Low-Church Magiſtrate.

By Mr. THO. BROWN.

I Have at laſt, with much Difficulty, procur'd you a Copy of the Character of a *Latitudinarian*, anatomiz'd, which you have ſo long, and with ſo much Importunity deſir'd of me. All I can learn from the Paper is, that the Author calculated it for the *Meridian* of *York*, as I take it, (the Magiſtrate of which Place in the Year 44, was a famous *Ambidexter*) and that it will equally ſerve for any Corporation within his Majeſty's Dominions; but I will not detain it from you any longer.

A *Latitudinarian* is a walking *Amſterdam* of Religions, out of whom all the *Ancient* and *Modern Hereſies* might be eaſily retriev'd, though the Volumes of *Epiphanius* and *Roſs* were loſt. He thinks no Part of a *Church* ſacred but the *Weather-Cock*, and honours the Memory of him that invented a Windmill, becauſe it can *grind* indifferently with *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, and *South*. He talks

much of *Moderation*, yet is as hot as one of his own Custards, and as *Cholerick* as a Hasty-pudding; he's as *Positive* in his own single Self, as an Assembly of splay-mouth'd Divines; *Geryon* and *Cerberus* were only *Types* of him, but though he has three Heads, *viz.* An *Independant*, a *Presbyterian*, and a *Church of England* Head, yet he has not *Brains* to furnish any one of them. By his *Wisdom* and *Gravity* one would think he had *Long Ears*; but 'tis certain he has none, for he is deaf to the *Cries* of the *Poor*, and though he devours Widows and Orphans at a Morsel, yet he has no Bowels. His *Conscience* is as unaccountable as a *Modern Hypothesis*, which spares Cockle-shels in *Noah*'s Flood, and dissolves the hardest Mettals; for it starts at an *innocent Ceremony*, when it makes nothing to digest *Perjury* and *Oppression*. 'Tis impossible to frame an *Oath*, but what he'll readily swallow to gratify his *Ambition*. He calls them *State Counters*, takes them for his Interest, and breaks them for his Convenience; he calls God to witness, and yet believes nothing of his Existence, like the Fellow in *Plautus*'s *Amphitrio*, that swears by *Hercules* before he was born. *Trade*, with him, is the *Law* and the *Prophets*; and, in Opposition to the Text, he's resolved to serve *God* and *Mammon* together. Had he liv'd in the Time of *Constantine*, he'd have gone to the *Christian* Assemblies one Day to save his Bacon, and to the *Heathen* Temples the next, to secure a Stake against a *Pagan* Revolution. The Men of *Gotham* are register'd for a Pack of Fools, for endeavouring to hedge in a *Cuckow*; is it not then a *scurvy* Reflection upon a certain wise City's Care for Religion, to pitch upon a Cameleon for its Head, who changes his Colours often as he shifts his Place? 'Tis pity that our Laws, that order so honourable a Reward for Plurality of Wives, have not made the same wholesome Provision against Plurality of Religions. He rails at *Superstition*, and pretends to stand up for the *Primitive Church*; but though we read that the Apostles were Fishers, they were not Water-men, to look one Way and row another.

He is very severe against the Bakers, and punishes them upon every Occasion; not for Cheats, for as such

he honours them, but only to shew his Skill in the History of the Bible, where he finds it was one of that Profession that first hanselld the Gallows. He designs to adorn the Annals of his Government with something extraordinary, and to purchase a Name, as *Herostratus* did of old, by *Inflaming* the Church. *Stow* and *Hollingshead*, that took such Pains to describe Calves with six Legs, and all other unnatural Births, if they had liv'd in our Age, what a strange Account would they have given of this triple-headed Beast, that exceeds all the Monsters that ever were known in *Bartholomew* Fair, that ever *Africk* or *Holland* produc'd?

When his Dulness is mounted on Horseback, it makes me think of some ancient Coats of Arms, where the Supporters are of the same Species with the Beasts in the Scutcheon. If the City, to give another Instance of their Discretion, should chuse *Bull* to succeed his Master, as we find *Caligula* once design'd his Horse for the Consulship, I dare engage for *Bull*, that he'll make the soberer Magistrate of the two; and after he has had his Belly full of Hay and Oats in the Morning, that he won't kick and winch, and keep a Pother to be carry'd to Brewers Grains and chopt Straw in the Afternoon.

Whatever he may be to the rest of his Servants, his Cook leads a very easy Life with him, and has as little to do all the Year round as a Barber in *Moscovy*, a Lord Treasurer in *Scotland*, or a Taylor under the *Line*, were they all go Naked. He preaches up Temperance at his own Table, but is an *Harpy* incarnate when he can devour on Free-cost, and hates no Sins but those that are expensive. He shews his Charity to the Poor, by providing Prison-room for them; and for fear they should die of Surfeits, takes care to let them Blood with a Dog-whip.

In his own single Self he out-does all the strange Changes in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphosis*. *OEdipus* himself, were he alive, could never unriddle him. Satyr, that quarrell'd with the Fellow in the Fable for blowing Hot and Cold successively with the same Breath:

What would he say to our Flea-bitten Magistrate, that can do both at the same Instant? If he vary'd his Body as often as his Soul tacks about, no Taylor could fit this *Posture Clark* in Religion, but he that made a Manteau for the Moon. In vain he promotes a Reformation, who ought to begin it at Home, and stands up for the *Sabbath*, which no one prophanes like himself; for he teaches more Atheism by his Example, than *all* the Parsons in the City can ever hope to preach down. He is of several Churches, but of no Religion, as we say of Hermaphrodites, that, by being of both Sexes, they are indeed of none, and can neither conveniently receive Love as Women, nor act it vigorously as Men. He pretends to hate Divisions, and yet encourages Schism which he foolishly judges to be expedient for the State; as the Women on the other side of the *Tweed* refuse to be cured of the Itch, because, foosooth it is wholsome.

Nebuchadnezzar's Image had a Head of Gold, and Feet of Clay. Our Idol has a Skull as soft as Pap, to a Face of Brass and Arms of Iron. Having mention'd Brass, commend me to that *Murus Aheneus*, his Conscience, which has long since learnt the Trick *Nullâ pallescere Culpâ*.

I wonder with what Pretence he can punish Beggars, who is himself the most inexcusable Vagrant in the three Kingdoms. If the *Pythagorean* System of Transmigration be true, the next Remove his Soul makes must be into an Otter, or some such amphibious Animal, for one single Element can never contain him. He alters his Shapes according to the Company he is in, like those experienc'd Sharpers, who when they are at Court would pass for good City Security, and when they are in the City, would be thought to have an Interest at Court. When he thinks his Authority will bear him out, *Lucifer* is less haughty and absolute; at other Times he's as submissive and humble as a *Temple-Bar* Vintner in the long Vacation. But who would not bestow a Cudgel upon this fawning Cur, that will leap over a Stick for the Pope's Nuncio, and next Minute do the same for a Crop-ear'd Tub-drubber?

He goes to a Sermon with the same Intent, as the Prisoners in Ludgate go to the Grate, only to shew his

Chain; or, as the Beau goes to a Play, not to reform his Manners, but hear himself expos'd. But tho' he sees Hypocrisy lash'd every *Sunday*, he stands all the Fire the Parsons shall flash at him, like a manag'd Horse: He's convinc'd that 'tis a cowardly scoundrel Sin, yet he won't part with it, because it brings him in Gain: As I knew a Fellow once that had Aches all over his Body, which punctually foretold all Changes in the Weather, yet could not be perswaded to be cur'd because he would not lose his *Almanach*, as he call'd it. Had this Linsey-Woolsey Brother liv'd under the *Mosaical* Dispensation, how finely had he been trounc'd, for plowing thus with an Ox or an Ass, and dividing himself so nicely between a *Cassock* and a *Cloak*: He revives the Story of *Penelope*, still unravelling what he had done before, and unlearning under one Teacher what he learn'd under another.

The poor Cully in *Æsop*, with his two loving Wives, one of which clear'd his Head of the Black, and the other of his grey Hairs, 'till at last they left him none between them, is a true Emblem of him. The different Churches he goes to will so weed and purge him by Degrees, that they won't leave him a Rag of Religion to cover his Nakedness. With him, as in the Creation of the World, the Evening still goes before the Morning; for tho' he vouchsafes his Morning to the *Establish'd Church*, yet in his Heart he's at the *Meeting*, and his Thoughts still run upon his Afternoon's *Extempore* Repast. Thus he is guilty of *Schism*, even when he seems to assist at the publick Service; like the Man that committed *Adultery* with his own lawful Wife, by thinking on another. I never see him at the Cathedral, but he makes me think of an *Algerine* putting out *Christian* Colours. Indeed if the Churches were shut up, something might be said for his going to the *Barn*; for even *Horse-flesh* we know was laudable Diet at the Siege of *London-derry*. If he does it for Variety, 'tis a Sign he has a most wretched Palate. Who, but a Coxcomb would go to a *Farce* in *Smithfield*, when

the Play-house is open? Who, that has din'd at *Locket's*, wou'd afterwards sup among Porters in a Cellar in the *Strand*?

This last Place puts me in Mind of his extraordinary House-keeping, tho' so great a Gormondizer of Spiritual Food, which costs him nothing, yet very little will content him in his own Kitchin. By the Power of good Management he can extract three Meals for himself and Family out of one single Shoulder of Mutton, which Piece of Frugality he learn'd, I suppose, from the Story of the *Welsh* Sheriff, that converted an old Cloak first into a Coat, then a Waistcoat, and last of all into a Pair of Breeches. I have heard of a Gentleman, who, purely to save his Money, would take a Coach that cost him Twelve-pence, to be trimm'd by a Two-penny *French* Barber in *Soho*. The City, perhaps, with equal Discretion, chose him to husband their Stock; but by starving the Poor, he has put the Parishes to such Charges in Burials, that they are not like to save any Thing by him; unless, as old *Chiron* was both a Tutor and a Pad-nag upon Occasion to *Achilles*, so they make the Beast serve them in a double Capacity, that is to say, both as their Horse and their Magistrate.

I have been told of a Man that had a very bad Memory, so very treacherous and unfaithful, that if he had made an Assignation in the Morning, he was sure to forget it long before the Hour came. Well, says he, to prevent this for the future, I am resolv'd to buy a *Memorandum*-Book: But what was he the better for it? He soon after forgot that he had bought any such Director to relieve his Memory. This is the Case of our *Latitudinarian*: When those of his Party are under Hatches, then all the Discourse runs upon Christian Forbearance and Condescension, and never a Passage in the Old or New Testament escapes him that makes for that Purpose. But when they are mounted, and in the Saddle, the Tables are turn'd, and he lays about him like Thunder and Lightning, and forgets that Persecution is the Mark of *Antichrist*. 'Tis true, all the while he devours you he cants of Moderation, and pretends he does

does it unwillingly; but this is only a Copy of his Countenance. He first tears you asunder, as the *Jews* did *Isaiah* of old, with a wooden Saw of a dull heavy Speech: But who wou'd not rather chuse to make a Breakfast for a generous Lyon, than to be eaten by a weeping Crocodile?

For my Part, I wonder that the Priests of the different Churches he repairs to, don't execute a Piece of Military Discipline upon him, and truss him up for a *Spy*. But I suppose he keeps in with all, by telling them severally in a Corner that each performs best; like the Harlot in the Play, that was kept by three Gallants, and told each of them in private, that he was the Person that gave her the most Satisfaction. 'Tis next to a Miracle to me that the Priesthood, who are so sharpsighted upon other Occasions, don't see thro' the thin Artifices of this bare-fac'd Impostor, and dart the Thunder of the Church upon a Wretch who pretends to be a Friend to all, and yet is an Enemy to the whole Tribe. I hope none of the Prophets have given it him under their Hands, that 'tis no Sin to go to the Temple of *Rimmon*. But this present contending between the several Perswasions to secure him to their Party, gives me a perfect Resemblance of an *Ant-hill*, where there is the same lugging, and tearing, and struggling about a dead Fly.

In short, our *Latitudinarian* is a Retainer to all Churches, but a Member of none; and will never have the Benefit of his Clergy, tho' he pretends to make his Court to all the various Sorts of them. 'Tis an unthinking Sot, that keeps the Streets cleaner than his own Conscience. At last, every Body finds out his Disguise and despises him; and as several Cities formerly contended who gave Birth to *Homer*, so, in his Case, all *Churches* and *Congregations* strive who shall disclaim him first. Tho' he has a middle Station here, he must not expect one in another World. *Lucifer* only can pay him the Wages of his Hypocrisy, in whose Clutches we leave him.

Your most humble Servant,

TO
Dr. *SHERLOCK*,
ON
Occasion of his taking the Oaths, 1690.

AND have you now at length resolv'd to take
The Oath, so long refus'd for Conscience Sake?
So fam'd a Champion for the Loyal Church,
(So call'd) to leave her, and her Friends, i'th' Lurch!
Doctor, in short, you have amaz'd us all,
Making that Nothing you Religion call.
Had you comply'd at first, 't had been a Jest,
And you no more to blame than were the rest;
But after such mature Deliberation,
(Preaching up Loyalty in Spite o' th' Nation)
At last, to turn Apostate on a sudden,
Shews, tho' a Church-man, that you are no good One.
The senseless Book y' have writ in your Defence,
Discovers more your Guilt than Innocence:
Each Argument therein does seem to say,
Your Reason, with Religion, 's fled away.
Now some pretend you tempted were by Woman,
Nay, by a Wife, which is a Thing not common,
To sin against the Laws Divine and Human:

He

Her Importunity was such, they say,
When you did Preach, she never ceas'd to Pray;
Until at length, by Force of much Perswasion,
She brought your Doctorship into the Fashion,
To take an Oath, to justify the Reign
Of William, *'till King* James *return'd again.*
But, Doctor, most believe what she could say,
Had not prevail'd to make you go Astray,
And with the present Government to join,
If little William *had not pass'd the* Boyn:
But now you from your Principles do swerve,
For fear that you and yours shou'd come to starve;
Trusting to Providence (it seems) your Soul,
But for your Body, you're not such a Fool.
Doctor, in fine, you'll live to curse your Fate,
And then repent, (alas!) when 'tis too late!
Reproachful Ruin still such Crimes attends;
Your Friends you've made your Foes, your Foes no Friends.

AN

AN EPITAPH ON Dr. SHERLOCK, 1707.

I.

HERE lyes, within this Holy Place,
(The Lord have Mercy on him!)
The Weesel, in a Wooden Case,
Exempt from Human Plagues, unless
You lay his Wife upon him.

II.

Some People think, if this were done,
Tho' dead, he wou'd be ready
To rise before his Time, and run.
The Lord knows whove, so fairly shun
That Tormagant, his Lady.

III.

Since he is gone, 'tis hard that she
Shou'd live so long deserved.
Why Death, should thou so partial be,
Since all good People do agree,
'Tis Pity they were paired?

IV.

Pray bid her, when she comes, not prate,
But hold her teazing Nonsense:
But if the Weesel smell a Rat,
He'll fly his Wife, I'll tell you that,
As he once did his Conscience.

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